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ARTHUR MONTAGU BROOKFIELD ("EAST SUSSEX").

By "Spy" in *Vanity Fair*.

[*Frontispiece.*

ANNALS OF A CHEQUERED LIFE

By
ARTHUR MONTAGU BROOKFIELD

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

First Edition . . . 1930

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TO

THE MEMORY OF

MRS. EDWARD KAROW

(*née* WILSON),

OF

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, U.S.A.

PREFACE

The writings with which a relic of former times is best acquainted are naturally those of the past; and the author remembers having once read in the *Spectator* of July 2nd, 1714, an essay on Egotism which contained the following passage: "I cannot here forbear mentioning a tribe of egotists for whom I have always had a mortal aversion. I mean the authors of memoirs."

Whether the tribe is not still regarded with very similar feelings the author is by no means certain; but he ventures to hope that, in his own case, the candour with which he relates his various adventures will be allowed to balance, to some extent, his presumption in saying anything at all about them.

A. M. B.

Sonning Common.

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CHAPTER III

EARLY TRAINING

My mother had most to do with my early home education, and as that of course included the rudiments of theology, she often had some rather formidable questions to deal with. Having one day been reproved for laughing while I was at the same time saying my prayers, I said that I didn't think God minded; and went on to ask whether God didn't ever laugh Himself. My mother answered by quoting what "a very wise man" had once said on that subject, namely, that if it were possible to think of such a thing with due reverence, we might almost imagine God's laughing compassionately, to see what foolish things most of His creatures were thinking about and striving for. She helped to make her religious lessons attractive by using, not only an illustrated Bible, but an illustrated Book of Common Prayer. The latter was a wholly admirable work, though I am afraid that it has long since passed out of existence.

The secular instruction which my sister and I were given included a course of Maria Edgeworth, and the then inevitable *Sandford and Merton*. I am not at all sure whether this was judicious or not. It inspired us with a general approval of what was right; but it inculcated no great regard for filial obedience or respect for our betters, when those virtues were shown to be the special due of such people as Frank's father or Rosamond's mother, and we certainly found the estimable Mr. Barlow very tiresome. For my own part I always liked the hero of Miss Edgeworth's *Frank*, perhaps

because I was constantly told that I resembled him in character. Carlyle once told us that he had known the real "Frank." That he was "the last man in London who wore top-boots," and that late in life he became what was then usually called a "Free-thinker."

Talking of children's books I remember being given the Rev. J. G. Wood's *Natural History*, bound in what was then called "the new colour," or in other words magenta; and as the Battle of Magenta was fought on June 4th, 1859, I probably received the book on March 18th, 1860.

I was at that time said to be tall for my age, though an incident that happened just then would seem to point to quite an opposite conclusion. The whole family were paying a long visit to The Grange, and I had one day been allowed to join the gentlemen who were cover-shooting. Lord Dunglass, who was very short-sighted, seeing me approach, raised his "breech-loader" (as the new weapon was generally called), with the intention of shooting me; but something having made him abandon that plan, he was heard to say: "Do you know, I thought that little beggar was a rabbit! Upon my honour I did!"

One circumstance I recollect in connection with the shooting parties at The Grange is that the keepers were all dressed in shooting liveries, with tall, gold-laced, cockaded livery hats. It added a good deal to the picturesqueness of the scene; though these and other formalities went hand in hand with an extremely severe set of game-laws. "Man-traps" and "spring-guns" were still used until 1861, and there were frequent serious affrays between the keepers and large bodies of armed poachers. A great fight of that sort took place one night (when I was no doubt fast asleep), and Lord Ashburton and some of the house-party went to the support of the keepers. His lordship took with him his yeomanry sword, and in the course of the hand-to-hand

struggle which followed one of the poachers wrenched the weapon from him and struck him with it across the throat. The stock that he was wearing saved him from being actually wounded, and the fight ended in the defeat of the poachers and capture of most of the gang. In the proceedings which followed the man who had struck Lord Ashburton was tried for his life, on the charge of assaulting a magistrate in the execution of his duty.

I remember that I was a good deal puzzled the first time that I found a new Lady Ashburton installed at The Grange. Louisa Lady Ashburton, I believe, had many amiable qualities, but she showed at least a certain want of tact when, on the occasion of my mother's first visit to The Grange under the new regime, she said that she did so hope the servants were treating her properly. Servants were so funny, and very likely they thought they needn't trouble themselves much about looking after a clergyman's wife. In telling me of this several years afterwards, my mother mildly observed that it was she herself who had first introduced Lord Ashburton to the Miss Muir Mackenzie who was to become his second wife.

In 1861 active preparations were being made for the International Exhibition which was to be opened the following year, and my father was—to employ a naval phrase—"lent" by the Education Committee of the Privy Council Office to assist in some of the work. Perhaps I may as well explain what his exact position in the world was. At that time he was Preacher at Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair, a Chaplain to the Queen, and one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, but he was about to retire from the inspectorship, and at the same time to take up his duties as Rector of a living in Lincolnshire which had recently been given to him.

I was now sent as a day-boarder to the Kensington Grammar School. The entrance to this establishment

was in Kensington Square, and the playground covered the large site since occupied by the High Street Underground Railway Station. Dr. Haig Brown, afterwards promoted to Charterhouse, was the Headmaster. The most interesting thing that I can recollect about my new school was the instrument of punishment that was in use, and with which I soon became closely acquainted. It differed somewhat from the ancient "ferule" which so many writers of a hundred years ago have described, but was probably quite as effectual in the great object of inflicting pain. It was made of leather, and we simply called it "the strap." For blunders in our lessons we received so many blows on the hand; for offences against discipline we were thrown across a wooden box in which the coal was kept, and then flogged in the usual manner. We were not often given more than six cuts, and the chief inconvenience caused was a certain difficulty in obeying the order which usually followed, namely, "Now go and sit down!"

We were one day answering questions about the English towns; where they stood and what they were famous for. Someone had just replied that Cambridge was on the Cam; celebrated for its University. I was in turn asked about Doncaster, and answered: "Doncaster on the Don, celebrated for its donkey-races." This was received with a general laugh, followed by the order: "Go down on the coal-box!"

I refrain from describing many similar experiences. On one occasion the master who wielded the strap was reprimanded, I believe on the complaint of my mother, but as he was soon afterwards transported for forgery, there is no need to dwell on the minor offences he had committed against me.

I wish that I had any interesting recollection of what was always called, "the Great" Exhibition of 1862. But I was too young at the time to appreciate or even understand the things I saw there. I only remember

that we made friends with the family of Mr. (afterwards Sir Henry) Cole, that I bought various cheap commemorative medals, and that when the whole thing was over I saw some of the buildings blown down by a detachment of Royal Engineers. The reflection that I made about this exhibition when I had reached man's estate was, that it did our country more harm than good. It certainly directed more general attention to our manufacturing methods and to our then predominant devices in machinery; yet not so much with the result that the rest of the world was induced to buy what we wished to sell, as that they were stimulated with a resolve to construct such things for themselves. In this way I think that the Great Exhibition of 1862 hastened the challenge which our commercial supremacy—still unsupported by import duties—received soon afterwards.

It must have been in the same year as the Exhibition that I was taken to The Grange for what proved to be the last time. During that visit Mr. Sartoris (who was staying there), my father, my sister Magdalene, and I met with a dangerous accident, being all thrown out of a small four-wheeled dog-cart that Mr. Sartoris was driving. With the exception of my father, whose tall hat saved him, we were all badly hurt, and as my sister and I lay on mattresses on the floor of a little inn called "The Globe," we gathered that Mr. Sartoris in the next room was believed to be dying. He had, in fact, badly injured his spine, and thinking his back was broken, had managed to get hold of a local lawyer, with whose assistance he was trying to make his will. To his great distress he was unable to recollect his wife's second name. He could only remember that she had once been "Adelaide Kemble," and was dreadfully worried that he could recall no more. In the end he recovered, and was later on elected as the Radical member for some Welsh county.

I have already said that this was my last visit to The Grange. In 1865 Lord Ashburton died, and I had begun my regular school experiences. All that I know for certain about The Grange system of hospitality is that it was so perfect that even a little boy of nine was always made to feel that he was at home. But I fancy that one reason why all the older people enjoyed themselves so much was, that this was one of the last great houses where the guests were still invited to stay for a thoroughly comfortable length of time—at least a week, and perhaps a whole month—and were therefore able to settle down without feeling hurried, or having to think of the train they had to catch on Monday morning. I heard, however, in after years, of an interesting remark once made by the first Lady Ashburton on the subject of the tips that used to be given at The Grange. "It makes my heart bleed," she said, as some of her guests were leaving, "to know that all these penniless little subalterns are giving sovereigns to my pampered servants, when Peers and Cabinet Ministers are going away without giving them sixpence!"

A year or two later it was decided to send me to a boarding-school, and my mother having been left to find a suitable establishment of that kind, my father took me off with him on a visit to the Isle of Jersey. He had always cherished an interest (which I am afraid I inherited) in the gloomy science of criminology; and soon after our arrival in Jersey he made me accompany him on a pilgrimage to the cottage in which Manning had been arrested, and on our way favoured me with a detailed account of the murder for which the two Mannings had been executed. My father and I sometimes dined together at a very picturesque old tavern in St. Helier, called the "Pomme d'Or," and on such occasions he usually made a point of saying: "Arthur! If there's one thing in the world that I'm more tired of than another, it is paying your expenses!" This

may have been a quotation of some kind, but he never explained it. Another Jersey incident that I recall was his taking me to luncheon with the Dean, then Dr. Le Breton, when I was presented to his daughter —the future Mrs. Langtry—under rather novel conditions. For while that formality was being observed she remained under the dining-room table, and for some time steadily refused to emerge.

Meanwhile my mother had heard of a school in St. John's Wood, kept by a German named Andreson. The Buxtons, who were friends of hers, had their son, Sydney, there (destined one day to be Governor-General of South Africa), and above all, a pony was said to be kept " for the use of the boys." Mainly on this latter ground I at once clamoured to become one of Herr Andreson's pupils, and my request was complied with. I soon discovered, however, that although, when we sallied out two-and-two in the neighbourhood of Regent's Park, the pony headed the procession, he was always ridden by the same boy—a compatriot of the master, and, in fact, a young Count von Bernsdorff, who afterwards played a very important part in the diplomatic world; and upon this I desired to be immediately removed. I am ashamed to own that I again had my own way, and I left my first boarding-school after what must have been a " record attendance " of about three and a half days.

If this method of education had been continued I might have enjoyed an infinitely varied experience of English school life; but just then some less tender-hearted person than my mother must have taken a hand in my affairs, for I was all at once packed off to Yverdun House, Blackheath, a school of about forty boys, presided over by the Rev. G. Mcyrick-Jones. Though in the end I remained there for some years, I at first showed a decided intention not to remain there at all. The early hours, the discipline, and most

of all the rudeness and cruelty of the older boys, combined to make me miserable, and I proceeded to run away.

I began with a manœuvre which showed some ingenuity in a boy barely 11 years old. I only had sixpence in the way of money, but going to the Blackheath Railway Station I spent the greater part of that sum in ostentatiously buying a third-class ticket to London, but then leaving the station I commenced my journey on foot. I was a fast runner for my age and size, and soon passed through Greenwich and Deptford. I invested my remaining capital in a piece of gingerbread cake. Not long afterwards I crossed London Bridge, and then, having pushed on as far as the Green Park, I turned in there to have my first rest. Near the bench I chose for that purpose was a curious structure (I think just outside the park)—somewhat resembling a huge mantelpiece, on which I believe pedlars used at one time to rest their packs, and I remember telling myself that the spot would some day be an object of historical interest in connection with my early struggles on the road to Fame!

My mother was very likely of the same opinion when I soon afterwards fell into her arms. My master, Mr. Meyrick-Jones, who had already paid her a visit, viewed the matter from a more prosaic standpoint, and when in pursuance of his request she had taken me back to Yverdun House, he expressed his intention of giving me a good flogging. After some argument my mother agreed to this, but with the curious stipulation "that she should be allowed to hold my hand" during the operation. Probably this was thought a rather embarrassing proviso, and in the end a still more satisfactory expedient was hit upon, namely, "to treat the whole affair as a foolish escapade." When I was brought in from a neighbouring room and told of this

happy solution to the difficulty, Mr. Jones whispered to me in a tone not entirely free from menace, " You're a very lucky boy to have a mother who'll take so much trouble about you ! " I have no doubt I thought that he was quite right.

CHAPTER IV

FROM JONES'S TO RUGBY

After the "foolish escapade" which I have described, it became the fashion to treat me as a person of some distinction. I was frequently called upon to relate my adventures; to give some idea of what it all "felt like"; and above all things to explain why old Jones hadn't given me a hiding. At the end of my first term my most active tormentors went on to Eton, Harrow, or Rugby, where they no doubt came in for a share of bullying themselves; and their departure giving me a little more elbow-room, I began to get on a great deal better. In those days I had a certain fleetness of foot which led to my being chosen about a year later as half-back in our little football team, and I also gained some popularity for a supposed talent I had for relating stories, after we had gone to bed. Nearly every night during a whole term I was called upon to proceed with a sort of serial tale which I invented as I went along. When I reached the usual point corresponding to "To be continued in our next," I used to be rewarded with a subdued chorus of approval. I question, however, whether my stories were very original, for I recollect that in the most successful one I made my principal character stammer, an idea which I had no doubt borrowed from Lord Dundreary.

Music was taught at Yverdun House, and I had several lessons on the piano. I was unfortunately either too idle or too stupid ever to acquire the art of reading the notes, but at the same time I had a rather remarkable ear, and when I had attained a certain facility with my

fingers, generally contrived to play any set piece that I was being taught at a very early stage of the lessons, though nearly always with chords and harmonies that were certainly not set down on the chart. This used to amuse and sometimes rather puzzle my music-master, a capable and very good-natured man called Hammond. Once, however, he heard me play a new air which I had thought of for the words of "Sun of my Soul," when, having first shown me how to put it into proper shape, he informed me a few days later that a celebrated firm was ready to publish it. This was in due course done; and though the hymn was at first sung only at our evening school-services, to my own accompaniment on the harmonium, it presently found its way to the Chapel Royal at Windsor (no doubt through my father's influence), and in the end was so far successful that two years afterwards I still received, every now and then, a small royalty. I am sorry to say that I had not the sense to be pleased with this little achievement as I should have been; still less did I think of following it up, and perhaps embracing music as a serious study, which is most probably what I ought to have done.

At that time cricket and football, with occasionally a little hockey, seemed to me the most important occupations in life. I nevertheless had certain definite views and convictions on higher subjects, and the knowledge of that fact, and that I was at the same time devoted to games, led my mother to conclude that I had a leaning towards "muscular Christianity," which was then being much talked about, and when the question arose as to the Public School to which I should be sent, she conferred with the author of *Tom Brown's School-Days*, whose sister Mrs. Nassau Senior was one of her greatest friends, with the rather natural result that the school selected was Rugby. My career there, it will soon be seen, was so brief and inglorious as to be

really no career at all, and it was only my school-days at "Jones's" which ended in anything like a satisfactory way.

I was then at the head of the cricket and football teams; had won the 100 yards' race with two or three minor distinctions; and for my schoolwork had been awarded two prizes, one of which was for Greek. But the best testimonial I received took the form of a letter from Mr. Meyrick-Jones, in which he asked that during the two months that were to elapse before I could go to Rugby I should stay with him "as our visitor and friend." He ended by saying: "Who would have thought, this time two years ago, that I should be glad to have that scapegrace back, for the sake of his good influence in the school!" The last scene I recall was the breaking-up concert, when I sang "The Peri pardoned," concluding with:

> "Joy, joy for ever! My task is done—
> The Gates are passed, and Heaven is won!"

The School-house at Rugby being full, I was sent to Arnold's. I had at least one good reason to regret not going to the School-house, for two or three boys from Jones's had gone there the term before who would have helped me in many ways. At Arnold's, on the other hand, I came in under the wing of a very idle, rather ill-conditioned youth a year older than myself, with whom, on the ground that our parents were old friends, I had to share the confinement of a study no larger than a good-sized cupboard. I found the change from my recent position, as the benevolent despot of a small private school, exceedingly mortifying. The only advantage I reaped from my former importance was on the first night of my arrival, when, in the course of the usual barbarities to which new boys were subjected, I was ordered to put on the gloves with the only other boy in the house who had been at Jones's

with me. He was about my own height and build, but morally handicapped through having been in the habit of regarding me with a certain deference as his Captain. Of this I am afraid I took full advantage, and I remember, first how I pommelled him about, and secondly how thoroughly ashamed of myself I felt for having done so. I had plenty of less subtle mortifications to bear. The new-boys alone had to wear tall hats, and it seemed to be mainly in order to provide our seniors with the amusement of knocking them off our heads. The usual formula was: " What's your name? Brookfield? Well, you're a beastly cocky-looking youngster! " Then my hat would be knocked off, and I left to pick it up, feeling a good deal like that long-forgotten hero " Oroonoko," in the days of his captivity.

I took a rather lower place in the school than I had expected, being assigned to what was called " Lower Middle II." The Master of this form was in after-years favourably known to the world in another walk of life, and I learnt to think highly of him myself, but our first intercourse was marked by a mutual antipathy. He told me frankly that I was " a great deal too ' cocky ' "—the favourite Rugby word—and that I " wanted taking down a peg or two." To give effect to that view he one day sent me from the third or fourth place which I was occupying, to the bottom of the form. It was when we were about to try the new experiment of reading one of Shakespeare's plays, and he began by handing each of us a copy of *Julius Cæsar*. He then assigned the various parts to boys whom he selected, but—I think maliciously—left me out of the cast. When he came to the part of Brutus, he turned to a boy who was a son of the then Home Secretary, and with the evident intention of being facetious, said: " Bruce, take Brutus! " Upon this most of the form laughed; though all I did myself was to mutter in a low tone:

"How brilliant!" Unfortunately my position at the bottom of the form was so close to the Master that he overheard this comment, when, having slowly bent over me rather after the manner of *Punch*, when watching for any sign of life in one of his victims, he asked me whether I had said "How brilliant!" and when I told him that I had, handed me a sheet of paper on which were written the dreadful words: "Brookfield. Sent up to Dr. Temple for impertinence."

When I got into the Close I found that it was a delightful morning, and I so much enjoyed the fresh air, the warm sun, and the cawing of the rooks, that I stood or sauntered about for a good quarter of an hour. At last I felt that I had better "get it over," and having slowly climbed the stairs of a certain tower where the Headmaster was to be found, I knocked at the door and was told by a harsh, energetic voice to come in. It often happens that when we have an interview for the first time with some very important person, his manner, what he says, and all the circumstances are entirely different to anything that we have been expecting, and most fortunately this was the case in the present instance. I opened the proceedings myself by telling Dr. Temple my name, and did not at first trouble him with the letter of introduction which I had brought with me. This diplomacy had an excellent effect, for with a pleasant smile the Doctor told me that he had recently met my parents, and he then inquired after their health. We seemed to be just getting into an easy flow of polite small talk, when he startled me by suddenly asking: "How do you get on with ——?" He mentioned the name of my Master (I think without any prefix), and I did what proved to be the best under the circumstances, that is to say, told him my story from beginning to end, including the incident of "Bruce take Brutus," and "How brilliant!" I said that I did not get on with the Master at all, and in proof of this at last

produced the document I had been keeping in my pocket, with these words : " In fact, he told me to give you this paper ! "

For a few moments the flogging question seemed to be at least an open one. The Doctor referred to it in extremely homely language, and with a provincial accent which reminded me of Carlyle. But when his reprimand had come to an end, he put on his college cap and then took me back with him to the room from which I had been sent, where everyone stood up to receive him. Having told the boys to sit down and go on with their work, he began talking to the Master in an undertone which he at first kept carefully subdued. I gathered that what he was saying was in the nature of a remonstrance, for when he slightly raised his voice I heard him say : " But does that look as if you had ever studied the boy's character ? " and I felt a certain sympathy for my persecutor when I heard him murmur : " Since you have thought proper, sir, to give me this public rebuke . . ." It was almost what he described it, yet I am bound to say that the Master of Lower-Middle II never showed me any malice or resentment afterwards. He treated me, on the contrary, with decided kindness.

During my second half at Rugby I was given a pleasanter companion to share my study. With regard to football I was, as it was called, " tried for ' below-caps,' " and I began to see my way to all sorts of petty distinctions. But Fate had decreed that even at school I was not to follow a normal career. I was one day taken ill, and conveyed in a sedan chair—strange to say kept for that sort of purpose—to the School hospital, suffering from scarlet fever. From the fever I recovered in the usual way, but some serious complications followed. In the end I was thought not well enough to return to school, and was sent to complete my recovery at my father's rectory in Lincolnshire.

CHAPTER V

A SCHOOLBOY OUT OF WORK

Somerby, near Grantham, might have served as the model for one of those typically English villages so perfectly described by George Eliot. I spent a good deal of my time in a large carpenter's shop which would have done for the home of Adam Bede; and on a summer's evening I have often heard "the Ranters," as they were usually called, singing hymns at an open-air service, conducted by some male enthusiast who believed in the same sort of doctrine as Dinah Morris. No squire lived immediately on the spot, and the old Manor House was occupied by a farmer who belonged, even then, to a nearly obsolete species. He was generally to be seen mounted, and my father used to compare him with "the Northern Farmer" of Tennyson's poem, which had then just been published. The poet himself, by the way, had been born in Somersby (also in Lincolnshire), and the similarity of that name to "Somerby" has occasionally led to the belief that he and my father had once both lived in the same place.

My father, who had now given up his inspectorship of schools, had in a mild way become a sort of pluralist. His one church living was "Somerby-cum-Humby," and that happened to include two churches, but he also still held a preachership and a readership in London; which for the greater part of the year involved him in the difficulty of trying to be in at least two, if not three, places at once, a condition of things of which the best that can be said is that with the assistance of

a curate it was made to work as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

My father was in residence himself when I came down to recruit my strength, and he and I were the only members of the family who were at the Rectory. We were attended by one active, industrious, and cheerful domestic of a kind that no longer exists. He combined the offices of gardener, coachman, butler, and valet, while his wife cooked and did everything else. The house and garden were comparatively large. Our stud consisted of one big, strong, clean-limbed iron-grey mare, who, when she was not harnessed to the phaeton for my father to catch a train or visit his neighbours, seemed glad to have me on her back instead. I found, too, a very beautiful, light, double-barrelled Westley and Richards gun, the former property of Harry Hallam, but as I was not allowed to buy a licence, and as my favourite companion in the chase was rather given to poaching, I had better not give any particulars of my early sporting experiences.

I wish, however, that I had space to say something about a few of the village institutions, such as "The Feast," or to describe some of the village characters, such as the sexton, who was at the same time parish clerk, tailor, and constable; the postman, who sounded a small copper bugle, as he rode about on his shaggy pony; or the "oldest inhabitant." The latter was, in fact, about eighty-six or eighty-seven. He was called "Master" and sometimes "Gaffer" Charles, and still wore a smock-frock, knee-breeches, and blue woollen stockings. He was quite blind, but used to say that he remembered having seen "French troops marching through this village." This reminiscence was usually put down to senility; but I afterwards learnt that in the old man's boyhood French prisoners of war had often been taken through Somerby, on their way to a gaol not many miles off.

Having done my best to carry out my doctor's advice to take "a complete rest from all work," one result was that such beings as Ovid, Virgil, Xenophon, Euclid, or even Dr. Colenzo, had become mere forgotten phantoms of some former existence. Unfortunately, my father gradually got it into his head that the rest-cure was being unduly protracted, and though he gave me no definite orders (which he had much better have done), I knew that some communications were going on as to what was to be done with me, and at last, I forget how, I was persuaded to go to a private tutor who lived at Cambridge. He was a dry, prim, rather disagreeable man of the clerical don species. He only taught me classics and mathematics himself, and the rest of my education was entrusted to Frederick Myers, who was then in residence at Trinity and distinguished as the author of the poem "St. Paul." He was extremely clever, and as a general rule good-natured, but he was at the same time eccentric, and enthusiastic about certain social and political questions which, so far as I could understand them at all, did not in the least attract me. In his teaching he now and then exhibited little mannerisms of pronunciation which used to irritate me. I recollect, for instance, that in giving me a lesson in French history, he referred to "The Man in the 'i-ron' Mask. This may have been from his poet's instinct, but I chose to put it down to affectation. We had open differences of a more serious kind. I had hired a canoe which I kept at a riverside inn on the Cam, and one day Myers rebuked me for having taken my luncheon of bread and cheese and beer there, instead of going back to the tutor with whom I boarded. Pointing to a cupboard in his room he said: "You will always find bread and treacle there, and it will be better for you than swilling ale in a pot-house." "What did you say I should find?" I answered. "Locusts and wild honey?" He had sometimes

encouraged impertinences of that sort, but now, assuming the rôle of the pedagogue, he made the very same remark which had fallen from one or two of my previous instructors, viz.: that "what I wanted" was a good, sound thrashing. A personal encounter immediately followed, though it was brief and indecisive. Soon afterwards Myers wrote to my mother, whom he knew, for formal authority to include corporal punishment in his curriculum, and his request being indignantly refused, he resigned office. I was at the same time transferred to the care of another Cambridge tutor who took in pupils at his house, and he avoided any difficulty about the mode of correcting my faults by not correcting them at all. I stayed with him for about a year, and it was then that I began to develop what became my chief foible, namely, the desire to pass for a grown-up man. As a matter of fact, I was fifteen, but besides being naturally precocious I had for some time associated chiefly with undergraduates who were from three to five years older than myself, and I had made a close study of their habits, dress, and general demeanour, which I did my best to imitate.

When I next rejoined my family and met my real contemporaries again, I had started a frock-coat, and was in consequence called "the Artful Dodger" for some time. But my friends and relations at last thought that my pretensions were becoming troublesome, and Mrs. Cameron (Julia Margaret, the founder of Amateur Photography) arranged a little conspiracy with the object of curing me. She had a house at Freshwater Bay in the Isle of Wight, and the idea was to invite me to stay there, and during my visit wean me from my fault by gentle ridicule. I went without suspecting any treachery, but soon discovered that there was a plot to treat me on every occasion as a child, to laugh at my shaving apparatus and every other claim which I made to be regarded as a man, and to make a

special point of seeing that at the end of dinner I should always withdraw with the ladies, instead of staying to discuss the wine with two elderly gentlemen, which was the thing everyone knew that I wished to do.

In the course of this moral cure-treatment, which was not the least bit effectual, I had one experience which I may as well relate. One evening the younger people who were staying with Mrs. Cameron had received an invitation to dine with Alfred Tennyson and his wife at Farringford. The party who accepted and went were all of them girls with the exception of myself; they were rather older than I was, and two of them had been very active in helping to keep me in my proper place. A triumph was, however, in store for me. I was received with particular kindness, and at dinner had the good luck to please Mrs. Tennyson by showing a wholesome appetite for some sheep's trotters. They were placed on the table in a silver entrée-dish, and it appeared that our host was usually left to patronize this kind of delicacy alone. It is not at all improbable that he and I had both been taught to eat "trotters" by the same person. In any case they established a certain bond between us that night, and everything else prospered with me in the same direction. When the ladies rose in order to retire, I took no notice of their signals that I was to retire also; but shutting them out with my own hands, returned to the Poet-Laureate's table, and at his invitation filled myself a glass of port.

He asked me what I had been reading lately; upon which, instead of saying that I was deep in *Enoch Arden*, I told him that I was reading a novel of Miss Braddon's.

He gave a start of surprise. "Miss Braddon!" he exclaimed. "But do you know that at this moment I'm simply steeped in Miss Braddon! I'm reading every word she ever wrote!"

Fortunately he had not yet come to *The Trail of the Serpent*, and the account I gave him of that work

made him laugh so loud, that one of the enemies who had tried to prevent my amusing him at all put her head in at the door for just a moment, to see what could possibly be the matter. Tennyson remarked that nearly everyone in *The Trail of the Serpent* seemed to get murdered. I told him that most of them did, but that they all turned up again in the last chapter, and said "Not so!" and this appeared to please him particularly. I must admit that when he retired later, he omitted to invite me to go and smoke with him at the top of the house. But just as we were taking our leave, and Mrs. Tennyson was saying that she was afraid Alfred had gone off to smoke, he suddenly came into the hall, shouting "Not so! Not so!"

CHAPTER VI

A SANDHURST CADET

At that time my course of reading, which was not confined to the works just referred to, made me familiar with allusions to "Ensigns of fifteen," and especially those who had been "birched at Eton" shortly before they obtained their commissions. My own grandfather had in the old phrase been "given a pair of colours" at that age. He had also been at Eton, where he had very likely fulfilled the other condition. It occurred to me that I had better find out what the existing regulations were; and I ascertained that "young gentlemen" could no longer enter the army till they were seventeen, but that they could become Woolwich or Sandhurst cadets a year sooner by passing an examination. I thereupon announced my wish to become a cadet, and was sent to a celebrated army-crammer in London, to be prepared.

I have sometimes heard surprise expressed that medical students of the old "Bob Sawyer" pattern were ever turned into staid and respectable doctors, but I think that the contrast between the youths to be met with at the average army-crammer's, and the smart, pleasant-mannered officers they soon afterwards became, was even more astonishing. For my own part I passed into Sandhurst after about a year's cramming. I wish very much that someone had then pointed out to me that I was the youngest but one of the whole batch of candidates, and was therefore beginning my career under exceptionally favourable conditions. But no one just then seemed to take any special interest

in what I was doing; and when I was leaving home and told my father where I was going, all he said was: "Indeed! It's the first I've heard of it! I'm sure I wish you every success!"

I had better confess at once that my career at Sandhurst was a complete and miserable failure; and but for the purpose of trying to point a useful moral, at the same time showing what the Royal Military College was like in 1869, I should prefer to pass over this part of my experiences in silence.

We were called "Gentlemen Cadets," but wore a company letter and a number on our forage-caps. We were in fact treated not like embryo young officers but more as a kind of blend between fifth-form boys and private soldiers. I became "Gentleman-Cadet B.93." In the "Halls of Study" I was addressed by name with the prefix "Mr." On parade I was "B.93." On parade we formed a battalion. We had colours; a band composed of old soldiers; a battery of six-pounders which we manned on certain occasions; and troop-horses that we rode in the Riding School. We generally wore blue patrol-jackets, but in full-dress scarlet tunics with Royal-blue facings. Our head-dress then was a shako. We were armed with Snider rifles and sword-bayonets. Off duty in the evening our regular place of recreation was the canteen, where we were at liberty to drink pots of beer and smoke our pipes.

An experience that once befell me—though much to my own discredit—will illustrate the rather mixed social status which we were assigned. I was one day brought before the Commandant, Colonel Halliwell, for a breach of discipline that I had committed, of which the French Professor had been the victim. The Commandant was a fine, old-fashioned warrior of a type which has now quite disappeared, and unfortunately for me he was at that time suffering from an acute attack of gout. He

sentenced me to the cells for seventy-two hours. During that imprisonment I was each day taken for a little airing in a certain back-yard close at hand, and on one of these occasions while I was being marched up and down, the Governor, General Sir Duncan Cameron, suddenly appeared. He was accompanied by his daughter, with whom I had been dancing at a ball in the Gymnasium a few nights before. It was decidedly embarrassing to be obliged to recall myself to her recollection by obeying the order of my cadet-corporal: "Prisoner, eyes left!" and I was glad to obey the next word of command, which was: "Prisoner, eyes front!" However, they were only on their way somewhere else.

As a contrast to this mortifying treatment I was now and then sent for in order to spend the end of the week with Sir James Clarke, the Queen's Physician, who then lived at Bagshot Park. He was a very celebrated man in his time, and I remember an axiom which he once imparted to me. I had been for a ride with his son (who was, by the by, a man of more than twice my own age), and I had returned in a profuse perspiration. I was just beginning to change my clothes when Sir James, a very old gentleman wearing a velvet coat, suddenly walked into my room, with a Turkish towel in his hand. "I have come to give you some medical advice," he said, "and it may add a few years to your life, if you like to take it. Whenever you are in a great heat, always give yourself a good rub-down with a Turkish towel before you put on your dry underclothing!" He then made some old-fashioned joke about not charging me a fee, and left me.

The old Commandant with whom I had come into such disastrous collision only concerned himself with questions of discipline. He died a few weeks later, and I respectfully assisted in firing three volleys over

his remains. With regard to my other superiors, such as the Superintendent of Studies and the military professors, it became their custom to treat me with indulgence as a sort of " character," and this was especially the case after I had performed in some theatricals. I was first drawn into that snare by being invited to play the part of an " old man," when, being in fact a boy, I was irresistibly attracted by the prospect of appearing for an hour or two with a bald head, a paucity of teeth, and tremulous knees and chin. Captain (afterwards Sir Lonsdale) Hale, who was one of the professors, used to take the most elaborate trouble in providing my face with the necessary number of wrinkles. But unfortunately I took up this new amusement a great deal too strenuously, for I not only acted, or tried to act, whenever I got the opportunity but set up as a popular entertainer in other ways. At night I was always being sent for to thump-out comic songs on a dilapidated old piano ; and having written a song called " The Sandhurst Cadet," I was constantly called upon to sing it.

One day, however, the Superintendent of Studies sent for me. He was a very quiet, gentlemanly man, and began by congratulating me on the success of my performance the very night before, in a farce called *A Regular Fix*, after which, with a politeness which might well have been ironical, he went on to say that he was afraid I had not been so successful in the Halls of Study, and that he was obliged to warn me that if I could not make up a certain number of marks in Military History and Geometrical Drawing in the following term, I should have to leave the College.

That was what in due course happened. When I look back on those days, I recollect many jovial, light-hearted companions, but can recall only one, my present friend Lieut.-Colonel Charles Duke, who at that time even offered me any good advice. His counsel I had

not the sense to follow, and my last term as a cadet was just like the one that had preceded it. When I should have been trying to overcome my aversion to Geometrical Drawing, I was probably busy with a topical song, or in committing to memory some highly artificial balderdash, beginning perhaps with: "Zounds! What can have happened to that rascally young nephew of mine? I have it! . . ." etc., etc.

My well-deserved failure at Sandhurst was soon succeeded by another. Being then just seventeen I was allowed to try for a Direct Commission; but I was so much out of practice with the routine subjects—especially Latin—that in a perfectly easy examination I was ignominiously plucked.

Seeing me thus stranded in my career for the second time, my mother at once came to the rescue; and having calmly surveyed the situation, said that she had better see the Commander-in-Chief, and ask his advice. It appeared that when my father had been a curate at St. James's, Piccadilly, he had had the honour of knowing the Duke of Cambridge, who worshipped there, and of ministering for him and for his family on various occasions, some of which had been of rather a confidential nature. His Royal Highness had at the same time met the curate's wife, and I believe that she made that the basis for requesting him for an interview at the Horse Guards. He readily granted this favour, and when he saw her most kindly revealed that two new avenues to commissioned rank in the army were about to be opened, one through the Universities, by which the candidate could enter before having taken his degree; and the other through the Militia, by which he would be able to join his regiment as a full Lieutenant.

In accordance with this "inside" information, which was at the time unknown to the general public, steps were taken to procure me a commission in the Militia,

and I also matriculated at Jesus College, Cambridge, the intention being that I should thus have two strings to my bow, and use whichever might prove to be first available.

CHAPTER VII

CAMBRIDGE EXPERIENCES

I THINK that when I went up to Cambridge, my father, for the first time, made a brief attempt to take over the superintendence of my education, and he did not leave me long in doubt as to what he meant his general policy to be. When he saw me off in London (a thing he had never done before), he inquired whether I wished to travel first and save nothing, or second and pocket five shillings. On hearing my reply, he remarked that he had not supposed I had been such a fool! He had provided me with a moderate supply of a rough Spanish wine called *Val de Peñas*, observing that this would save me the expense of buying any wine if I found that I was expected to entertain any friends. When I arrived at Cambridge I found myself consigned to some very humble "third-floor-back" lodgings in Jesus Lane, and I soon gathered from this and other indications, that my father wished me to be regarded, from the first, as a very poor young man who would have to make his own way in the world. He, in short, meant to treat me very much as his own father had once with considerable success treated him; and if most of the other factors in these two cases had not been widely different, it is very possible that his plan might not have entirely failed.

What actually happened was, that in the first place I addressed the most bitter lamentations to both my parents, complaining that I was "living in a garret," "not allowed a penny," "unable to join in anything," with other phrases of the same kind, upon which I

learnt for the first time, that my mother was in possession of a very neat little fortune left her by her cousin Harry Hallam, a certain portion of which was supposed to be expended "on the education of her children, and for advancing their welfare in life." This had, in fact, been done for some time past; but when I was sent to my father's old University, I believe that from a sentimental caprice he wished to educate me there in his own way, and also at his own expense. He was, I am afraid, rather hurt when he was implored to give up that idea; though all I knew for certain was, that I suddenly found myself under what might be called the "old administration," and at the same time with a most comfortable allowance, larger than that of at least eighty per cent. of the other Jesus undergraduates.

The first step that I took in view of these improved circumstances was to migrate into some large rooms on the first floor of a jeweller's shop in Sidney Street, where I proceeded for about a year to lead a life almost entirely given to amusement. At most colleges the terms were "kept" by the number of days on which the undergraduates dined in Hall, but at Jesus by the number of times we managed to scramble to Chapel. Moreover, the Hall-dinner at Jesus took place at the early hour of half-past four, and I got into the habit of dining in my own rooms, later, off materials sent in from the kitchens of Sidney Sussex College, just opposite my rooms; or else I sought out some friend who chose to live in a similar way.

As regards my chosen associates, I met the undergraduates of my own year and college at Lecture and Chapel, but the only intimate friend I had among them was Ringrose-Voase, the son of a Yorkshire squire. I had no former school-fellows for companions, for the reason that they were nearly all still at school. I had not any dearth of friends, however, though most of them were Trinity men, and all older than myself.

Of these I knew Walter Pollock the best, for we had been a good deal together at home. He, of course, was later on the distinguished writer and critic who became Editor of the *Saturday Review*. Another great friend of mine was Charles Keary, who afterwards went to the British Museum. He wrote some erudite books on antiquarian subjects, and also some extremely original works of the belles-lettres kind. The other members of this set, which we sometimes called "the Family," were Robert Graham—a clever and agreeable Scotch laird; Gordon Wigan—the cynical but kind-hearted son of the Alfred Wigans; and Rudolph Melsheimer, who was of naturalized German parentage, and gifted with an extraordinary variety of accomplishments, though he was at the same time about the quietest and most modest of the party.

With the exception of Wigan, most of these young men managed to do a good deal of reading; but it must have been either in the daytime or at dead of night, for the greater part of our evenings was almost always devoted to pleasure. We each had a piano in our rooms, and though Melsheimer was in most respects a much better musician, I was generally employed as "the Band." I then had a standing repertory of at least four hundred popular or operatic airs, and was also in the habit of improvising incidental music, "vamping" accompaniments, and sometimes providing a complete entertainment, which I used to call—in the original sense of the term—a "Melodrama." I now find it most hard to realize the frame of mind and temperament that used to carry me through such efforts. It was, however, nearly sixty years ago, and I was then blessed with an amount of self-confidence which I should have been very glad to have always had at my command in some later phases of my life.

Among the thousand other absurdities in which I took part, I had a curious bet with Walter Pollock, that

whichever one of us should remain in the same room with the other, openly, and exchanging a few words, but without his identity being discovered, was to receive from the other £5. We each made some attempts which failed. One day it was rumoured that Turgenev was to visit Cambridge for a few hours, and someone not in our set invited me to meet him at breakfast. The compliment pleased me a good deal, and I accepted the invitation and went. While I was on my way to the rendezvous, however, it seemed to me that I had already met the great novelist before, or at all events seen him, and on further reflection I remembered that he had been at one of Lady Pollock's receptions, at which I had been present with the crowd. I then knew beforehand who the "Turgenev" I was going to meet at breakfast would turn out to be. Pollock personated the character very cleverly indeed, and some guests who had not been let into the secret were much perplexed when at a certain stage of the proceedings I seized him by the beard and told him so.

I eventually won the wager, but only by the aid of a rather unfair stratagem. When Pollock had asked us all to a wine-party, I professed to have another engagement, but hid in the bedroom of a confederate close by, disguised as Keary, to whom I was said to bear some resemblance. He himself was one of the guests, and with the aid of two bottles of cold tea, supposed to be hock, feigned to be overcome and lay down on a sofa, partly covered by a railway-rug. Pollock was presently lured from the room on some pretext, and during his absence I slipped in and took Keary's place on the sofa. When Pollock returned he came to the sofa and asked me how I felt. I replied with drunken mutterings about wishing to be left alone. Under the cover of the railway-rug I was able to consult my watch, and when I had been in the same situation for just an hour I ran to the piano and struck a theatrical "Chord"! Pollock

was at first bewildered, but acknowledged very handsomely that he had lost his bet.

We were constantly indulging in vagaries of this kind, to which we attached a very exaggerated importance. Each of us had some more normal form of recreation as well. Melsheimer and I used to hunt with the Cambridgeshire or the Puckridge Hounds, or now and then with some pack of harriers. We hired hack-hunters, and it was at once good exercise and useful experience to be carried across country by an animal who, though he might have a mouth of iron, knew every fence and how to get over it somehow, without troubling his rider for any scientific instruction on the subject. My friend Ringrose-Voase, and two other Jesus men who had horses of their own, went out pretty often with the foxhounds, and the day was more than once inaugurated with a most tremendous breakfast.

I also appeared occasionally in the football field, and sometimes played for my college; but I never went into proper training, and however much I enjoyed the active excursions in which I engaged, I am afraid I always had at heart the feeling, that the real business of the day did not commence till I joined my Trinity friends in the evening.

It was a curious fact that gradually a few young dons attached themselves to our set. They were fellows or professors of a very advanced modern type, whose extremely unconventional views on most subjects no doubt made them feel more at home in such society as ours than in that of men of their own University standing. If they had at all obtruded their political opinions upon us we should have resented it; but it was their custom to represent all opinions of any kind, including their own, as more or less ridiculous, and as they evidently only wished to be amused, and were in turn very amusing themselves, we soon grew accustomed to their eccentricities, and received them on

the footing of equality and camaraderie which they seemed to desire.

Professor W. K. Clifford was the don whom we saw oftenest and liked the best; and he was not only an extraordinarily amiable, good-tempered man, but possessed of a most brilliant wit. He used to "keep" in a court which a street separated from the older Trinity buildings, and he was kind enough to supply me with a written order addressed to his gate-porter, giving me access to his rooms long past the ordinary hours. By this means I once appeared at about midnight, presenting the outer semblance of an elderly Master of Arts; and before doing so I had exchanged a most courteous greeting with one of the Proctors, to whom in my true character I was not altogether unknown.

In the end, however, Clifford had occasion to rue the day when, in accordance with his principles, he had honoured an undergraduate with such a close intimacy. In the daytime his oak was hardly ever "sported," and having one afternoon rushed in unceremoniously at about six o'clock, I came upon a scene which filled me with anger. His principal room was swept and garnished in preparation for a banquet for the "Cambridge Republican Club," an organization, by the way, of which I had never before heard. No one was there, but "covers were laid" for about twenty, and a Phrygian cap and portraits of various French and Italian patriots, including Mazzini, adorned the walls. In a few minutes I had run off to my rooms, and returned with some flags I had recently hired to celebrate the marriage of H.R.H. the Princess Louise and the Marquess of Lorne. I had also procured a pot of black paint, and finding all the arrangements for the banquet just as I had left them, I tore down every obnoxious emblem; removed the pictures of Mazzini and others and threw them under Clifford's bed, nailed up an unusually large Royal Standard, and finally painted on the wall "V.R."

in letters certainly four feet high. I had just begun writing "God save the Queen" on each of the menu-cards, when I heard footsteps, which proved to be those of the Professor, bringing with him an armful of flowers. I, however, contrived, first to hide and then to escape, without his seeing me. He could not have had time to restore his own decoration scheme, but he told me, when next we met, that he had amplified the "V.R." into *Veritas regnabit.* I may add that he never showed the smallest resentment over this incident, and I am sure that he entirely forgave me. It is at the same time true that if he had tried to take any disciplinary action, it would probably not have redounded to his credit, for Republicanism was not a creed that was viewed with any indulgence in the higher quarters.

I had a less happy experience with one of the other dons who had chosen to become our intimate associate. Fletcher-Moulton was a man of great talents who afterwards attained some of the highest possible distinctions; but in those days he was obliged to give most of his time to his duties as Junior Dean of Christ's, to which college he belonged. He had sometimes reminded me, though only in jocose terms, of the difference in our respective stations, and when he asked me to breakfast with him one day, he observed that I should find him alone, as it would be as much as his place was worth if anyone else should see him in my company. I went, however, and during the progress of the meal a bed-maker announced that one of the college undergraduates was waiting to be admitted, the Dean having ordered him to attend at that hour. "I must see him," said Moulton, "but what on earth am I to do with you?" I replied by going under the table, which was fairly small but covered by a large cloth. The undergraduate came in a minute later, no doubt wearing his cap and gown, though I was unable to see him. His superior addressed him almost exactly in these words: "Oh,

good morning, Mr. N——! Look here! You haven't been attending Chapel lately. I never used to attend Chapel myself, if I could possibly help it. But I'm supposed to be very angry with you. Do you see? Well, that's all I wanted to say to you. Good morning!"

When I had emerged from my concealment Moulton asked me whether I didn't think that sort of thing an absolute farce. I said that I did; and that it appeared to me "that he was getting money by false pretences." He told me that he was very much obliged to me for instructing him in his duties; but I could see that I had hit him rather hard. An embarrassing silence ensued; we parted on constrained terms; and though I met him again in after-life, our intimacy was for ever at an end.

I ought to mention with regard to Moulton's attitude about attending Chapel, that the great question at that time at Cambridge was the proposed repeal of the Tests Act, or of what remained of it. I one day received a sort of canvassing visit from a weird-looking being with very long black hair, which he told me he wore "as the flag of my principles." His name was Hartog, and I always understood that the Jewish community had sent him up to Cambridge with the intention that he should first become Senior Wrangler (which in due course he did), and that then, by his declaring his conscientious inability to comply with the requirements of the Tests Act, his case should become a strong argument for its abolition. Moulton himself, I may add, was either a Wesleyan, or belonged to a well-known Wesleyan family.

Another unconventional don with whom we used to associate on very easy terms was Professor Palmer, the great Oriental scholar who was in the end murdered by Arabs in the desert. His rooms at John's were fitted with divans on which we used to sit while we smoked

his chibouques. He was modest in describing his adventures, and often only left us to infer the particular share that he had taken in them. When he was in a better humour than usual he could perform some very surprising conjuring tricks.

CHAPTER VIII

MORE CAMBRIDGE EXPERIENCES

HAVING so far described what was after all only an eccentric phase of undergraduate life, and having at the same time introduced some characters in a higher station who did not represent, at the most, more than about three or four per cent. of the order to which they belonged, I will conclude my Cambridge experiences with some rather more conventional and commonplace matters.

The Jesus College system of making us "keep our terms" by a certain number of attendances at Chapel often led to my postponing the four weekday attendances that were required till Friday and Saturday, on which two days I went both to early morning and to evening service, the former generally involving an excited rush at seven o'clock or some such hour. I instructed my gyp, whose name was Moses, not only to call me in time, but that when he did so he was to pull off all my bed-clothes and carry them out of the room. Several times on a winter's morning have I found myself shivering with cold, while Moses was walking away, saying: "This is what you told me to do! You said yourself, I must do it!" By such means I contrived to keep my chapels, but committed so many irregularities of one kind or another, that I was at last "gated" for the rest of the term, or in other words ordered never to be out of my lodgings after nine o'clock at night. It was a restriction which I found particularly irksome, but for some time I strictly observed the terms of my arrest. One day, however, Mr. Green's Stag-

hounds had a by-day in the neighbourhood, and unfortunately for me it proved to be one of the best days' sport which they had ever recorded. The stag was taken in a straw-yard almost in the town of Bedford, and being unable to obtain a box, I had to get back to Cambridge by road, with a lame horse, the best way I could. I arrived at about ten o'clock, that is to say an hour late, and the following morning was haled before the Dean. We called him "Red Morgan," to distinguish him from "Black Morgan," who was the Tutor. The Dean was a great burly man, with a loud voice and rather dogmatic manner. He was nevertheless good-natured and kind-hearted.

"My good man," he began when he saw me, "I am afraid you've got yourself into a very serious scrape. What have you to say for yourself, pray?"

I told him what had happened, and in the course of my explanation said that the stag had taken a line that nobody had ever expected. Directly I got to that point "Red Morgan" turned hastily aside. I thought that he did so from impatience; but when I met him many years afterwards at a peaceful college dinner, he confessed to me that the introduction of "the stag" into my defence had nearly made him burst out laughing. It had not, however, prevented his gating me to eight o'clock instead of nine for the rest of the term.

Before that term came to an end, the Tutor, "Black Morgan," had intervened in my affairs, with the result that I turned over an entirely new leaf. He was exactly the right man to accomplish such a difficult task. Dr. Morgan was always amusing, and had such a turn for mimicry that he constantly had to restrain it; yet in addition to this he was an excellent teacher, and as high-minded a man as I ever met in my life. At the time when I was gated and officially viewed with disapproval, he invited me to breakfast, which proved to be the prelude to a long and earnest admonition which

he addressed to me. He began by asking, without any trace of a smile : " How is the stag ? " and then, with an odd jerky manner that was one of his peculiarities, he threw out some much more sarcastic inquiries, from some of which I perceived that he knew a good deal more about my proceedings than I had ever supposed. " How are they all getting on at Trinity ? " " How is the President of the Republican Club ? " " What did you come up to Cambridge for ? " " How do you propose to pass your Little-go by the way ? " He succeeded in his intention of making me feel extremely foolish, but when we began to talk of remedies, he became kind and encouraging. He asked me to promise that in the coming term I would go into quieter lodgings, and read with a coach he recommended. In the meantime he wished me to spend the long vacation in a village in the north of England, where an old Jesus man had the vicarage and received two pupils. My friend Ringrose-Voase should go with me.

This programme was duly carried out. The Rev. William Lyde, Vicar of Brough in Westmorland, was exactly the man we needed, for he had a theory that the time when a pupil most required watching was, not when he was repeating his lessons but when he was preparing them ; and upon that plan he acted with considerable success.

We spent a good part of our leisure in either playing cricket or trying to catch trout, but for some time I was provided with a more serious occupation, which I may perhaps be permitted to describe. The organist of the parish church having been suddenly called away, it was suggested that I should take his place. Though I had sometimes played on a harmonium, I had never even touched the keys of an organ, and whatever the instrument might be it was quite certain that I was unable to read music of any kind. But no other substitute being at hand I was pressed, and at last

agreed to do what was required, or at least to make the attempt. I soon found that my chief difficulty would be with the pedals, but having a few days during which to make experiments, I compared the sounds made by the pedals with those produced by the keys, and chalked the names of each note, viz. A, B, C, etc., on the proper pedals, upon which I also placed two pieces of lighted candle, so as to be able to read what I had written. I next stipulated that I should choose all the hymns and chants that were to be used. I was at first rather puzzled by the stops, but discovered two very useful friends in the "Trumpet" and "*Vox Humana*." All this time Ringrose-Voase had been assisting me by blowing the bellows, like a faithful second seeing his principal through some "painful affair." When Sunday came I performed my task without any difficulty, and my two voluntaries—the first a new rendering of the *Stabat Mater* (with a *Vox Humana* obbligato), the second, an original version of the "March of the Priests" in *Natalie* (with special prominence for the Trumpet)—were particularly approved. I acted as organist in this way for three Sundays, and except for the *Te Deum* and another chant, produced fresh tunes on each occasion. The only "discordant note" came from the curate's sister, who said that I "puzzled the school-children by playing in such funny keys."

When I returned to Cambridge after the vacation I took some lodgings on the ground-floor of a small house in Malcolm Street, close to my own College. The rooms were fortunately provided with an "oak," by means of which I used to shut out anyone who wished to disturb me. My Trinity friends respected my wish to be left alone, though we still met once a week. I was daily closeted for some hours with an intelligent cobbler whom we called "Agamemnon," his office being to correct my Latin or Greek construing with the aid of one of the admirable Dr. Giles's cribs. When I used to

ask " Agamemnon " what he thought of my chance of passing the Little-go, he slightly irritated me by always making the same reply : " Well, sir, all I can say is, ' *Spera optimis !* ' "

At last the fateful day came. In Æschylus I was given a passage my Coach had told me not to learn. " They can't ask you what it means," he had said, " because they don't know themselves ! " but he had evidently been mistaken. In Euclid I was given a proposition from the second book, which I feared and detested above any other. In *Paley's Evidences*, on the other hand, the very question I most wished for was propounded. On the whole, however, I did rather worse than I had expected. But a few evenings later, " Agamemnon " suddenly hurried into my room, triumphantly waving a " Previous Examination " list, fresh from the press, and shouting : " *Spera optimis ! Spera optimis !* " He was followed by two of my sporting friends who had both been plucked. They were smoking cigars, one of which they no doubt used to light a cracker which exploded directly after they had left me. While the firework was making a succession of loud bangs on the floor, Agamemnon, who was of a very prim disposition, jumped on to the sofa for safety, exclaiming as he did so : " This is a downright outrage ! " I was in a quite different humour, and told him that it was what was called a " *feu-de-joie.*"

CHAPTER IX

MANNERS AND PEOPLE

At this point I think it may be desirable to give a less strict chronological shape to these recollections, and to speak of people and things from a more general standpoint.

The manners and customs of the late sixties and very early seventies differed so greatly from those that prevail at the present time, that it may be worth while for me to say something about them. I remember very well when smoking—which now occupies an even more prominent place in our daily life than snuff-taking occupied in the daily life of our ancestors—still had to struggle to hold its own in the country houses of the upper or upper-middle classes. The host, who was usually not young, and still more frequently the hostess, would often forbid any smoking whatever in the house. In Buckingham Palace there was no smoking-room of any kind, and most of the castles and mansions of great families were similarly unprovided. In many country houses it was, however, tacitly understood that when bedtime came the gentlemen might, if they chose, seek out the harness-room, the servants' hall, or in smaller establishments the kitchen, where they might smoke their own cigars, and when it was cold would find a fire burning. At the end of dinner and a longish spell in the drawing-room, a silver tray, on which were tumblers, water, and sherry, used either to be brought into the room, or else placed near the foot of the principal staircase, where the ceremony of saying "Good night" was usually observed. The host would very likely say:

"There's a fire in the servants' hall, if any of you want to smoke. Good night!" After which two or three of the younger men would steal off through some red-baize door to the retreat indicated, where the butler would bring them either more sherry and water, or very likely some brandy, but no soda-water and most certainly no whisky. At first, on such occasions, men used to retain their swallow-tailed coats, but they soon took to changing into an "old shooting-jacket," which, being sometimes made of velveteen, was most likely the precursor of the jackets that came in later for this express purpose. An attempt had been made to revive the damask or flowered dressing-gown which had once been the regulation dishabille for men of fashion, but meeting with no general support, the plan had been given up. In my time old-fashioned people still looked on smoking at the end of the evening as a rather disreputable innovation, but the general custom was to censure the practice in only a playful way. I recollect how once, when the smokers were about to retire in the usual furtive manner, a lady of about thirty belonging to the "arch" category (now unfortunately extinct) held up a warning forefinger to one of them and exclaimed: "Now I know that you're going to smoke, and I think you're a very, very naughty man!"

The special mania for cigarettes—or as I once heard a lady of rank call them "ci*gar*ettes,"—is of course comparatively recent; and in the days of which I speak only short pipes really competed with cigars. Pipes, however, were not smoked quite as a matter of course. They were not permitted in the older clubs, and a good many regiments did not allow them in their anterooms. Even in private houses I have often heard a pipe-smoker make some half-playful excuse for producing his pipe and pouch when other men were getting out their cigar-cases. In the end the pipes won the day, but cigarettes

remained many years quite in the background. The first ones that I remember were large, clumsy contrivances, with a quantity of wool packed away somewhere near the mouthpiece. It is, however, rather curious that there existed at the same time another brand, much smaller than anything of the kind to be seen to-day. These "Laferme" cigarettes had a delicate aromatic flavour, but hardly seemed to be taken quite seriously. Ladies who wished to be thought fast used to smoke them, though certainly never in public; the only females who smoked in public were the old apple-women at the street corners, and they always smoked a clay pipe. If a Victorian lady only wished to be thought rather fast, she would, perhaps for the traditional bet of "a pair of gloves," take two or three whiffs at a cigarette, but it seemed to be expected that she should then assume a whimsical air of distress, put the cigarette down, have a fit of coughing, and finally, with tears in her eyes, ask for a glass of water.

While I was still at the callow age of about sixteen, I went with my mother and sister into the Lake Country, to visit two members of the Marshall family, one at Patterdale Hall, Ullswater, and the other on Keswick Island. At each of these houses the gentlemen used to bathe, the last thing at night, at Patterdale in a kind of marble grotto, at Keswick in the lake itself. Three of the bathers at Patterdale had a peculiarity in common which it was impossible under the circumstances not to notice. Each wore round his neck a small gold chain and crucifix, and one day I asked one of the Marshall family what it meant. He informed me that a well-known lady (whose name it is unnecessary to introduce) took this means of distinguishing a group of young men who had come under her religious influence, agreeing at the same time to live up to a certain moral standard which she had prescribed for them. I am rather tempted to

mention who two of these persons were, but feel that no good purpose would be served by doing so.

Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris, whom I have already referred to amongst the people I used to see at The Grange, invited me more than once to stay with them at Warsash, a place they had in Hampshire, and one visit I particularly remember. They then showed at once their kindness and their insight into my character by treating me in all essential respects as a grown-up man, though, as I had just reached the respectable age of seventeen, I probably took this as rather a matter of course.

Mr. Sartoris was at that time studying the Welsh language, to ingratiate himself with a Welsh constituency that he was nursing, and he passed a good deal of his time in pacing the house rehearsing a speech which was composed in that tongue. Mrs. Sartoris—the daughter of Charles Kemble, and herself the authoress of *A Week in a French Country House*—was always surrounded by interesting and artistic friends, and on the occasion I speak of, Miss Thackeray, Frederick Leighton, Val Prinsep, and others were staying in the house.

Mrs. Sartoris used to recount even the simplest incidents with a great deal of accent and gesture, which, with the additional aid of her tragic Kemble features and large flashing eyes, gave to whatever she was relating the effect of a dramatic recitation. To me this seemed too forced and unnatural to give me any pleasure, and I always felt embarrassed when anything of the kind was going on. I had once been taken to see Macready, when I thought that he, too, in his ordinary conversation, declaimed in a somewhat similar manner. On the other hand, when we are inclined to criticize the *prononcé* style and "staginess" of the bygone school of great actors, I think we should bear in mind that in their time the ordinary people they met in real life themselves talked in a much more precise, not to say pompous way than

their children did a few years later; and my own belief is that when the old *prononcé* style of acting was most in favour, it was partly because it was much less exaggerated, and more true to nature, than we suppose. In the end, no doubt, it was persisted in and still applauded, long after it had really become an anachronism.

Leighton—or as the Sartoris family always called him, "Fay"—was an extraordinarily polished, agreeable man, not only a true artist to the innermost core, but an extremely kind, upright, and tactful man of the world. He had a few little continental mannerisms which were at first rather irritating to a youth of my inexperience, but I soon had the sense to perceive that they were not to be attributed to affectation. He had a very amiable, and at the same time strong personality, and understood several subjects in which he might not have been supposed to take any interest. I have sometimes amused myself by fancying, that if some strange political *débâcle* had ever called for an extemporized statesman of the same stamp as Paderewski in England, Leighton would have filled the rôle, with very much the same surprising success.

His great friend and admirer, Val Prinsep, was a jovial companion of an entirely different type. In appearance he used to remind me of some good-natured giant in a fairy tale. He had an amiable failing for puns, which he sometimes made himself, but also unscrupulously appropriated from other sources. One night he either made or quoted a pun which particularly pleased me. We were talking over several scandalous things then being attributed to the Shah of Persia, who was paying a visit to England; and some outrage he was supposed to have committed after a Royal banquet having been mentioned, it was suggested that he must have drunk too much champagne; upon which Prinsep said: "*La nuit, tous les schas sont gris!*"

One night, when the ladies and gentlemen were all sitting together, we got on to the subject of murders, and being only too well informed on such matters, I was gradually betrayed into almost monopolizing the conversation. I was particularly prolix in discussing a crime which had been committed by a Frenchman or Alsatian named Tropmann, who had murdered a whole family of the name of Kinck. The ladies, among them Annie Thackeray, presently withdrew, in all probability both bored and disgusted. When I went to bed myself, later, my nerves suffered a rather severe trial. My fire was burning low, but by the light of the candle I carried, I saw that both my bed and sofa were apparently occupied by dead bodies. Two or three mannequins, some dresses, shawls, bonnets, and Fifth of November masks had been used to produce this effect; and on the breast of one female corpse a label had been pinned, bearing, in a bold print, the words: "Kinck Family."

One of Miss Thackeray's most attractive characteristics was a great playfulness of fancy; she was never seen to more advantage than when she was intent on amusement, and her conversation was always full of originality and whimsical "conceits." When she attempted more serious enterprises her impulsiveness sometimes led her into awkward difficulties. Henry James once told me that he thought she had "every possible good quality, except common sense." Yet no one who knew her very well ever failed to be fond of her, or questioned that her chief aim in life was to do good and make other people happy.

In one way or another I had a slight acquaintance with a good many painters and artists, besides those whom I have already mentioned. I was often in the company of Millais. Holman Hunt I met sometimes, and also Edward Lear. Lear once gave us a handsomely bound volume containing some highly finished sketches

which he had made in the Holy Land, though I am afraid that his *Book of Nonsense* was a work with which most of us were much more familiar. I used to think artists a particularly agreeable race, and of the whole tribe I never met a more amiable or gentle-minded man than Frederick Walker.

The artist whom I think our family knew the best and saw oftenest was Dicky Doyle. In those days nearly every drawing-room in the average upper-middle-class house contained a copy of *Brown, Jones and Robinson*, though personally I much preferred the humorous sketches of street crowds and social functions to be found in some of his other works. In that particular branch of drawing I should venture to say that he was almost superior to Cruickshank, though the comparison is perhaps a hardly fair one. Doyle once drew a portrait of himself, which he engraved and distributed to his friends. In it he is shown in the extremely natural but rather unconventional attitude of scratching his head! Dicky Doyle's countenance always wore a very broad smile, which, coupled with a deep and permanent frown of playful sternness, gave a perfect clue to his undoubtedly charming character.

In the world of music the most distinguished person I ever used to meet was no doubt a certain Madame Goldschmidt, who had at one time been almost worshipped under the name of Jenny Lind. But when I enjoyed that privilege I was still, even in my own estimation, a boy. The only fragment of the great prima donna's conversation that I recollect is in itself hardly worth repeating. She related how one of the Royal princesses had once called to see her at Wimbledon, I think in an ordinary cab; and how she, not having understood who her visitor was, had sent to say that she was not at home. The subsequent explanations and apologies, and a peal of laughter, concluded the story, and it may be fairly presumed that she told a

good many others which were more interesting. When I began to go into society as a young man, we knew Charles Hallé and his family, and used to visit them. The eldest son was the well-known painter. Later on Joachim became one of my mother's friends. When he came to any entertainment of hers she used to ask him, with feigned composure, whether he had brought his violin. Sometimes he had not, and at other times he very gracefully had done so; and naturally the course he took in that respect made the greatest difference to the success of the party.

I often used to meet Froude, and have been introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Browning; I knew Mrs. Gaskell pretty well, though less intimately than our old friend Mrs. Procter. I often saw Charles Dickens, and sometimes George Eliot, but never had the honour of knowing either of them personally. At many of the receptions I went to, I used to see Planché, nearly, but not quite, the last man to appear on such occasions in a blue coat and brass buttons.

Though I could not boast of any personal acquaintance with Charles Dickens himself, I had known his son Harry (now Sir Henry Dickens), when we were both at Cambridge, and I also had the great pleasure of being on intimate terms with Charles Collins and his wife, who was Dickens's daughter Kate. Charles Allston Collins, brother to Wilkie Collins, was in the first place a disciple of the Pre-Raphaelite school of art, but in my own mind I always connected him with a particularly amusing and original book he had written, called *A Cruise upon Wheels*. When I knew him his physical health was so feeble that he spoke only in a whisper; yet his mind was at the time in such wonderful vigour that wit, humour, and the most cheerful kind of ideas used to pour from it in a perpetual stream. His wife, who in later years became Mrs. Perugini, as a distinguished portrait painter is perhaps best known

under that name. I had the great pleasure of knowing her until almost the other day, and I recall with gratitude the delightfully informal and unpremeditated hospitality which my sister and I so often received at her hands, rather more than half a century ago.

CHAPTER X

A FEW HOME MEMORIES

In March 1871 I was gazetted a Lieutenant in the West Kent Light Infantry Militia, my commission being signed by the Lord-Lieutenant, at that time Viscount Sydney. When I called to thank him he very distinctly gave me only two fingers to shake ; and it is interesting to reflect that the only other person who I think ever did the same thing was another Whig peer, namely the second Earl Granville. Lord Sydney, who was then Lord Chamberlain, wrote a few days later to say that he should be glad to present me at the next Levée, which he accordingly did. Finding that my father was to be present on the same occasion, I proposed to him that we should hire a fly, and so go in reasonable state ; to which he replied : " A hansom will take us both for eighteenpence," and with that arrangement I was fain to be content.

The first occasion when the Prince of Wales appeared in public after he had recovered from his very dangerous illness was at the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's Cathedral. It was a very impressive sight when he entered the Cathedral and walked up the aisle, his mother the Queen leaning upon his arm. On that occasion I was given a seat next to Canon Kingsley, and I may observe incidentally that in one way or another I was at the outset of my career in the society of a good many celebrities of various kinds. I nevertheless chose to throw away most of the advantages this might have given me. If agreeable and amusing people invited me to dinner, or to some entertainment at which I

could smoke and do what I pleased, I generally went; but "crushes" or "routs" were always my abomination. Our house in London was for many years in Sydney Place, Onslow Square, and there I had a pretty large room, and in it an old grand-piano given me by Sir Frederick Pollock. I spent a great deal of my time in this room, and when my brother Charlie was at home it became to most intents and purposes a theatre. We used to waste whole hours in impersonating imaginary characters. "Lord Torr"—a very pompous old peer—and his steward "Pearson"—who had somehow got it into his head that his lordship liked familiarity; "The Two Swindlers"—one of them depending on finesse, the other on brute strength, yet always trying to interchange the two rôles; or "The Musicians"—one a broken-down *Maestro*, the other a brusque cornet-player rather given to drink, and both of them providing the music at evening entertainments. One day, while we were busily engaged as the two musicians, we were told that there was a visitor in the drawing-room, whom my mother described as "a delightfully clever young man, only rather a strong Radical," upon which we opened the door, and the loud pedal of the piano being firmly put down, played the National Anthem. The visitor was a future Ambassador and peer, at that time only known as Mr. Bryce.

When I was living this kind of life there was one social function that it was almost impossible for me to avoid. My father was one of the few persons left who still now and then invited their friends to breakfast. He may have originally learnt this custom at Cambridge, but if so had certainly become confirmed in it by the example of Samuel Rogers, whose guest he had sometimes been in London. I am afraid that what I best recollect of the breakfasts of this kind that my parents gave is that the fare provided usually included raw

oysters, which at that period were supposed to give a certain note of revelry to any entertainment. I can also, it is true, recall occasional bursts of loud laughter, but my impression is that they generally proceeded from Lord Lyttelton. He was a warm supporter of breakfasts as a social institution, and made a point of trying to make any affair of that sort as hilarious as possible.

I think I have mentioned that he was my godfather. He had once visited me when I was at "Jones's," where he had watched us at cricket, of which he was an excellent judge. The other boys on that occasion were rather sceptical when I told them who he was. "Will you take your 'double, dying Dick' he's a Lord?" one of them had asked.

One of Lord Lyttelton's peculiarities was to write a hand which, though he was a learned scholar and for some years the chief Government authority on education, it was often quite impossible to read. Delane had a story that he had once written a letter to *The Times*, which it had been found necessary to return with an intimation that it could not be deciphered, and that it had proved to be a suggestion that the franchise should be refused to any man who was unable to read *and write*.

Once, when Carlyle came to one of the breakfasts to which I have alluded, I remember that on first entering the room he walked up to my sister, and having dived one hand into the side-pocket of his long, tailless, black coat, fished out a small, live kitten. As he gave it to her he regarded her with the rueful, inquisitive air that his face so often wore, but without, I think, uttering a single word. The gift may have been in fulfilment of some promise of which I had not heard. Afterwards he talked a good deal, and it was on such an occasion that, someone having referred to the "splendid patriotism" shown by the head of a great Jewish family, he

said : " But it isn't patriotism at all ! The man should be sitting in the chair of Cartwright, or some other eminent dentist, redeeming each tooth in his head at so many million pounds, and thinking himself fortunate to be allowed to serve the State on such easy terms ! " He used to say things of this kind with the harshest sing-song accent.

At one time my father used every now and then to take me to Cheyne Row, and I have a very clear recollection of Carlyle's collection of churchwarden pipes, one usually held to his lips, and others awaiting their turn in a waste-paper basket at his side. When a sufficient number of pipes were, in his opinion, in need of cleaning, Carlyle used to send them all away to be rebaked ; though, like Dr. Johnson with his bits of orange-peel, he was playfully mysterious about their exact destination. It was believed to be Glasgow. The last time I ever saw Carlyle myself, he was in his own house, philosophically puffing away at one of his churchwardens, while his wife lay on the floor at full length, close up to the fire, complaining of neuralgia. It was not very surprising that her doctor used to tell her that what she most needed was plenty of fresh air. A thing that she herself sometimes said she missed was a settled religious creed, and driving one day with my mother in a closed carriage, she suddenly sank down on her knees and prayed aloud that she might be given back [" the [simple, unquestioning faith of a child." I should not have related such an anecdote had it not been entirely creditable to Mrs. Carlyle's memory.

After she had been advised to breathe more fresh air she used to go for drives in the Park, taking with her a small dog she was very fond of. But one day, having been let out of the carriage, the poor little animal was run over and killed, and we always understood that the distress this accident caused her

brought on the seizure from which she died. To one of the friends who tried to comfort her husband in his sincere affliction, he said with great emotion: "And she never knew I loved her! She never knew I loved her!"

CHAPTER XI

OLD PLAY-GOING MEMORIES

As for some years of my life I was allowed to dispose of my time as I pleased, my evenings were pretty frequently spent at the theatre, or, as we then said quite as often, " the play " ; and my play-going recollections date back to such a long time ago that it is just possible that a few of them may be found not entirely uninteresting.

I must confess at the outset that, personally, I have always preferred a well-acted drama of real life to any other form of entertainment whatever ; and as in my youth many more people than at present showed the same taste—or want of taste—really good dramas and melodramas were much oftener presented. I remember the enthusiasm I felt for Miss Kate Terry (afterwards Mrs. Lewis) when she took the part of May Edwards in *The Ticket-of-leave Man*, and also the scene in St. Paul's Churchyard when she used to appear wrapped in a shawl and exposed to a pitiless shower of paper snow, singing :

> " Beloved eye ! Beloved star !
> Thou art so near, and yet so far ! "

and making her voice give an impression of misery and exhaustion of which perhaps the chief merit was that it was so little exaggerated. I recollect her too in the totally different part of the heroine in *The Duke's Motto*. In this excellent play Miss Terry acted with Fechter. He had on the stage the dominant bearing of a man accustomed to fill only the leading rôle, and

to some people this was accentuated by his strong foreign accent, of course a most serious drawback, though I should have much liked hearing him in his own native language. I felt this particularly when I saw him play *Hamlet*. His was what was then considered quite a new reading of the part, and he was said to be the first actor who had ever appeared in it with a light flaxen wig, instead of the traditional black ringlets in which such men as Kean had long revelled.

I used to enjoy very much the Irish melodramas presented by Mr. and Mrs. Dion Boucicault, especially *The Colleen Bawn* and *Arrah na Pogue*. The scenery was admirable, and Moore melodies such as "The Minstrel Boy" lent themselves very effectively to the incidental music which was always an important feature. As for the acting, it was for the most part pleasing enough and always what is called "adequate"; but I doubt whether any characters can ever have been more cleverly represented than the villainous lawyers or process-servers of Mr. Dominic Murray in pieces of that sort. His face, figure, speech, and movements were all consummate studies of their kind. I always felt a strong interest in this actor, but managed to lose sight of him.

I must own, however, that I could seldom persuade anyone else to accompany me when I went to the Dion Boucicault melodramas, and when Benjamin Webster gave the very sort of thing I liked best, in *The Wandering Jew*, I went alone, and was unable to recognize a soul that I knew in the audience. I had the same experience when I sought out the "sound old actors" such as Phelps, Creswick, or Barry Sullivan, sometimes at the Surrey Theatre or Sadler's Wells. Yet everyone went to see *It is never too Late to Mend*, and *Foul Play* (both by Charles Reade), and also to applaud the delightfully finished acting of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthews, in a play by Edmund Yates called *Black*

Sheep. A few old-fashioned people at that time used still to speak of " young " Charles Matthews, though he had himself already become an unquestionably old man. But he still played quite young parts, and I noticed that on such occasions he used to wear strapped trousers, in which he flourished about his legs a good deal. This certainly made his limbs look more supple than they probably were, and all that spoilt the plan was that, some years before, strapped trousers had become altogether dissociated from any ideas of youthfulness. But whatever his idiosyncrasies, Charles Matthews was always an excellent actor, especially in lively comedy.

I have now forgotten whether Frank Matthews was his brother, but he was a very good old-fashioned low comedian. I once saw him as Clown in a singular entertainment which probably only a few men now living will remember. The company at the old St. James's Theatre, which was in the habit of acting first-rate comedies such as *The School for Scandal*, happened to be in some dilemma as to what piece they should produce next, and somehow or other it was decided to try a pantomime, and I went to see it. It was preceded by a kind of explanatory little *lever de rideau* entitled *The Manager in a Fix*, when Mr. William Farren (another actor who was now and then described as " the younger ") was discovered in morning dress in the Manager's room, perplexed as to the choice of a piece. The " Spirit of Pantomime," coming up through a trap-door, suggested a way out of the difficulty, and a regular Christmas Pantomime called *Please to remember the Grotto !* followed. It was not, to say the truth, very amusing, and the mere novelty of seeing what sort of a Harlequin could be made out of an ex-Charles Surface, or how well a former Lady Teazle succeeded as Columbine, with other things of the same kind, soon wore off. I have always thought eccentric experiments of this

sort very unsatisfactory, and usually nothing better than a reproach to common sense.

I believe that it was at the St. James's that I first saw Mrs. John Wood, when she appeared in burlesque as Princess Pocahontas. She was always lively and original. It was to this theatre too that people for a long time crowded every night, to hear an immensely popular song of which the refrain was : " Oh vere, oh vere is my little vee dog ? Oh vere, oh vere can he be ? "

In my simple and incorrigible attachment to " legitimate " drama, I sought out and saw some highly sensational pieces, especially on the " Surrey Side." *The Seven Stages of Life*, *The Golden Farmer*, and *The Triple Murder in Five-field Copse* are among those I partly recollect. In one melodrama I saw, the villain, addressing the heroine in the harshest tone of voice, said : " Consent to my horrid proposals ! " Upon her refusing he began to chase her round a table, to the accompaniment of hurried music. Fortunately, however, her dead mother had once told her that the table was rather curiously equipped with a " secret spring," which the heroine now pressed, with the result that a trap-door flew open and the villain tumbled out of sight. In the last act he reappeared on a bier, to make a dying confession which put everything right. I am afraid that I enjoyed this sort of thing, and the scenery and even the acting were often better than might have been expected. I once seriously studied a few old-fashioned melodramas (*A Tale of Mystery*, by Thomas Holcroft, was one), and what chiefly struck me was the elaborate nature of the instructions about the music. Very few people who laugh about " slow music " know or care whether the composer meant it to suggest " Doubt and Hesitation," " Discontent and Alarm," or what ; yet these incidental melodies should be a very important feature in all true *melodrama*. The older

productions were full of songs by the principal characters, which gave them a considerable resemblance to the minor operas that were popular rather later.

In my quest for stage villains I at last came upon a man after my own heart in that particular character. Henry Irving was then acting in a drama called *The Lancashire Lass*, in which he seemed to attract no sort of general notice. I then saw him as the virtuous hero in another sensational piece called *Not Guilty !* but still could not persuade anyone I knew to take any interest in his acting. Walter Pollock—a first-rate critic, and afterwards one of his warmest admirers—was for some time quite unconvinced of his merit. My recollection of Irving's subsequent progress is, that he was first systematically advertised when the interest in a powerful but rather tiresome play called *Leah* was beginning to flag ; that after that he was at last applauded on his own merits, when he played the character part of Digby Grant in *Two Roses* (a piece which had a great run at the Strand); and that he finally came into his own in *The Bells*, at the Lyceum. I never thought that the excellence on which his fame rested was as a rule at all intelligently discussed, and the praise bestowed on everything he attempted was sometimes not a little absurd. But, when he died, I remembered the immense pleasure he had so often given to me and many thousands of others by his truly admirable acting in such pieces as *The Bells*, *The Lyons Mail*, or *The Corsican Brothers* ; I thought, too, of the cleverness and ingenuity with which he had played, even in parts which he must have disliked, knowing that they did not suit him. I recalled again the spirit and originality he had imported into the art of scenic effect, and it was impossible, too, not to recollect a certain largeness of character and kindness of heart, which everyone knew he had always shown, and the conclusion I came to was, that indiscriminating

or not, the popular verdict as to his greatness was perfectly just.

It must have been during my earlier play-going days that the custom of preceding, and sometimes following, the principal piece of the evening with some old-fashioned farce was discontinued. If any attempt were made in the present day to revive one of the "screaming" old farces—such as *The Area Belle*, *Ici on parle Français*, *Number One round the Corner*, or *Did you ever send your Wife to Camberwell?* it would, I suppose, ignominiously fail; yet it is a little sad to reflect how many lively, ingenious, and unquestionably witty ideas some of those old farces by such men as Maddison Morton really contained.

The old institution known as "Half-price" also came to an end in my time. At a certain hour—perhaps somewhere about half-past nine—two or three notice-boards would appear at the entrance to the theatre, announcing that the half-price "had commenced"; after which a five-shilling seat cost half a crown, and so on.

My father remembered the time when the Christmas pantomime was usually preceded by some short play with an improving moral, a very favourite one being *The Beggar's Petition*. Under other circumstances I once saw this piece myself. The opening speech begins with "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man, whose trembling footsteps bring him to your door"; and I remember also the line, "Your pampered menial spurned me from the door." Another play with a very decided moral was *George Barnwell*, and in past times it had often been used to usher in a pantomime. So had *Jane Shore*, though as each of these two plays is a tragedy in five acts, it may be presumed that on such occasions they were somewhat shortened.

I suppose I may call the times in which I lived comparatively modern; but I am astonished when I

recall the old " burlesques " which attracted the youth and fashion, and realize what extraordinarily old-fashioned affairs they were. Of course the words and songs introduced current topics ; but the groundwork of the story was usually some classical incident. Burnand was the most successful writer of burlesques. He wrote, I think, *Helen, or Taken from the Greek*, and *Paris, or Vive Lemprière !* and if anyone will take the trouble to read *Midas*, a " burletta " written by Kane O'Hara in the eighteenth century (in which, later, Madame Vestris acted the part of Apollo) he will see that the whole style and basis of the burlesques of the " late sixties and early seventies " were fully a hundred years old. I remember Mrs. Alfred Mellon as a very successful Paris ; J. L. Toole as Menelaus ; and Paul Bedford in the appropriate part of Nestor. He was then so old that whenever he first appeared he received a round of personal applause. He used to acknowledge it by saying, in a low-comedian tone that was peculiar to him : " I believe you, my boy ! " I have forgotten to what this alluded.

But the classical kind of burlesque presently tottered to a fall, giving place to travesties on old plays, or modern ones that were being performed at other theatres. Burnand's *Fowl Play, or Chicken-hazard* was one of the cleverest, in which Toole, Lionel Brough, and Miss Henrietta Hodson gave travestied versions of the principal characters in the *Foul Play* written by Charles Reade and Boucicault. James and Thorne at the Strand were two very amusing burlesque actors, also Willie Edouin, who made a great hit as " The Heathen Chinee." Wrighton I saw made up to represent Mr. Gladstone, not only in *The Happy Land*, where his doing so was afterwards forbidden, but in a burlesque on *Richelieu*, when he was left unmolested. The *puns* with which all burlesques abounded would now no doubt only be found irritating. In *Richelieu* the

Cardinal, addressing Huguet, said, " Huguet, you go 'way ! " and I remember thinking this extremely funny. The burlesques, however, which I really believe to have been the best and most lively of all, were given at the Royalty, the same little theatre still to be found in Soho. Patty Oliver, Dewar, Danvers, and others filled the house every night for a long time with a comic version of *Black-eyed Susan*. This must have been a pretty long time ago, as Dewar sang " Captain Crosstree is my name," to the tune of " Champagne Charlie," and someone else danced " The Cure." I have, however, not attempted to arrange these particular reminiscences in any proper chronological order ; if I had I should have begun by mentioning that I remember Buckstone in *The Overland Route* at the Haymarket. In the scene on board ship he used to appear with his face covered with cuts, saying : " I've been trying to shave for the last three-quarters of an hour, and this is the result ! " It was said that he latterly became very deaf, and that this made it difficult for others to act with him. Later on Lionel Brough was the actor who almost amused me most. I should like to have met him in private life in order to have studied him more closely.

The still rather old-fashioned style of burlesque to which I have just been referring received a decided shake when London, or at least Islington, was invaded by Miss Emily Soldene and her troupe, with Offenbach's *Grande-Duchesse de Gerolstein*, and later *Geneviève de Brabant*, and most people I am afraid soon found such pieces more attractive than the native products to which they had been accustomed. Yet before finally disappearing, the old English burlesque made such a vigorous and prolonged rally at the Gaiety Theatre, that no one who went there to see Nellie Farren, Terry, Connie Eddis, Leslie, and many others could suppose that so much real wit and talent were only being employed to prop up a moribund institution. I have not

space to try to explain this, but believe, myself, that where the excellent Gaiety burlesques failed was in all probability with respect to the music, the taste for which had become, through the influence of the French *opéra bouffe*, more exacting.

Another change of taste I witnessed was with regard to what, with no disrespect, may be called the "mild" form of entertainment. In my boyhood the Gallery of Illustration—always spoken of as "German-Reid's"—was in the lower part of Regent Street, where the Raleigh Club and other institutions afterwards flourished and faded. The amusement provided was a piano "sketch" by John Parry—the old-fashioned, but at the same time extremely clever precursor of Corney Grain—and then some original little comedy which was sure to be very neatly performed. The programme, though "mild," used to attract plenty of fashionable people, and at the "Morning Performance" on Wednesday scores of country-cousins and parsons were to be seen, sometimes positively crying with harmless delight. German-Reid's nevertheless went out of fashion somehow, and then the country-cousins and parsons had to be content with something still milder, such as the Christy Minstrels at St. James's Hall, or else perhaps fall back on *Pepper's Ghost* at the Polytechnic.

I unfortunately have nothing of interest to relate on the subject of the old music-halls, the truth being that until those establishments had practically become theatres, I had only twice in my life been inside one. But I often had supper at "Evans's," and well remember Paddy Green, with his snuff-box and his blue coat and brass buttons; also the pock-marked waiter who used to bring "gin-slings," hot kidneys, and large mealy potatoes which he seemed to crumble out of a napkin. The supper-visitors were railed-in in a little carpeted enclosure, near the door, but far from the music;

yet it was pleasant to hear a choir of small boys in the distance, singing glees such as " Here in cool grot and mossy cell," or the chorus to " The Chough and Crow." Paddy Green's conversation generally related to the weather, though he now and then fell into a snare into which other garrulous old gentlemen have since been betrayed, that of making some of their reminiscences perhaps rather too long.

CHAPTER XII

BEFORE JOINING THE ARMY

While I was completing my qualifying trainings in the Militia in order to obtain a commission as Lieutenant in the Army, I made friends with Mr. A. W. Kinglake, at one time best known as the author of *Eöthen*, but latterly more celebrated for his work on the Crimean War, which he was then still bringing out in successive volumes. In point of age he had been born in exactly the same year as my father; but he found his way to my heart by always treating me like a contemporary. We used to discuss duelling—about which he had many interesting things to say—and other institutions of the past. An ill-natured old lady once said of him that he would have been a greater success in society "if he had been either shy or brusque, instead of something just a little between the two." But my own observation of him leads me to say that the manner thus referred to was only seen when he was talking to highly placed persons whom he himself happened to hold in low estimation; though as he had at the same time what might be called an innate spirit of insubordination, this happened rather frequently.

At the time I saw most of him he was just finishing the Balaklava volume of his History, and while thus engaged he had received several visits from the Earl of Cardigan. The latter was very properly anxious as to what Kinglake meant to say about the charge of the Light Brigade. He nearly always came on horseback, and leaving his horse below with a groom, used to go upstairs to Kinglake's lodgings, and there sometimes

spend more than an hour in explanation, argument, and remonstrance. Most people will agree that as a historian Kinglake is very fair in what he says about Lord Cardigan and the charge; but his private and personal attitude was nevertheless frankly malicious, and by his own account he had always enjoyed the tolerably easy task of making the distinguished soldier angry.

Kinglake one day told me of a visit Lord Cardigan had paid him when he was Inspector-General of Cavalry. He was then fresh from an inspection to which he referred in indignant terms. "I saw," said Lord Cardigan, "the most disgraceful thing happen that I ever saw in my life!" "I was determined," said Kinglake, "not to ask him what it was; so he had to tell me." The spectacle which had so shocked the Inspector-General turned out to be that of an officer being kicked off his horse, on parade. But the real point of Kinglake's story lay in something not directly connected with this. Lord Cardigan himself was no doubt a fine horseman, but during a field-day at Aldershot, a few weeks later, he managed to get a fall, in presence of the whole division, his horse getting away from him for a considerable time.

With regard to the proposed version of the charge of the Light Brigade, Lord Cardigan's calls at Kinglake's lodgings ended in a very curious climax. One day they had a more acrimonious discussion than usual, chiefly as to Kinglake's determination to compare Lord Cardigan's procedure, after he had led the charge and ridden through the guns, with the behaviour of a man out hunting who finds himself "thrown out."

"Lord Cardigan said I must alter that," said Kinglake, "and I told him I was very sorry, but didn't intend to alter a single word of it! When all of a sudden"—he went on, in his deliberate, rather high-pitched voice—"he tumbled down on the floor, evidently meaning me to suppose that he had fainted!"

I asked Kinglake what he had done then.

"Well," he replied, "I had read in novels what people generally did on such occasions, so I went to my bedroom and got a jug of water; but when I came back with it I found that he had got up again! He left the house without speaking to me."

Kinglake was always exceptionally kind to me. The only time we had any sort of difference was when I announced my wish to go into the Cavalry. He had then taken a good deal of trouble to have me put on the waiting list of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, then as always one of the finest of infantry regiments. When I spoke of joining the Cavalry he said that it was "just like going into the Band!" What I proposed to do should, properly speaking, have been impossible. For when the Militia was first made an avenue by which to enter the Army, it should have been to the same arm of the service, and the new mode of entering the Cavalry should have been through the Yeomanry. As it was, I had never seen or met a good line-regiment; but when I joined the West Kent Militia at Maidstone there was a smart regiment of Dragoon Guards quartered there, and I had soon become imbued with an enthusiasm for the picturesque side of cavalry life—the horses and stables, the trumpets and long cloaks, the pleasant offhand manners of the officers, and the smart appearance of the men.

The "old constitutional force" to which I belonged was a very useful body, for even then, when it was not permissible to send it abroad, it was at least always ready to take the place of the regular army when it was sent on active service; and though it is true that during the Crimean War this had not saved us from the disgrace of hiring Germans to come and protect our "hearths and homes," that was not the fault of the Militia, who merely went where they were told to go. Yet with all our potential usefulness it could hardly be

said that, in our disembodied state in time of peace, we were what could be exactly called ornamental.

The West Kent was numerically a very strong battalion, divided, if I remember rightly, into ten companies. The officers were for the most part country gentlemen; most of the rank and file belonged to the very lowest class of society. In the Army I have seen such men turned into clean, smart, decently educated, self-respecting soldiers; but everything was against effecting any such transformations in the Militia. To begin with, the disgraceful old billeting system was in full swing, under which it was held to be tyranny to quarter a militiaman anywhere but in a public-house. The officers, who of course bought their own uniforms, looked well enough in superfine scarlet cloth, with light blue ("Kentish grey") facings and silver lace; but the clothing of the non-commissioned officers and men was a disgrace to those who prescribed and provided it; the usual dress of a militiaman being an exceedingly coarse, red-brick-coloured shell-jacket, badly fitting trousers, and a vulgarly designed "pork-pie" cap. Many of the men wore earrings; not a few were said to be gipsies; and the streets of Maidstone sometimes presented scenes which in certain ways recalled Hogarth's "March to Finchley."

By going up every year for what was called the "preliminary," as well as the ordinary training, I acquired a considerable mastery of infantry drill, and on one occasion the Inspecting Officer was kind enough to observe: "I'll say one thing for this youngster, he certainly knows how to drill a battalion!" The Adjutant, however, seldom paid me compliments of that kind. Once he found fault with me for something, and I ventured to say that I was "as keen about my work as anyone in the whole regiment"; upon which he replied: "My dear fellow, I know that perfectly well. Only, you see, you always want to make

your company climb up a tree, or swim a river, or stand on their heads, instead of just marching them along the road ! "

I, however, recollect one occasion when this officer got into rather serious trouble himself. At the preliminary training he was the Commanding Officer, and it was a fact as to which he left no one in any doubt. It happened that one of the men robbed a comrade of his ration, a military crime known as " disgraceful conduct," upon which the Commanding Officer decided that the offender should be " drummed out." We were very poorly equipped with actual drums ; but of course had our Band ; and although they were unacquainted with the orthodox " Rogues' March," they were able to play " Johnny Cope," which did very well. All the other " drumming-out " formalities were complied with, and the man was finally marched to the iron-plated gates, where the smallest band-boy was lifted up to give him a parting kick before pushing him out into the crowd. This was all impressive enough, but the weak point in it was, that when the man who had been drummed out found himself in the crowd, he there fell in with a " rascally lawyer," who informed him that the treatment he had just received was illegal, " drumming out " having been abolished a short time before. The measures subsequently taken led to the Adjutant's having to pay the man £50, besides being no doubt reprimanded.

I have now probably said enough about my Militia experiences. As for our social life, our Mess was at the old Star Hotel at Maidstone, where we all lived as if we had private allowances of at least a thousand a year. The Dragoon officers, who were soldiers all the year round, were certainly much less reckless and extravagant, though they too had their gay moments now and then. Some of us having one night dined with them at the Cavalry Barracks, two of their subalterns took us out

with them afterwards in the streets, and initiated us in the almost forgotten pastime of wrenching off knockers and bell-pulls. When we returned to the barracks we were bade to lay our trophies openly on a table in the ante-room, and I was a good deal surprised to notice that the Colonel looked up from his rubber of whist with quite a benevolent interest, and I afterwards learnt that he himself had a kind of mania for the amusement of wrenching off knockers, and I may add that this once got him into a scrape which, but for a great piece of good fortune, might have quite ruined his professional career.

He was on the line of march in England, in command of his regiment, and had halted for the night in a certain country town. At a late hour, and attended by only a trusty Cornet, he sallied out from his billet and began adding to his collection of trophies ; but in doing so he was unfortunately surprised by a posse of police, when both he and the Cornet were taken to the station-house. What followed would have made good material for some improbable farcical play. For the Superintendent of Police proved to be a former Troop-Sergeant-Major in the Colonel's own regiment, and the affair ended exactly as it would have done in the days of a certain famous Marquis of Waterford, that is to say, in " all the parties being perfectly satisfied." The Colonel himself was eventually made a Commander of the Bath, though I believe in connection with some different exploit.

CHAPTER XIII

THE OLD THIRTEENTH

I was allowed to have my way about going into the Cavalry, but with the proviso that I must join a regiment soon going to India ; and after attending three trainings with the Militia, I was one day gazetted to a lieutenancy in the 13th Hussars, at that time quartered at Colchester. I joined with great eagerness, some weeks before it was necessary for me to do so. Superstitious people might have noted that the thirteenth was unlucky in at least one respect, seeing that in the whole army it was the only old regiment with a fine war-record which had never been given any distinctive or commemorative title. The supposed explanation of this was, that in the early days of its existence (which commenced in 1715) the regiment had somehow incurred displeasure in the highest quarter, where that circumstance had unfortunately been preserved as a tradition, or " standing order," ever since. It was a just cause of irritation to hear every now and then that fresh, high-sounding titles had been bestowed on regiments which had done far less than ours had, and were yet regarded with more favour. But the victims of this undoubted injustice were not people who usually took such things seriously. If the officers occasionally grumbled, they generally laughed at the same time, while the men in the ranks—at that time of a particularly smart and intelligent type, mainly North Countrymen or Scots—often made jokes about serving in " The Nobody's Own."

It is stating the case mildly to say that my new

brother-officers were the most reckless and pleasure-loving set of young men that I have ever met with. Two or three of them were almost in the act of ending their military career; all seemed bent on making the last days of the regiment in England as lively as possible. It was contrary to our practice to have what are called "guest-nights," the custom being to arrange large parties at the shortest notice, whenever it suited our plans or inclination. I remember very well the first occasion of that kind soon after my joining. More than thirty were present, including two or three ex-officers of the regiment, and two new subalterns like myself. Every dish at that time was still helped from the table, and I was kept busy carving a boiled turkey, and at the same time having to respond to many requests "for the pleasure of a glass of wine." But my mind was also somewhat preoccupied by a pretty strong conviction that some less polite attentions were sooner or later in store for the two other recruits and myself. Nor was I mistaken; for as soon as we had retired to the ante-room, the mess-room was at once divested of most of its furniture and transformed into an arena for a circus. I also saw one of the officers attiring himself in a tall hat, and a striped jean tail-coat that he had borrowed from one of the waiters. He had also sent for a four-horse whip, and I clearly divined the sort of programme that we were to expect. But when matters were so far advanced that I could hear the sound of horses being brought into the next room, a most lucky inspiration occurred to me, and going up to the ring-master and his staff, I asked them with an artless air, what they were going to do about a band, and at the same time mentioned that I had a piano in my quarters. The hint was taken; a party of sturdy subalterns ran off for the instrument and fetched it in a very few minutes; and, during the entertainment that followed, instead of having to ride bareback over the

leaves of the mess-table, or be two or three times kicked off a "trick" pony, I was securely seated at the piano, providing the "incidental music" for the adventures and misadventures of others. Fortunately, no one suggested that the Band should be temporarily relieved in order to show its own skill in the arena, and I only received boisterous compliments. In the same jovial spirit refreshments were now and then poured into the works of my piano, though the effect of this on the instrument was quite the reverse of exhilarating.

Whatever may have been the moral, national, or professional advantages of amusements such as these, the practical objection I had to them was that they usually lasted to such a late or rather early hour, that, just as I was beginning to recover myself by a little sleep, the trumpet reminded me of the Riding School, morning stables, or some other duty for which my immediate attendance was required. Perhaps someone unacquainted with the amenities of Cavalry life more than half a century ago may innocently ask, "Why not have gone to bed sooner?" The answer is, that such a proceeding would as a matter of fact have been rather encouraged than otherwise, but only for the reason that it would have provided everyone else with the favourite diversion of following the fatigued warrior about half an hour afterwards, pulling him out of bed, and bringing him back as a deserter: a process which was called "falling-in the escort."

One branch of my real work in which I took a particular interest was the care of the troop-horses, animals to which I had somehow felt attracted long before I had personally had anything to do with them. I found that though they all had certain characteristics in common, they often had interesting individual idiosyncrasies as well. At that time (1873) we had still serving in the ranks one old mare who had taken part in the charge of the Light Brigade, and had been wounded in

two places on that occasion. In the ordinary course she would very likely have ended her days as a fly-horse, or in whatever other capacity the brutal chances of an auction might have decided ; but as it was, an order came down one day, that the horse known as " the Balaklava mare " should be sent to Hampton Court Palace, " where it was the Queen's pleasure she should end her days peacefully."

When she was paraded for the last time, the men, who were then at stables, were allowed to turn out and give her three cheers. The guard turned out also, and as she was about to pass out at the barrack-square gate, gave her probably what was the only serious salute that she ever received in her life. She returned the compliment by giving a squeal, and kicking up her two hind legs. It was just what " Copenhagen " had done when the Duke dismounted after the battle of Waterloo, and may have meant much the same. But it also suggested a new sense to a common technical expression, that such and such a horse " disliked leaving the ranks." The man who knew her best, and had led her to the railway station, remarked afterwards that " she had always had rather a queer temper."

As the time approached for our leaving England we had to hand over all our troop-horses to the 21st Hussars—the regiment whose place we were to take in India, which had meanwhile come home and was quartered with us. Not long after their arrival, one of their men who had been missing was sent to them from Gibraltar as a prisoner charged with desertion, and when he was tried by a District Court Martial the facts of his case were so extraordinary that it may be worth while to relate them.

This man was at sea in the troop-ship that was bringing his regiment home from India, when in the middle of a certain night he found that he was going to be sea-sick, upon which he hurried up on deck and was

just in time to reach the side of the vessel, where he did what anyone else would have done under the same circumstances. But at that very moment the troop-ship, as it were, brushed against a Russian brigantine, which was rolling about without any lights and with no one at the helm. To the soldier himself the result of this collision was, that while he was in the midst of his troubles, the shrouds of the brigantine suddenly pressed against him, upon which, losing his presence of mind, he clung desperately to them, instead of sticking to the troop-ship. The next thing he realized was that he was being swayed about up in the air, in the rigging of a small sailing-vessel, with a drunken skipper on the deck below, cursing him in some unknown tongue and threatening him with a revolver ; while the troop-ship's lights were already far away, her commander being unaware that anything unusual had happened !

After some very disagreeable experiences on board the brigantine, the unfortunate man was in the end landed at Gibraltar, which was not far off, and was there made a prisoner and sent home to his regiment. He was acquitted by the Court Martial which tried him.

To return to my own adventures, they were of an infinitely less exciting character. With regard to my professional duties and drill, I succeeded by degrees in learning some of my work, though it was at first rather a troublesome task to unlearn all that as an infantry soldier I had once been so proud of knowing. The fact that we were now a dismounted regiment put an end to any further studies in military equitation. I was, however, becoming an adept in certain unwritten yet complicated laws by which a good deal of our social procedure was regulated. I soon perfectly understood that if any officer wore a collar with his frock-coat, or failed to wear one with his fur pelisse ; if he had on the wrong kind of spurs ; or, in short, if he was in any way

(in the military phrase) " improperly dressed "—whether in uniform or plain clothes—he was to be immediately " fined a magnum." I had at first been several times the victim of this code of rules, which had the not uncommon result of making me eventually one of the most rigorous in enforcing it. Yet, after all, the " magnum " system was seldom unfairly exercised, and once admitting neatness and good taste in dress to be commendable things, this curious custom had a salutary effect.

But it sometimes happened that the will of the majority took much rougher modes of asserting itself; and at the present moment, after the lapse of more than half a century, I am still thoroughly ashamed of the part I took in driving an unpopular officer out of the regiment. If I felt inclined to recite a few of the things that he did, it would certainly be conceded that he was not a desirable acquisition, and as a matter of fact he had been placed under arrest in the ordinary course, some time before any persecution from his brother-officers had commenced. He was one of the new sub-lieutenants who had taken the place of cornets, and as he was in that capacity only on probation, what I now think the Commanding Officer should have done was either to have reported that he was not likely to make a good officer, or else have assembled a Court of Inquiry which could have made any report they thought fit. Apparently, however, he did nothing at all, and the case being left to the " wild justice " of the subalterns, it took the form of a long series of systematic annoyances and gross personal outrages, a full account of which would very likely not be believed. I have already expressed my sincere regret for the share I took in these cruelties, and have only to add that twenty-seven years later, when I was myself having some taste of military persecution of another kind, I felt that I richly deserved it.

But at the age of twenty I was not given to moralizing, and I had now in fact rather acquired the habit of regarding all strong, and even violent, measures with a good deal more approval than in after-years I always found they merited. In my outward demeanour I had by this time learnt to assume an air of benevolent ferocity, with which to a considerable extent my usual thoughts were beginning to accord.

It was more natural than creditable to me, that I had all this time nearly forgotten my old friends in that other and entirely different world in which my former existence had centred. Two of them, Walter Pollock and John Collier (afterwards the famous artist), heaped coals of fire on my head by coming down to Colchester, on the actual eve of our departure, to see me off the next day. As they sat on either side of me at dinner in their black coats and white neck-ties, I thought that I could read their thoughts; no doubt something equivalent to "*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*" They seemed more amused than impressed by their martial surroundings, and I thought were in a rather mischievous mood. I plied them with champagne, but that only seemed to give them more audacity, and presently I heard one of them calling out to some newly discovered friend: "I say! Make Arthur give us a melodrama!" Fortunately no one understood the suggestion, or would have felt any interest in it if they had. My piano, too, had gone back to the place whence it had been hired, rather damaged, I was told, by various potations which it had absorbed.

A few hours later I was trudging through the mud and some remains of snow to the station, two or three bands playing "The girl I left behind me," "Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye!" and other similar airs. "It's very touching," I heard a cynical old Hussar say, "but I'm afraid I can't cry!" A chimney-sweep was

watching the regiment pass. His face was already black, and some young soldiers chaffed him about it. Upon which he took his pipe from his mouth and remarked good-humouredly: "You'll see plenty more of that colour where you're going!"

CHAPTER XIV

A VOYAGE TO INDIA

From Colchester we proceeded by train to Portsmouth, where we embarked on H.M.S. *Serapis*, then about the smartest of the Indian troop-ships. Most of the officers soon afterwards went on shore, upon which two of them were at once arrested at the suit of some forage-merchant, and imprisoned for the night in a sponging house. I spent the evening more agreeably with my family, who were all assembled to bid me farewell. This was one of the very rare occasions when my father laid aside the detached attitude he generally assumed, and arranged everything personally and in his own way. At the dinner he gave us at the old "George," he talked at his very best, or in other words in the way for which he was so widely celebrated. It might very well have been supposed that he had at some time served in India himself, and if so under the Duke of Wellington, about whom he related one good story after another. But very soon afterwards, when my father and I had purposely been left alone together, he relapsed into absolute gloom. He hardly said anything, except to ask me to join him in a pipe. His smoking was always limited to a single pipe just before going to bed, but on this particular night he had sent out for what he described as "some black 'negro-head' tobacco, such as common sailors smoke," no doubt meaning to make his usual allowance at least unusually strong. We then puffed away at our "negro-head" in almost complete silence, as if we were performing some mysterious rite, which was perhaps what

we were really doing, and when we parted for the night we had still not exchanged one word of sentiment or tenderness. Yet my father had then already written a letter which I afterwards received on board, in which he said: "I understand that you will require two chargers, and hope the enclosed may be of service." The cheque thus alluded to was for two hundred and fifty pounds, and the gift was especially generous because all the initial expenses of my new career were supposed to be defrayed out of a certain trust fund to which I have elsewhere referred. If I seem to lay undue stress on this parting with my father, I may explain that after sailing for India I unhappily never saw him again. I had had no thought that this was at all likely, but he knew what his own state of health was, and wrote in his diary that he had seen me, "probably for the last time."

Our voyage to Bombay by way of the Suez Canal took just a month. I sometimes used to contrast it with what I had read of voyages made to the same part of the world by the old East Indiamen, when they went round the Cape and took six months to perform their whole task. We certainly felt very clever, very enterprising, and amongst other things very modern people, at the beginning of the year 1874; and to those of the same generation who have contrived to survive that period by rather more than fifty years, it is instructive to note how extremely odd, and judging of course by later standards how extremely antiquated, our own former habits and customs now seem to have been.

One illustration of this I can give by recalling the smoking arrangements that used to prevail on board the *Serapis*. In the first place, no one whatever was allowed to smoke anywhere except on the upper deck; and secondly, no one whatever was permitted to have any matches in their possession. The first of these

rules was so scrupulously obeyed that in the course of three voyages that I made in Indian troop-ships, I never once heard of any officer being found smoking in his cabin, or any other unauthorized place. I recollect that a clergyman who belonged to neither of the two services, but had been engaged to act as chaplain just for the voyage, was once found smoking stramonium in bed, in order to relieve an attack of asthma, when the Master-at-arms at once took away his smoking materials and reported him to the Captain. The only regular place assigned to officers for smoking purposes was the quarter-deck, where we either walked up and down, or else sat round the capstan. When we did that an old-world air was given to the proceeding by our having to light our pipes or cigars with a slow-match, that is to say, a prepared piece of rope which lay smouldering in a large pan at the foot of the capstan. Instead of asking each other to "pass the matches" (things not supposed even to exist on board), the formula used to be, "Pass the match!"

Most people have heard something of the usual incidents of a voyage to India since the opening of the Suez Canal; or at least those incidents have been often enough described. At Malta we made a longer call than usual owing to certain weather conditions, and this "ill wind" enabled me on two successive nights to see very agreeable performances at the opera-house. I saw much that interested me in Malta. My occasional craving for morbid spectacles was amply gratified; for one day, visiting the church of the Order of St. John, I was introduced to all the deceased brethren of the Order, each erect in his coffin, which stood up like a sentry-box. They had been preserved by the simple process of baking, which in some cases had not produced entirely satisfactory results, and one of them, to speak frankly, presented a woefully ridiculous appearance. A young officer of the name of Drury-Lowe (afterwards

the distinguished General) was with me, and we both burst out laughing. But I found serious matter for reflection in the rebuke the monk who was acting as our guide administered to us. "You must not laugh," he said in pretty good English; "we shall all look like that some day!"

When we had entered the Suez Canal—which had then only been opened to traffic four or five years before—we were one day visited by M. de Lesseps, but I was sorry to perceive that the Captain hurried him through the ship without the smallest *empressement*, or indeed much ordinary politeness. An Englishman who had done as much as he had done for the Empire, and especially for our Army, might conceivably have enjoyed being treated entirely incognito on such an occasion; but such were not—I felt pretty sure—the feelings of M. de Lesseps. If I remember his appearance rightly, he was fair; for a Frenchman decidedly tall, and had an unmistakably distinguished bearing. He wore a frock-coat, which under the circumstances did not suggest any love of informality, and may very likely have had "a few suitable words" ready, though that is of course only a surmise of my own. When he was conducted, or rather "given a lead," through the saloon where we were all eating luncheon, he had some difficulty in threading his way past the stewards who were waiting on us, though it is to be hoped he was eventually taken care of, and perhaps even given something to eat.

When we emerged at the Suez end of the canal we fell in with a Turkish man-of-war, with whom we had a rather amusing contest in politeness. In those days we were on very friendly terms with Turkey, and it was remarked that this vessel of the Sultan's which dipped her ensign to us had once been herself a British gunboat. As she saluted, her Band played "God save the Queen." It was well played, though the absence

of any drums, and the conspicuous part taken by several very fine cymbals, gave the old air rather a new character. Meantime our own regimental Band had been hastily fallen in, and proceeded to play the Turkish National Hymn, which with the accompaniment of two drums and one very ordinary pair of cymbals, may in turn have sounded a little strange to the Turks. But they were evidently pleased, for though their own bandsmen had already dispersed, we saw them in different parts of the ship being beaten with canes, as a hint that they were to return to their post by the bridge, and there they soon afterwards played "God save the Queen" a second time. But this seemed to invite a contest which might have gone on interminably, so we allowed the Turks and their cymbals to have the last word.

When we entered the Red Sea I began to understand what Miss Eden meant in her *Letters*, when she expressed her inability "to spell the word 'HOT' large enough." Here, in place of the ordinary European stokers, we had taken on board a number of Kroomen, who seemed to belong to about as crude a type of mankind as it would be easy to encounter, even in Africa. They were barely accorded recognition as human beings by anyone. For sleeping accommodation they were assigned some sheep-pens which had just been vacated by other animals, since turned into mutton, and a sentry was placed over them to protect them from being molested through the bars by passers-by. I had to visit the sentry in question one night, and in the usual way told him to give over his orders. He seemed a little puzzled for a moment, and then said: "Not to allow these blacks to mislest the Europeans."

When at last we arrived at Bombay, we only made the briefest stay there, our ultimate destination being Lucknow, several hundreds of miles up-country. I, however, had time to take in my first impression of

India, and it was that of some very spacious land full of beautiful, diversified colours, and with an atmosphere lightly pervaded by a peculiar, mildly aromatic fragrance especially perceptible in the early morning, when everything seemed to be at its best. As to the wonderful colours, I must confess that I was, I think, chiefly impressed by certain surprising tints and shades that I noticed in the turbans and sashes of some of the native costumes. For this was before the Æsthetic movement had made people in England acquainted with hundreds of delicate varieties of pink and orange, green, mauve, and other hues, though they had perhaps been known for centuries in the wonderful East.

But my circumstances and immediate surroundings were just then not favourable to indulging in any long reflections of this kind. We were towed in lighters to a *bunder*, or convenient landing-place, and then we formed up in line facing a long, long train. The men seemed amused at the numerous classifications announced on the carriages. Besides the usual first, second, and third classes, there were subdivisions for "Natives" and "Europeans," while there were a few vans labelled "Cattle." "Which are we then, Jack?" I heard a man in my troop inquire. "Why, Cattle, to be sure!" answered his friend.

CHAPTER XV

FIRST INDIAN EXPERIENCES

We travelled up-country by night and spent the warm part of the day in a rest-camp, a plan wisely devised and well carried out. As yet I had no native servants, and at the first camp we came to, Deolalee, a very plausible native who talked good English asked me to engage him as a factotum, after a fashion that prevailed in Madras. He pointed out the advantage of utilizing his services—and those of a smart, active-looking boy he had with him—in preference to hiring about a dozen natives, each to attend to a separate department, in the way usual in Bengal. He mentioned lastly, with evident diffidence, that he was called "John, Christian," upon which our surgeon, who was present, and had served in India before, observed that "all Christians were most infernal scoundrels!" and counselled me to have nothing to do with one. I chose to reject this advice, and recollect feeling rather pleased with myself for doing so. A few days later, at Allahabad, "John, Christian," was found drunk and creating a disturbance, and I was ordered to get rid of him at once.

It was an unfortunate fact that men of this stamp were apt to be drunkards in the first place, but drunkards who had become "Christians" in order to seem, as they thought, more consistent in indulging in their favourite vice; and many Hindoos and Mahomedans who observed them no doubt regarded their drunken habits as the effect and natural consequence of their being Christians, and at the same time, ofcourse, despised them as belonging to no caste. A very sensible attempt

was at one time made to identify native Christians with a particular calling, and to provide them with a sort of caste. Printing was to have been made the centre and rallying-point of this experiment, but I never heard how it fared. It is certain that if the printing industry could have become the special calling of native Christians, good would have accrued from the missionary standpoint, and useful political results might also have followed.

My own impulsive attempt to encourage native Christianity having entirely failed in the usual way, I engaged a bearer of the conventional stamp, sober, honest, capable, and according to his lights strictly religious; a most worthy old heathen of the name of Gunez. He came to me in the verandah of my bungalow at Lucknow one day, and having eyed an array of boots which he had left to dry in the sun outside, observed: "Nourisher of the poor! I think I had better put these things away, now. There are some rather bad characters about—'Christians,' and all those sort of people."

The "Gorgeous East" is a grandiloquent expression which, by dint of being used too often and too familiarly, has lost some of its original force, yet it remains a succinct description of what the greater part of India is like, and when I had seen some of the other great cities, I thought that Lucknow held its own in impressive grandeur with most of them. Historically speaking, there was hardly a more interesting spot to be found. Only fifteen years had passed since the relief of the besieged Residency, which was still spattered in every direction with cannon-ball and bullet marks. I often talked with people who had been through the siege; and now and then with a high civil official's wife, who gave profoundly interesting details of the domestic difficulties with which she had had to contend during those dreadful times.

My first stay in Lucknow, however, proved to be a very short one, for just as I was preparing to face the coming hot weather, an order came that all soldiers under the age of twenty were to be sent away to the hills. We had about thirty young men of that description, and I was told off to take charge of them. We first went by train to Bareilly, where we encamped for a day or two, and were joined by detachments from other units and places. When all the drafts had assembled, we commenced our march to Naini Tal, in the Himalayas, the men and most of the officers on foot, the Captain in command and I mounted on our ponies.

Our route lay through part of the Terai jungle, everywhere full of game, and we usually went out shooting every day when our march was over. The headmen of the little villages we came to showed the utmost readiness in providing us with beaters, but though the latter were well paid, and apparently had nothing else to do, they seldom displayed any alacrity or cheerfulness in coming. I am afraid that I have no jungle achievements of any note to record. My inexperience, on the contrary, betrayed me into one ridiculous blunder. I had a gun and a rifle with me, and an excited shout led me, from a perfectly correct impulse, to seize my rifle. A large hare then appeared, which I succeeded in completely decapitating, but only at the same moment that an infinitely larger *sambur* bounded into view within easy shot, and then immediately disappeared. I was more successful with the quail, of which we saw a good many, though I never tried the experiment of shooting them with a rifle.

It may possibly interest or amuse someone if I mention the battery that I had brought with me from England. The best fire-arm I had was a Henry Express rifle, which was at that time considered about the best thing of the kind that had yet been invented. For

the ordinary game I carried a double-barrelled breach-loading "needle"-gun. When it was loaded and the breach closed, the needle of each cartridge remained sticking out until the trigger was pressed, when the hammer fell, making it pierce the cap of the cartridge, which thereupon exploded. This description may perhaps make the "needle" contrivance sound more clumsy than it actually was, but the gun was from one of the best makers and considered a very good one. I also still had in my possession my Westly and Richards double-barrelled muzzle-loader, which had belonged to Harry Hallam. I often shot with it; for in spite of the time it took to load, it was a very light and beautifully made little gun. There was really a good deal to be said for having a muzzle-loader in India. For in out-of-the-way places it sometimes happened that it was the only kind of gun that was of any use whatever; and that was when the supply of empty as well as filled cartridges came to an end. Everyone had a machine for refilling old cartridge-cases, but if the old ones had not been preserved—which was always happening—a sportsman in some remote spot might find himself with no ammunition, unless he had a muzzle-loader with which to fire off his otherwise useless powder and shot.

The only unfortunate incident that occurred during our march to the hills was when a young infantry soldier committed suicide by cutting his throat. He was suffering from religious melancholia, and left a scrap of paper addressed to his spiritual adviser, containing the words: "Brother Judd, I've got to thank you for this." We fired the poor man's three volleys with ball-cartridge, which was all we had, and we buried him in the jungle at the foot of a tree, to which, in accordance with custom, the tin plate bearing his name, number, and regiment was affixed. Unluckily, we were without the most essential implement for

digging a grave properly, and when I visited the spot about a year afterwards nothing was to be seen beneath the tin plate but an ominous-looking hollow. A non-commissioned officer who had helped me to find the place, remarked: "The jackals have got him, sir!"

CHAPTER XVI

LIFE AT A HILL STATION

Naini Tal stands on the verge of a magnificent and apparently endless tract of mountains, which, topped here and there with perpetual snow, are to be seen piled away into the remotest distance. The station itself, at the time I speak of, mainly consisted of a number of bungalows or small villas, distributed in irregular pine-clad tiers round the shores of a rather pretty little lake, which was the central physical feature of the place. The "Convalescent Depot," to which I now belonged, was huddled away behind a hill at some distance from the lake, though as we had few duties to perform there, its situation was not a matter of much consequence.

Naini Tal was a very gay little station; pleasure and amusement were our main occupations, and picnics, dances, "calico balls," or private theatricals followed each other in quick succession. As in all hill stations a code of manners prevailed which was thought extremely free and easy, though from what I observed then, and have noticed since, it may have been nothing more than an intelligent anticipation of what was to be the rule everywhere a few years later. For my own part I soon settled down to my place as one of the pillars of the local amateur dramatic society. I wish that my performances had been of sufficient importance to justify my describing them with minuteness, after the example set in other memoirs that I have seen, but my recollection is that we usually presented very old, uninteresting comedies or farces, and that my

own interpretations of the parts I so readily undertook were as a rule inadequate to the point of absurdity. It is at the same time perfectly true our entertainments gave a great deal of satisfaction to the performers themselves, and if we failed to amuse our audiences in the way we should have preferred, they still, no doubt, were amused, and perhaps in the very manner which they had privately expected.

The fashionable promenade at Naini Tal was a road called "The Mall," which I think extended almost round the lake. Ladies were to be seen—there and elsewhere—carried about in "jampans," a small kind of palanquin, and the favourite rendezvous was a place known as the Recreation Room, where at night all the dances and other more or less public entertainments took place. Only a few years later an appalling landslip swept the Recreation Room, with nearly all its occupants, into the lake and out of existence.

Considering that our fashionable world included almost all the military and civil officers in the station, with their wives and daughters, when they had any, and a good sprinkling of grass-widows—or wives of men who could not leave the plains—it could hardly be called exclusive, yet as "the line had to be drawn somewhere," there was still a small percentage of white people left on the wrong side of that line, and discontented in consequence. They very injudiciously chose to give public expression to this social grievance, and having organized a movement under some such name as the "Mutual Improvement Society," opened their campaign at the Recreation Room with an evening entertainment on the lines of what used to be called a "Penny Reading." There was no general opposition to this; a good many people went to see what it was like; and the room, though not very full, was by no means empty. On the other hand, "Chicken" Hartopp

—a famous character in the 10th Hussars—had resolved that the thing should be a failure, and having hired from the bazaar a little boy of about twelve with a remarkable gift for imitating the braying of a donkey, he contrived to introduce him into the room and place him underneath his chair, where with the aid of a large cavalry-cloak he was completely hidden.

The proceedings commenced with a speech from the chairman on the desirability of establishing a more brotherly feeling between English classes in India ; and I thought that he showed a great deal of pluck, and good temper, and some little ingenuity, in his dreadfully uphill task. But just as he had made his first point, a succession of loud " hee-haws " made everyone burst out laughing. Soon afterwards, when " Bob Sawyer's Supper-party " was being read, the same thing happened again with the same result, and what struck me as most noticeable was, that neither the people who may be said to have acted as stewards, nor most of the general audience who were merely amused, ever made out the exact quarter from which the braying proceeded. I cite the incident as an illustration of the fact that trivialities of that kind, which sound so improbable in fiction, sometimes have their counterpart in real life. " The Chicken," however, was a consummate master of enterprises of this order. He made the meeting a fiasco, and afterwards showed me a receipted bill for the hire of the boy from the bazaar. It was worded : " To boy with ass's voice, Rupees 3."

During the first part of my stay at Naini Tal I lived in a hotel kept by a retired Captain, who called it the " Victoria Club." Only officers who were single or living *en garçon* stayed there. One old Captain, whose health had been undermined in the Maori campaign, died in the hotel under very terrible circumstances. He was playing whist one night, when he had a paroxysm

of coughing, and two days later he was not expected to live. I saw him in bed, with his head shaved, a piteous spectacle. He then told me, with extraordinary earnestness, that in the middle of the preceding night he had seen the Devil. Though he said this very rationally, I not unnaturally put it down to delirium; and a brother-officer of his own, with the Doctor, coming in just then, I stole away without thinking much more about what he had said.

I believe we had then no proper hospital to which an officer could be taken, and there were certainly no nurses. The old Captain lay in a very small room on the ground-floor of the hotel, attended by three gunners who took it in turns to sit at his bed-side. They had complained of the nature of their task, upon which some well-meaning person had given them a bottle of liqueur brandy, with the result that they had all disappeared. The rainy season had now commenced, the heaviest showers conceivable were pouring down, there were flashes of lightning and loud claps of thunder, and in the middle of all this a dreadful scream was heard from the sick-room, with the crash of broken glass. When two or three of us reached the spot, we found the room pitch-dark, and entangled in the purdah of the doorway a large flying-fox! It seemed probable that the animal had first found its way in to escape from the rain, and that then, after first alarming the sick man, it had itself become frightened, and in struggling to get out again had overturned and extinguished the paraffin lamp. The animal had very possibly been in the room on some former occasion, and may quite well have been the "Devil" which had appeared there. If so, what horrible significance there may have been in the dying man's scream, the last sound he was ever known to utter!

While I was staying in the same house in which this melancholy incident took place, I received the news

of my dear father's death. He had died from what was deseribed at the time as "internal inflammation," but the malady was in faet that same "appendieitis" of whieh we now hear every day. No speeial method of dealing with it was then known. In due eourse I read many notiees of my father's death in the English papers. The one I liked best was published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and I was pleased to learn, some time afterwards, that it had been written by Sir FitzJames Stephen, for whose opinion I had always entertained a partieular respeet. If I eould have written anything on the same subjeet myself, I should have dwelt a good deal on two of the qualities whieh most distinguished my father's private life, namely an almost exaggerated sense of honour in everyday affairs, and an extremely humble estimate of his own merits and abilities. He never told anyone that he had originally taken Holy Orders mainly to please his mother, who was a deeply religious woman. For several years his great sueeess as a preaeher may have led him to think that he had after all done wisely; but as he grew old and realized that he had been permanently relegated to the position of a eountry parson—for whieh he must have felt that he was never speeially well suited—his mind reverted to the saerifiee that he had made in the first instanee. He onee said in my presenee, but under his breath and as if talking to himself: "I ought to have gone to the Bar!"

When I left the "Vietoria Club"—prineipally beeause it was to me the seene of very sad assoeiations—two other offieers of the Convaleseent Depot and I hired a bungalow, halfway up the hill-side on the opposite side of the lake. It was a pretty eottage but for the disfigurement of a galvanized iron roof, on whieh, moreover, a troop of large monkeys with white beards, called "langurs," used oecasionally to alight from the trees behind and make a distraeting noise. I have,

however, only mentioned my migration to this cottage in order to relate something which occurred there, at once extraordinary and in its way characteristic of Anglo-Indian life.

The friends with whom I shared my new quarters were two infantry lieutenants named Spragge and Perry. Spragge became afterwards a distinguished officer, Perry I believe died when he was still young. We each had the usual staff of native servants, but our housekeeping being a joint arrangement we had one cook in common. His name was Subshi Khan, and he used to go to the bazaar every day to do our marketing for us. One day he disappeared, no one knowing what had become of him. Ten days later, while we were sitting at breakfast, the Cantonment Magistrate, whose private house was close by, strolled in, and in a polite but still semi-official way, asked whether we knew anything about a man named Subshi Khan, whose dead body had just come to the surface of the lake. The story, however, had better be condensed.

We had known nothing of this man's private life, but it appeared that he was a loose character and had got into debt on his own account with several men in the bazaar. To stave off his creditors he had been using the housekeeping money which he had received from us, regularly, once a week, and he had also borrowed sixty rupees from a native money-lender. His affairs having reached a climax, I have no doubt that he committed suicide, and it was in fact proved that he had himself dug up the large stone that was found fastened to his neck when the body was recovered.

The story which Subshi Khan's widow and his eldest son told the magistrate was, that Perry owed Subshi Khan sixty rupees, and that when asked to pay it he had stabbed him twice, after which he had called to us, that is to say to Spragge and myself: "O

Spragge Sahib and Brookfield Sahib ! Get your horses quickly, and come and help me to throw Subshi Khan's body into the lake ! "

Having heard this evidence, the Cantonment Magistrate proceeded to examine the mother and the son separately. They agreed in swearing that the stabbing took place " at 11 o'clock " ; but the mother deposed that it was eleven at night, and the son that it was eleven in the morning. The body showed that it had never been stabbed at all. Upon which the worthy couple were both committed to prison for perjury and for attempting to obtain money by false pretences. Neither Spragge nor I were asked to appear in this case, and I believe Perry was never formally charged as an assassin. He was therefore very disagreeably surprised when the Depot Adjutant walked in one morning and demanded his sword. It appeared that he had forgotten a regulation which required that any officer against whom an accusation affecting his character has been made must at once report the matter to his Commanding Officer. He had to " state his reasons in writing " for not having done this, and though everyone else, with the exception of the Commanding Officer, treated the whole case as a grim joke, Perry himself took the matter a good deal to heart.

It was while we were at Naini Tal that a man alleged to be Nana Sahib—or as old Anglo-Indians always told us to call him, " the Nana of Bithore "—was arrested by the Maharajah Sindhiah and handed over into British custody. Seldom indeed can any community have been more wildly excited than were the British people in India when this event was announced. The only detail about which there was any difference of opinion was as to the mode of punishment that was to be pursued, though the more reasonable majority were satisfied with the plan of first sending the prisoner to Cawnpore, then sewing him up in a pigskin, and finally blowing him

from a gun. It was a very serious disappointment when he was proved to be an impostor of the real name of Jumna Dass. It was generally believed that he had acted throughout as the puppet of a perfectly intelligible and comparatively harmless oriental comedy.

I was kept with my detachment at Naini Tal for about eleven months, and in the course of that period experienced some of the coldest weather I ever encountered anywhere. All the gay summer visitors had returned to the plains, nearly every bungalow was shut up, our ponies were always roughed, and paths had to be cut in the snow to enable us to get from our bungalow to the Depot. In the evening we sometimes all met at the Club, where we played pool and drank hot punch, while the only two ladies left in the station sat knitting woollen stockings. It was a little difficult to feel that we were really still in India. When the weather had moderated—in the sense of being warm enough—we began our return march to the plains.

I might have mentioned in the last chapter, though I omitted to do so, that one of the halting-places in the Terai jungle was the home of some sacred jackals, with one of whom I had a most unpleasant personal encounter during this second march. Some foolish old native lady of rank had established an endowment for the support of these animals, and of some priests who used to summon them to their meals by blowing long conches. The jackals roamed about our camp at their pleasure, and there were strict orders against killing them. One of them, however, who seemed specially attracted to my tent by a litter of puppies I had with me, without any provocation whatever trotted up to me, and standing up on his hind legs gave me a pretty sharp bite on my left hip. He then fled, while I, by the Surgeon's advice, had my wound cauterized. I also loaded my gun, and when another or probably the same animal approached at a canter, I fired at him, but in the uncertain moonlight

only broke one of his legs. But he was already nearly upon me, and seizing me by the ankle gave me a very severe bite, the scar of which I have carried with me to the present day. I finally despatched the holy beast with the butt of my gun, and when I was asked to " state my reasons in writing " for having presumed to do so, found no difficulty whatever in complying with the request.

CHAPTER XVII

LIFE AT LUCKNOW

When I rejoined my regiment at Lucknow I was received with a good deal of kindness, and Tennyson's sonnet on my father's death having been published, my brother-officers gave me the patronymic of "Brooks," which with occasional variations became my usual appellation.

The officer who commanded the Lucknow Division at that time was Lieut.-General Olpherts, a kind-hearted, enthusiastic soldier who had won the Victoria Cross for an eccentric feat of great bravery during the Mutiny. The two points that distinguished his methods were a love of his profession and a certain rough unconventionality. He was popular with the men, who for no particular reason called him "Hell-fire Jack"; but the officers for the most part looked on him as a rather troublesome madman, more especially when he disturbed their repose by a night-alarm, which was one of his favourite diversions.

He was dining with us one evening, and being in the habit of talking familiarly with everyone, suddenly asked me across the table whether I thought he had "the soldier's eye." I answered, "Yes, sir, you always remind me of a picture I have of Cromwell!" This, though only a kind of respectful chaff, happened to be true; and it seemed to please him, for I heard him with apparent pleasure telling the Colonel what I had said. This little conversation has no connection with what follows, beyond showing that the General was evidently in a playful mood. He left our Mess and

went home at about midnight, and an hour or two later got on his horse again, entirely alone, and rode off to the quarters of a Field Battery. There he sent for the officers, and then ordered the Major in command to mount the battery as quickly as possible, without sounding any calls. When this had been done and a supply of blank ammunition had been served out, the General himself led the battery to some rising ground not far from the cantonments, and, as soon as the guns were unlimbered, opened fire on the rest of the garrison. The noise had only just begun when one of our trumpeters galloped into the compound of my bungalow, sounded "Boots and Saddles!" and then dashed off to do the same elsewhere. All sorts of incidents took place that night. A squadron that we had sent out soon found the guns, and was about to make the usual semblance of a charge, when it was discovered that the battery was protected by a telegraph-wire entanglement spread round for a considerable distance. The General in person fell into an ambush of two companies of infantry, who suddenly pointed their rifles at him from both sides of the road along which he was passing. "Are you loaded with ball?" he inquired from the officer in command. "With ball cartridge? Yes, sir, certainly!" was the reply. The General was much pleased. "I see you know your business!" he said.

Most people disliked these night alarms; but there was one man who disliked them more than anyone else, and that was the General's own Chief Staff-officer. He certainly had pretty just ground for his annoyance on that subject, as the General for some reason seemed to take a pleasure in always starting his night-alarms without previously confiding to him a single word as to his intention. The officer in question—it is curious to remember—was a German, by name, by birth, and everything else except allegiance. He was, in short, one of several other survivors of the old "German Legion,"

which, as I have already reminded the reader in another place, we had found it necessary to hire during the Crimean War.

I found my first hot weather in the plains a very trying experience, and amongst other infirmities I began to develop a very bad temper. Old Gunez, my bearer, noticed this, and one day said to me: "Sahib, you are now always angry! To-day you shout at me; to-morrow you will beat me!" I never ill-used and certainly never beat a native servant, but we were nearly all unreasonably impatient whenever they were slow or stupid, in return for which they showed the most exemplary patience themselves. Making due allowance for their eastern ways and modes of thought, I believe them to be about the best servants in existence.

The house which I shared at that time with two brother-officers was called "Snake Bungalow," having been formerly occupied by Dr. Macbeth, a famous snake toxicologist. He had made many valuable experiments in our bungalow, but whatever his services to the world at large had been, he had apparently not reduced the chances of being bitten to death in his own garden—now ours—perhaps about half an acre in size, and we had numerous snake encounters there, and occasionally inside the house.

In other respects "Snake Bungalow" might have been described as an "eligible residence" for the hot weather. The rooms were fairly large and lofty; there was a flat roof on which we often slept; and in the garden there was a small swimming-bath, which was a great resource at the end of an exhausting day. In this bath I nevertheless very nearly lost my life. I had gone to bathe in the middle of the night, and the rays of the moon shining on the surface of the water through a gap in the thatched roof, led me to suppose that the bath was full, when it was in fact only half full. I dived off a little spring-board and was at once partially

stunned. It may, however, suffice to say that a bad headache, which disappeared the next day, was the only inconvenience that I suffered.

When the monsoon burst the whole of the country became changed in a few hours. Bare, khaki-coloured plains were turned into fields richly clad in green ; dried-up water-courses became boiling torrents ; and here and there the boundaries of road-sides were hidden by sheets of water. But while inanimate nature rejoiced, humanity on the contrary seemed by no means grateful for this relief. A good deal of sickness and some cholera had broken out, and the day was constantly ushered in by the sound of muffled drums and the weird strains of "The Dead March in *Saul*." In the afternoons gloomy whist-parties assembled, and I recollect one such gathering at which some small orphaned tiger-cubs kept rubbing against our legs while we were playing. At dinner the doctors used to be called away with ominous frequency, and they would return looking a great deal more serious than usual, and often, I noticed, reeking of camphor. At the funerals—which I once or twice had to conduct myself—strange and sometimes pathetic incidents occurred. I remember once, that as the coffin was being lowered in the midst of a torrent of rain, an unfortunate little mongrel-dog jumped into the grave in the hope of remaining with his master. The most alarming feature of the cholera was the appalling suddenness of some of the seizures, of which I could give many examples.

I had all this time been thinking of the possibility of being sent in some staff capacity with one of the frontier expeditions which were every now and then taking place. Having observed that things of that kind were generally arranged by private interest, I succeeded in obtaining from England two letters of introduction, one to the Viceroy and the other to the Commander-in-Chief, armed with which, I obtained leave to go for

a few days to Simla. At that time—and probably ever afterwards down to the days of Lord Kitchener—there was generally some friction, or at least coolness, between the civil and the military side at the seat of government; and although I knew nothing about this, it was perhaps rather amusingly illustrated in my own case, when I went up to Simla.

The Viceroy was then Lord Northbrook, and the Commander-in-Chief Lord Napier of Magdala. The first thing I did was to leave my name and one letter of introduction with each, and soon afterwards I received a command to breakfast with Lord Northbrook, and what I suppose was called an invitation to dine with Lord Napier, both on the same day. After breakfasting with the Viceroy in due course I was taken out on the garden terrace at Peterhof, where I assisted the daughter (Lady Emma Baring), and one of the aides-de-camp (Lascelles, of the Blues), to feed a little family of bear-cubs with honey. While I was doing so Lord Northbrook appeared, and like the Ghost in *Hamlet*, "beckoned me to another part of the platform," where he gave me a cigar. But that was by no means all. He asked me whether I intended to follow an Indian career; and then, to my surprise and perplexity, offered me a commission in the Hyderabad Contingent. It is not difficult to be "wise after the event," especially when that event has taken place more than fifty years ago. I have no doubt that I ought to have thanked the Viceroy very gratefully for his kindness, and then have begged permission to consider his offer for a short time. I had with me another introduction to an old and distinguished Anglo-Indian officer at Simla; and might have ascertained from him exactly what the offer meant, and obtained good advice as to whether I should accept it. But to say the truth I had no sort of idea what a commission in the Hyderabad Contingent implied, and was at the same time too conceited to acknowledge this.

I was, moreover, full of my own plan for seeing service in some frontier expedition, and simply said so.

Upon this Lord Northbrook observed—not at all as if he were revealing any secret—" I suppose you mean the expedition to Perak ? " and while I was murmuring something about " any expedition being all the same," he went on to say : " Because anything of that kind would be an ordinary military appointment, with which I have nothing to do. All such appointments rest with the Commander-in-Chief."

A few hours later, after dining with Lord Napier, I found myself seated alone with him in his study. He opened the business by saying simply, " What can I do for you ? " This time I was far better prepared, and I said that the only thing in the world I wanted was to be sent, no matter in what capacity, with " the Perak expedition."

" What expedition ? " he exclaimed, with considerable excitement. " To Perak in the Malay Straits ? What makes you think any expedition is being sent there ? " I told him exactly what I had heard from the Viceroy that morning, upon which he hastily rose. There were no such things as telephones, but he " rang up " a servant in the old way, and said he wished to see Colonel Dillon at once. The Colonel was his Chief Staff-Officer, and soon hurried in.

" Dillon ! " cried the Commander-in-Chief, " the Viceroy has told this officer that he has decided to send the expedition to Perak ! "

" I'm uncommonly glad to hear it, sir ! " answered Dillon.

They then began talking eagerly and incessantly, and wrote out a telegram or two, while I, finding that I had become a mere piece of furniture, stood up in order to take my leave. As Lord Napier wished me good-night he told me that he should telegraph to my Colonel that he had given me a week's extra leave. I said that

I hoped he would let me go with the expedition. To which he replied that if they could find room for me somewhere with the coolies or transport animals, he would not stand in my way. I had a further interview with Colonel Dillon before I left Simla, and was inclined to believe that I had carried my point. In the end, however, it only proved to be an instance of what Americans call " being a bit too previous."

CHAPTER XVIII

A CAMP OF EXERCISE

Soon after my expedition to Simla the visit of the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII) took place, and we were ordered to Delhi to take part in the Camp of Exercise at which he was to be present. We set out on our march in the cold weather, with three squadrons of war strength, in a high state of efficiency, yet having with us an amount of tents, stores, wagons, camp-followers, camels, elephants, and other impedimenta which reminded me of something I was reading at the time of a certain Duke of Alva and his army in the Netherlands. Still, it was all in accordance with Anglo-Indian traditions, and showed that the Transport department—always mobilized as it was—would at least be ready at any time for the less exacting emergencies of war.

There were many curious spectacles to be seen in our long baggage-train ; but I think the strangest and most disreputable was a two-storied vehicle containing the "unfortunate" members of a certain regimental institution. It resembled one of the cages in which the animals belonging to a menagerie are sometimes carried, and was drawn by two camels harnessed abreast. The native woman who superintended this establishment rode behind on a pony. She was discreetly veiled.

Our route lay through Cawnpore and Agra, and most of our marches being short, and a halt being always made on Sunday, we were about a month in reaching Delhi. We usually set off before daybreak, and two lighted

torches with the kettle-drums at the head of each squadron gave the scene a picturesque effect. I was supposed in some way to look after the Band, and was able to arrange that men who could sing should ride in the sections immediately following the music. I ought to have got up part-songs, which would have soon become popular. As it was the men stuck to their favourite songs, and there was something curiously incongruous in hearing the jungle resound with "Who killed Cock-robin?" or "Mary had a little lamb."

We had shooting, and often pig-sticking, at the various halting-places, and sometimes used the commissariat elephants we had with us as beaters. At night we heard the wolf as well as the jackal, and now and then the horrible yell of a hyena. At one remote spot in the jungle a mounted sowar appeared, and handed us our letters, one of which was for me, from Colonel Dillon. He told me that the Perak expedition was about to start, and that he had not been able to find room for me among the three officers appointed to the staff. In giving vent to my disappointment I revealed for the first time what I had been trying to arrange, and at dinner that night the funny man of the regiment, Johnny Pryce, drank to the health of "Brooks of Perak"!

When we reached Delhi we found no fewer than twelve other cavalry regiments—three of them British and nine Native; and before the regular manœuvres commenced, found ourselves encamped near the Delhi Gate with the 10th, 11th, and 15th Hussars. The latter regiment had been allowed to bring with them their circus equipment, including an enormous round tent in which they gave performances. When the circus troupe, including the horses, had retired for the night, nearly all the officers of the four Hussar regiments might be found seated at trestle-tables that had been brought

into the arena, drinking champagne, and singing the chorus to such songs as, "Wrap me up in my old stable jacket," "Drink, puppy, drink!" "We'll all go a-hunting to-day," and with most emphasis of all, "D'ye ken John Peel?" Lieutenant Brabazon, of the 10th, always called "Bwab," and afterwards a very well-known General, used to sing an old-fashioned cavalry song called, "She loved a bold dragoon." There was one of these men whose individual singing had a great deal of merit, and that was "Chicken" Hartopp, whom I have already mentioned. He had a fine baritone voice which seemed to suit his very martial and at the same time good-humoured bearing. His songs, too, were interesting, with often some touch of Celtic sentiment, and his rendering of "The Old Musketeer" would have been appreciated almost anywhere. It may, however, be asked, What had all this to do with a "Camp of Exercise"? The Foreign Military Attachés who were sometimes present no doubt thought these musical carouses highly characteristic of the weak points of our military system; and might well have repeated the famous remark once made about the charge of the Light Brigade.

In the field I was generally away from my regiment, having been sent to act as galloper to Brigadier-General Watson, V.C., who commanded the whole cavalry force. I was acting in that capacity when the Prince of Wales inspected us, and well remember the great impression the future Emperor of India made, as he appeared on his black charger, "Coomassie," chatting and joking with the Maharajahs Sindhia and Holkar, who rode on either side of him. My duties sometimes led to my being close to the Prince when I was receiving orders. Once they were rather complicated, and on looking up from my map I was embarrassed to find the Royal eye intently fixed upon me, though all it seemed to say was: "How in the world can he remember all

that stuff ? " I refrain from describing a number of military incidents. The finest spectacle must have been a charge executed by the whole cavalry force of four brigades, in one long line. I was in my prescribed place close to General Watson, in front of the centre, and still remember the excitement I felt. A charge with two or three squadrons was nothing new to anyone who was present. But the large scale on which this operation was conducted, was certainly quite new to British cavalry. One flank of the long line was almost out of sight; and the brilliant uniforms of the Native regiments—some scarlet, others blue, and one of the smartest in bright canary-colour trimmed with fur—gave a wonderfully picturesque effect to the scene. The General, who himself usually commanded the Central India Horse, rode a very fast thoroughbred, and gave a pace which no one ventured to criticize.

To return for a moment to the principal figure in whose honour all these manœuvres took place, most Englishmen had been accustomed to think of the Prince of Wales almost entirely in his social aspect, and only a few people then attributed to him those more important qualities which he revealed after he had come to the throne. Yet his bearing, and several things that he did and said while he was in India, showed that besides understanding very well his " constitutional " rôle as the future King of England, he knew that he was in a part of the Empire where in matters affecting the Royal authority there were far fewer differences between theory and practice. My own opinion is that if some member of the Royal family were given the Indian Viceroyalty, it would have a surprisingly good effect. The kind of statesman now appointed might still be his Prime Minister. The little points, however, which I more particularly noticed—when as an obscure subaltern I had an occasional glimpse of the Prince of Wales's methods—may not be thought to have had much bear-

ing on any larger political questions. He gave most unmistakable indications that when his "pleasure" was consulted, he did not regard the phrase as an empty formality. He more than once countermanded parades, and even more important functions which had been ordered, while with regard to social affairs he sometimes gave a most agreeable variety to the programme that had been arranged. A high civil authority submitted to him a list of the guests whom it was proposed to invite to a grand entertainment at the Taj at Agra; upon which he wrote at the bottom: "I do not think that the military element is sufficiently represented," and he caused dismay in another quarter by writing on a bill of fare sent for his approval: "I am getting rather tired of boiled Turkey and Tongue."

When the Delhi Camp of Exercise broke up, and some 60,000 troops had to be sent to their various stations at about the same time, amongst other steps taken to avoid congestion of traffic we were ordered back to Lucknow by a strange route that took us through some extensive plains of salt. We had not much opportunity to see what they were like; for while we were in that neighbourhood we marched along a road of soft dust, the view on either side concealed by an immense, impenetrable hedge, along which at short intervals stood small police-stations. At the end of each day's march a lonely-looking native policeman would unlock a small wicket-gate by the side of his station, and we then filed through into the open ground which our camp-colour-party had marked out for us. There was something mysterious about this salt region, most sparsely inhabited, yet always with some little isolated police-station not far off, to protect the revenue.

One day we abruptly emerged on the hard metalled Cawnpore Road, and not long afterwards, after an

absence of just three months, we found ourselves once more in Lucknow. The day we marched in I happened to be in command of a squadron, and I well recollect telling myself that I meant to remain a cavalry soldier for the rest of my life.

CHAPTER XIX

AN ENTIRE CHANGE OF SCENE

A COMPLETE change was now in store for me; but I will first mention a few other matters.

Just before we went to Delhi, and during the time that we were there, three or four new young officers had joined the headquarters of the regiment at Lucknow. One of them was John Watson, who soon earned a great reputation as a sportsman, and was already known as a fine polo player. I formed a regard for him on more general grounds, for he was what in those days everyone liked so much, an Irish gentleman. He and I had one exciting experience together. On a certain bright moonlight evening, when we were all just mounting our ponies to go to Mess, a wolf made his appearance in one of the compounds and carried off a native baby which he found there. This being immediately known, some of us snatched up our hog-spears, in the hope of being of some use. Watson, whom I had joined, with a flair in such matters that sometimes amounted to instinct, at once hit off the line the wolf had taken, and he and I were soon tearing across an open plain behind the Mess-house, with the wolf, and something white it carried in its mouth, just visible in front of us. The adventure had a most lame and melancholy conclusion, for our quarry edged away to some broken ground full of pitfalls, and was then no more seen or heard of.

I should like to say more about John Watson; but his principal achievements all belonged to the world of sport, for which he had a natural, indeed an hereditary

love, and full justice could be done to him only by someone who could claim to have emulated him in the line in which he always so greatly excelled.

In the same group of young officers the next in seniority was Baden-Powell, destined to be a good deal more famous than anyone else in the regiment. I remember very well what he was like in those days. Rather short, florid, active in his movements, and of sanguine temperament, his natural disposition was of the kind which in a former age would have been called "merry," though it concealed much force of character, and a quiet but methodical determination to get on in the world. I never observed that he had any early inclination to discard conventional usages, and his first solid success was being made Adjutant, a post for which an adherence to prescribed routine is one of the most essential requirements. Later he took much more a line of his own, and when he first began to distinguish himself it was rather the fashion to criticize his work on the ground that he seemed too much inclined to court the approval of "the gallery." It is certain that the noisy and frantic applause which came from that quarter when he accomplished his most celebrated feat of arms had the effect of making a good many quiet, sober people underrate what was really a very fine achievement. On the other hand, no one ever questioned his having a very unusual share of keenness and originality, and that conviction was fully justified by the tremendous success that attended the "Boy Scout" movement. I never heard anyone whose opinion was worth anything refuse the warmest praise to that admirable and highly practical fruit of his imagination.

Almost the last I saw of Baden-Powell in India was when we produced a regimental pantomime in which he sustained the rôle of Clown. I think I wrote most of the words and appeared myself as Pantaloon.

Our Fencing Instructor's wife had formerly been on the music-hall stage, and made an excellent Little Red Riding-hood, "afterwards Columbine." One of the rough-riding corporals was Harlequin, and our smallest trumpeter was the Good Fairy. I recall the choking smell of the Red Fire as this youth turned to the Wicked Wolf and said:

> "Last but not least this night to gain renown,
> You, Gobble-kid, I change to Comic Clown!"

Upon which the future founder of the "Boy Scouts" came whirling in, and the usual absurdities followed.

At the same time I cannot forget a very tragic incident connected with this pantomime. One of the men used to appear in the Harlequinade in order to be "vaccinated gratis" by the Clown and Pantaloon, when part of the supposed fun was to saw off the patient's arm, and then apply "actual cautery" with the Clown's red-hot poker. The morning after one of these performances we had a "marching order" parade, when the soldier I am speaking of first dressed himself completely, and then blew out his brains with a carbine. On the ground by his side was found a short letter from his sweetheart in England saying she could not wait for him any longer, and had therefore married someone else. What made this simple little tragedy more sad was that the body of the suicide was refused decent burial, and had to be carried away somewhere in a cart by the Adjutant, who read some kind of service on his own responsibility. Our old Riding-master, Hubbard—a man of few words and seldom given to moralizing—said of the person who mainly caused this scandal: "Well, he may be a parson, but I'll take my oath he isn't a Christian!"

As the next hot weather approached I had a few attacks of fever. I did not attach much importance to this myself, but the Colonel and Doctor between

them deeided that I ought to go home, and having been sent before a Medieal Board, to my surprise the same view was taken, and I soon afterwards found myself in the troopship *Jumna* on my way to England.

I had been in India little more than three years, yet everything at home seemed greatly ehanged. The old eountry Reetory no longer belonged to us, my brother was at Cambridge, two or three of my more or less Bohemian friends had married. I was eonsiderably changed myself. There were then still living several interesting friends of our family with whom I had onee been in toueh, but I took little pains to renew my aequaintanee with them. At that time, however, I reeolleet dining with the very kind and agreeable Madame Du Quaire, and that I then sat next a lady who was the grand-daughter of Philippe Egalité. I did not expect her to diseuss the Freneh Revolution, but was still disappointed that she talked ehiefly of dress, and the use of eosmeties for the faee.

As a rule I dined out hardly at all, and spent mueh of my time hovering about the elubs, smoking eheroots like the typieal old Anglo-Indian of former days, and at the same time trying to think that I was leading a rational life. But one day I fortunately remembered that before being promoted I had to pass a certain "garrison elass," and finding that I eould do this in London while I was on leave, I arranged accordingly, and as the course was to be held in the Wellington Barraeks, took lodgings in a street leading into Vietoria Square. Indireetly this choiee of abode had something to do with a very important ineident in my life, whieh had then not yet loomed into view. Vietoria Square was then a favourite baehelor retreat, and a very eurious and original eharacter called Alfred Maddiek lived there. He was the friend of several offieers I knew, amongst them my brother-offieer Captain Pole, who was in

England with our depot-troop at Canterbury. Maddick was well known and appreciated as an extremely amusing companion. Undeniably witty, and particularly expert in the art of conjuring, he was to be met with in all kinds of society, his company being especially welcome at the barracks of the two Household Regiments. As to his own calling, he was, I believe, the manager of the advertising department of the *Daily Telegraph*, but as this was rather complicated, it was usual when explaining his identity—as, for instance, to some inquisitive Commanding Officer—to call him "the Editor" of the journal in question, which always seemed to do just as well.

After I had finished my garrison class and was once more idle, I began to suffer from the cold almost as much as I had a few months before suffered from the heat, and having meanwhile formed an intimacy with Maddick, when he and my friend Pole both said that they were going to Nice, I was much tempted to say that I would do the same. But I was no longer drawing my Indian pay, and felt obliged to give up that idea. When I explained this candidly to Maddick he seemed extremely amused, for he had a curious way of apparently treating all money questions as a joke. He himself generally alluded to money as "the metallic substance," and his attitude—or at least his pose—was to regard it as a mere commodity like anything else, to which superstition had given a factitious importance. He never told me what sort of income he derived from the *Daily Telegraph*, and it may have been more than I supposed, but I think he relied a good deal on comparatively small operations in stocks and shares, about which he knew a great deal.

Maddick was determined that I should go to Nice, and he knew me too well to suggest a solution of the difficulty that would have given me offence. He was, however, a man of great resource in any emergency,

and running into my rooms one morning when I was at breakfast, he said with a slightly more serious air than usual :

" Look here, my gallant friend ! What do you say to this ? If you're ready to start to-morrow, we can both go as far as Paris, without its costing either of us a single fraction of the ' metallic substance ' ! "

And as he sat there in his white waistcoat and new straw hat, two or three diamonds glistening on his fingers, and looking the picture of youthful prosperity —though he was in fact nearly fifty—he explained that a new kind of railway saloon-car intended to supersede that of the Pullman Company was to make a trial trip the next day, and that the directors, of whom he appeared to be one, were each of them to take a friend. The Chairman of the new Company was Panmure Gordon, formerly of the 10th Hussars. It was not many hours later that I alighted at the Hôtel des Anglais at Nice, where some twenty years before I had arrived in the diligence from Marseilles. My friend Arthur Pole was already there, and I found many other friends or London acquaintances.

At our hotel the old-fashioned table d'hôte was still kept up, that is to say all the guests who chose to do so ate together at fixed hours, at one long table. The sociability to which this led was at the time still popular, though it was afterwards probably the very reason why the arrangement was given up.

Staying at the Hôtel des Anglais, though not, I am afraid, patronizing the table d'hôte, was the Baroness Meyer de Rothschild, with her daughter who afterwards became Lady Rosebery. She gave some very pleasant entertainments to which I was invited, and I remember meeting more than once a very interesting survivor of Regency times in the then still celebrated George Payne. He talked delightfully about old modes of travelling, racing, and duelling, but being rather deaf,

pitched his voice as if others were afflicted with the same infirmity, and once, shielding his mouth in the old-fashioned way with one hand, he positively shouted into my ear: "I say! Do you know who all these people are? I don't know half of 'em!" The Baroness certainly heard the observation.

My friend Pole and I were made members of the "Cercle de la Méditerranée," but being neither of us gamblers, only looked on at the *baccarat*. We there heard full particulars of a dreadful scandal that had not long before taken place at the table. The waiters, in humble imitation of their superiors, used to play *baccarat* themselves with the discarded cards, and in that way discovered a singular preponderance of "nines." A detective was thereupon made a member of the club, and he was not long in unravelling the whole mystery.

I paid only one visit to the tables at Monte Carlo, and then lost the only two stakes that I laid down. Alfred Maddick, who was there on the same occasion, tried a "doubling" system which a friend of mine used to call "the gambler's fallacy," and won about £200. At the moment he affected not to be in the least pleased; but as we went back to Nice in a railway-carriage in which we were alone, he quietly covered every button on the seat-cushions with a louis d'or, and did not forget to restore each coin to his pocket, after he had sufficiently exasperated me with this display.

Very few Englishmen patronized the Opera at Nice, though I found several things which attracted me there. There was a good orchestra, and it was interesting to hear, often, some of the older and less fashionable pieces that were no longer given in England. I saw, too, *Macbeto*, the opera founded on Shakespeare's play. I forget now the name of the composer, but I admired a good deal of the music.

The performanee, however, ineluded one very inartistic and disagreeable feature, when in a danee of witches the whole *corps-de-ballet* appeared wearing grey beards on thcir chins, without any other suggestion of old age.

But it is at this point necessary for me to obtrude an incident of great importanee in my personal career. Staying at the Hôtel des Anglais was an Ameriean lady of the name of Hamilton, and with her Miss Olive Hamilton her daughter, who not long afterwards beeame my wife. She had been born and educated in America, her father—a Scotsman who had gone out there to try and push his fortune—having died still retaining his nationality. He had been the only son of the Rev. James Hamilton, Minister of the parish of New Abbey, Dumfriesshire, who was first cousin to the distinguished philosopher and metaphysician, Sir William Hamilton, and to his younger brother, who wrote *Cyril Thornton*.

Mrs. Hamilton and her daughter did not make a long stay at Niec, but I met them again in London, whcre my regular eourtship commenced. All went smoothly so far as the principal question was eonecrncd, but at a ccrtain stage of the proceedings the two mothers found it advisable to toueh on the problem of ways and means, when some rather formidable difficulties appeared. In the end Mrs. Hamilton thought it best to return with her daughter to Buffalo, in the United States, in order to talk matters over with her two brothers, upon whom thc financial arrangements depended, though we agreed that whatcver thc result of this might be, our marriage should take plaee before the end of that year, 1877.

I remember that our old friend Mrs. Proeter said to me : " I think that you're an uncommonly lueky young man to have a charming *fiancée* who'll take such a lot of trouble to make you happy ! " And this was profoundly true.

Meanwhile an Instructor of Signalling being required in my regiment, I got attached to the Royal Dragoons at Aldershot, in order to go through a course that would qualify me for that post.

CHAPTER XX

WEDDED BLISS AND A WAR CLOUD

I took such a strong fancy to the Royal Dragoons that I nearly exchanged into the regiment. Being "Heavies"—that is to say, leaving the country only in time of war—the arrangement would have exactly suited me, but it will be seen that I had not time to complete it. The Royals treated me with the greatest kindness, and having found that I bore some resemblance to the Huntsman of the Queen's Staghounds, nearly always called me "Goodall."

But the signalling course which I passed lasted only a month, and soon after it ended my future wife came back from America, when her mother rented a house in Queen's Gate, and every preparation was made for the wedding. It was then very nearly postponed, for one of the uncles, Mr. Williams Ensign, after first making the most generous arrangements for his niece's marriage, suddenly died. It was, however, the wish of the surviving brother that the wedding should proceed, the invitations had already been issued, and on the 11th of October our marriage accordingly took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, the ceremony being performed by Bishop Claughton, Chaplain-General to the Forces, assisted by my father's old friend, the Rev. Francis Garden, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal. For bridesmaids my wife had three of my cousins and a pretty Canadian cousin of her own who was then in England. My best man was Captain Arthur Pole, who was in command of our depot-troop at Canterbury.

We left the church in one of the regular old chariots

still used on such occasions, with the regulation grey horses guided by a postilion. It was in the days, too, of wedding breakfasts, though as a small mark of the recent loss in my wife's family, we had decided not to have any speeches. One or two of the customary toasts were, however, informally honoured, in connection with which I noticed a little incident so strange that I may perhaps be forgiven for mentioning what it was. Our most important guest was a very eccentric old peer, whose identity any reader of my own time of life will recognize when I say that he wore a chocolate-coloured coat with brass buttons and a large poinsettia in his button-hole. As he drank the health of the bride and bridegroom, I heard him murmur below his breath, and with the deepest reverence, the most solemn words to be found in the liturgy.

We spent our honeymoon at Broadstairs, at that time only a fraction of its present size and a charming little watering-place. Dr. Tait, then Archbishop of Canterbury, had a place in the neighbourhood, and he was kind enough to ask us to tea. His Chaplain at that time was the late Primate, Dr. Randall Davidson, and we had seen them officiating together at a service. An ex-Bluejacket who used to attend us on fishing excursions told me as a piece of news that he knew the Chaplain to be the Archbishop's son, and knowing that great men sometimes enjoy hearing what humbler mortals say about them, I repeated the old sailor's statement to the Archbishop while I was sipping his tea, and trying to balance a muffin on one knee. He heard the story good-naturedly enough, but I thought there was a distinct trace of hauteur in the tone in which he explained to his wife: "Oh, it was only something about my chaplain. A sailor thought he was our son!" A year later he in fact became his son-in-law.

After the honeymoon we paid two or three visits,

and made an expedition to Cambridge, to see my brother Charlie play in some A.D.C. theatricals. He acted the part of the old man, "Sir John Vesey," in *Money*, and certainly did so uncommonly well. His performance was at the same time only that of a very clever amateur, and it was not until several months later that he developed such a skill and passion for this form of amusement as to suggest his choosing it as a profession.

At Charlie's rooms at Trinity I met for the first time Corney Grain. I should say that he was one of those rare characters who have a single identity, and he was always agreeable, amusing, and natural, whether in private life or on—what in his own case he used to call—"the platform." On the occasion I allude to I was placed in the rather trying situation of having to play some sort of opening medley, immediately before Corney Grain was called upon for what everyone was waiting to hear. But when I had finished he took an entirely unexpected course, for, having made me return to the piano, he simply said: "'Two Obadiahs,' G minor!" and then, turning his back on me, commenced his song nearly at once. "G minor" was a key in which I was usually less at home than almost any other; but feeling on my mettle, I succeeded in "vamping" the kind of accompaniment he required without any *contretemps*. The explanation of what he did was, that in this particular version of the popular song the words were first in French and then in Dutch, and much "business" was involved for which it was most convenient for him to have his hands at liberty. I was, however, pleased at his discerning that I could do what he wanted without spoiling his song.

I had now been away from my regiment, and having what I was learning to call a "good time," for the best part of a whole year, when, the Eastern Question having

assumed a highly acutc phase, I received orders to embark for India in H.M.S. *Euphrates* in eight days ! This was not quitc such a bolt from the blue as it may sound, as for scveral weeks we had been seriously expecting to be involved in war with Russia. Songs like " The Two Obadiahs " had for some time had to give placc to :

" We don't want to fight, but by Jingo ! if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too !
We've met the Bear before, and if we're Britons true,
The Russian shall not have Constantinople ! "

It was a good patriotic song, and had an inspiriting effect on many thousands of Englishmen who chiefly belonged to the humbler classes. On the other hand, " By Jingo ! "—an expression which had long gone out of usc—was not one of the poet's happy inspirations, and that single expression enabled the disciples of the Manchester School to assail the song with constant ridicule, without having to explain their objections to its general sentiments, or to say anything about the tune, for which its composer deserved considerable credit.

My own personal preparations for departure were comparatively simple. I called on the well-known gun-maker, Rigby, and asked him for the most formidable kind of horse-pistol he had ; upon which he quietly handed me a double-barrelled, rifled pistol, which carried the same cartridge as the men's carbines. The rest of my campaign cquipment I knew I could obtain just as well in India. But my real difficulties lay in the domestic arrangemcnts which had to be made, appearing, as they did, more complicated every time that I confronted them. My wife had from the first said that she mcant to go with me, and a berth awaited her on board the troopship, in a cabin with two other officcrs' wives. Her mother's distress at this detail

was pitcous, and in the end a compromise was devised. I was to go alone as far as Malta, Mrs. Hamilton and her daughter were to travel later by the overland route, meet me there, and then separate. At the same time a French couple who were in our service—the one being my wife's maid and the other our chef—both expressed a strong wish to go to India too, and by a third arrangement that desire was gratified. Whatever may be thought of these plans, they were all carried into effect. The only very painful incident was Mrs. Hamilton's parting with her daughter at Malta, but Sir Baker Russell, of the 13th, who had been distinguishing himself in an African war, was there with his wife, and they showed her a great deal of kindness before they went on themselves to India.

The *Euphrates* was taking out the " The Carabiniers," and we had a very pleasant voyage to Bombay. Great excitement was caused by our being detained at Port Said " to await further orders " ; but we were presently allowed to proceed on our way and met with no further interruption. When we reached India affairs between Turkey and Russia were still very unsettled, but in the end, after being on the brink of war, matters quieted down with our sending 7,000 troops to Malta, and occupying Cyprus. That island was to be a *place d'armes*, in case of any further aggression against Turkey on the part of Russia.

Returning to ourselves, all this meant that we were condemned to live for some time in India, where, having enjoyed such a long rest in England, it was out of the question for me to ask for any more leave in order to visit one of the Hill stations. It may be supposed that our French couple were not of much use in this emergency, but exactly the contrary was the case. They were always good-tempered, industrious, and obliging, and showed much tact in adapting themselves to their surroundings. This led me, when the

hot weather came, to try the experiment of sending them, in charge of my wife, to Naini Tal, where I had secured an attractive cottage overlooking the lake. She herself defeated this plan, however; for complaining of loneliness she returned almost abruptly to Lucknow, after an absence of only about three weeks. At that time it was as hot as it well could be; cholera had broken out in our cantonments, and two troops had been sent into cholera camps; famine had appeared in the surrounding district. My wife rode or drove in the early morning and just before sunset, but we had to spend the greater part of each day indoors, our rooms lit by oil-lamps, and the punkah dismally swinging to and fro overhead. Outside we heard frogs croaking, the brain-fever-bird screaming, and in the early morning the muffled drums.

The Indian Government, even in those days, made extraordinary exertions to deal with famine, and at the present time have brought their relief system almost to perfection. But nearly fifty years ago a great many deaths from starvation did take place, and they were sometimes due to the efforts of fanatical agitators who prevented the sufferers from accepting the relief offered them, and often the result of caste prejudices. Out with the Watering Order one morning, I came upon a starving native who had only just strength enough left to wave an emaciated hand before his eyes, in order to keep them from the attack of a most evil-looking bird of the vulture tribe, who was already perched on his chest. It flew away as we approached, and I called to our Veterinary Surgeon, Garratt, who was exercising a horse not far off, and he galloped up and arranged for the man's removal to his own bungalow. There he kept him for a long time, and completely restored him to health and strength, for which he showed the most profound gratitude. His family, on the other hand, held that by submitting

to medical treatment at the hands of a white man he had broken his caste, and they refused to have anything more to do with him.

My wife and I, one night after dinner, took a stroll on the high-road that passed our bungalow, when, hearing a low moan which came from the foot of a mango-tree, we went to see what was the matter. We found on the ground a wretched little native woman, whose face, by the light of a lantern I carried, was really almost like that of a skeleton. I called to old Gunez, my bearer, who was within hail, and when he came asked him whether the woman belonged to his caste. He looked at her for a moment or two and then said that she did not. He might have remained doing nothing for an indefinite time, if some observation of mine had not quickened his proceedings. As it was he scrambled away, and soon returned with two *mollies*, or gardeners, who immediately lifted the poor woman up, and with evident compassion carried her off to their own habitation. She belonged to their caste, and under their care completely recovered.

But these very slight experiences of the famine and other disagreeable incidents of Anglo-Indian life only lasted altogether for about ten months. My American uncle had often deplored the abolition of Purchase, and his sister seemed to cherish the belief that it still survived in some veiled form. In this she was confirmed by a War Office circular just then issued, which pointed out that the abolition of Purchase was not meant to interfere with any financial transactions between officers who were making exchanges, or something to that effect, and she interpreted this as including "exchanges" between officers who were with the service-troops and those who were at the home depot, in the same regiment. She then sought out the lieutenant who was with the depot-troop at Canterbury, and with American directness proposed that he should

"exchange" with me. He was said to have been joking when he mentioned his terms, which were that he should receive £1,000, and also the price of an old steeplechaser which for some reason it occurred to him he might as well dispose of at the same time. But in any case this exorbitant bargain was concluded, and the Colonel having sanctioned my going to the depot, my wife and I sailed in a P. & O. steamer for Suez, spent some time in Cairo, Alexandria, Venice, and other places, and finally arrived safely at Canterbury. If a dear price had been paid for this arrangement, the officer who had financially profited by it after all paid a dearer price still, for when he had reached Lucknow he shortly afterwards died of gastric fever.

We spent two very happy years at Canterbury, and two children were born to us there; but there was still a block in the prospect of promotion, and when I was ordered out to India for the third time, I for various reasons chose the alternative of sending in my papers. In the year 1881 we hired a small country place called The Priory, at Lamberhurst in Kent, but just on the border of Sussex.

CHAPTER XXI

HOW I TOOK TO POLITICS

Our house at Lamberhurst was the old parsonage formerly occupied by the lay-impropriator of the great tithe, but renamed "The Priory" to avoid its being confused with the Vicarage. It was an unpretentious but rather pretty place, within an easy drive of Tunbridge Wells, and comfortable according to the modest standard of comfort which then prevailed.

The Squire in the Kentish part of the neighbourhood, and our landlord, was Mr. Morland of Court Lodge, who had married a lady connected with my mother's family. He was, I think, the last person I remember meeting who used to quote Horace and Virgil in his ordinary conversation. The Vicar of the parish was the Rev. Robert Hawkins. He belonged to a very long-lived family, two of his brothers—one a very well-known Provost of Oriel, and the other Dr. Cæsar Hawkins—being both celebrated, amongst other things, for their longevity. A third important personage besides Mr. Morland and the Vicar was the Sussex Squire, Mr. Hussey, whose seat, Scotney Castle, stood just on the other side of a little stream dividing the two counties. These three gentlemen had all been born in the early part of the century, and frequently gratified my fondness for any lore connected with the days in which their youth had been passed.

There was a large and very agreeable family assembled at Scotney, and Mr. Hussey himself took a pleasure in telling me anecdotes of the past which he saw interested me. He had been at Christchurch with

several remarkable men, and had also known Theodore Hook. I had one day been telling him of my mother's having more than once been mistaken for the Lady Glenelg who had been her contemporary, and in doing so observed, that "Glenelg" was the only proper name I had ever met with which was what was called a *palindrome*, or word that could be spelt either forwards or backwards with the same result. Mr. Hussey thought for a minute or two, and then quoted from one of Theodore Hook's songs, which he said he had heard him sing, and described the occasion :

> "There's Sir Burgess Camac ! Oh, Sir Burgess Camac !
> If you spell his name forward or spell his name back,
> You will still always find he's Sir Burgess Camac ! "

I questioned him on a little point about which I felt a certain curiosity, namely the extent to which such songs used to be supplemented by the old "Ri-tol-de-rol-lol" sort of chorus, and he said that there was generally a good deal of that kind of material, and this, I have no doubt, with prolonged shouts of laughter from gentlemen who were drinking port, champagne, and rum punch, must have given the improvisor some valuable moments in which to arrange what was to follow. With regard to the name "Camac," when I was living in the United States many years later, I met with it as the name of a small town in Georgia ; and as other places in the same vicinity were called "Brunswick" and "Kent," I think the place must have been named as a compliment to Sir Burgess Camac, who belonged to the household of the Duchess of Kent, the late Queen Victoria's mother.

Amongst other people we knew in the neighbourhood of Lamberhurst was Mr. Beresford Hope, who had been one of my father's friends. He used to entertain very sumptuously at Bedgebury ; and the Gobelins tapestry, the wonderful service of gold plate which the Portuguese

Cortes had given his grandfather, and other objects, including some of the china, were as fine things in their way as could easily have been found in any private gentleman's house. There can hardly have been more than one opinion as to Mr. Beresford Hope's great intellectual refinement, and his tenants at the same time knew him as a most kind and considerate landlord. With regard to his artistic taste judgements occasionally differed, but it is certain that when left to himself he had a remarkable faculty for picking out anything precious, and though his choice might now and then seem to be based on rather archaic maxims, in the end it was apt to be generally approved. I recollect that he once asked me to come and inspect a memorial that he was about to place over the grave of his wife, Lady Mildred Beresford Hope. It was a life-sized profile of the face and head, very beautifully worked in platinum, standing out in relief from a disk of lapis lazuli on which it rested. To some this combination of materials may sound rather fantastic, but I have seldom seen anything which to my own taste better expressed all that it was meant to convey.

We were sometimes invited to Seacox Heath, near Bedgebury, where Mr. and Mrs. Goschen lived. (He was the future Chancellor of the Exchequer and first Viscount of that name.) Their house was constructed on a Moorish model, skilfully adapted to suit English conditions ; and a succession of galleries, each one rising upon another, was one very striking feature in the entrance hall. In another part of our neighbourhood the owner of an estate called Capel Manor had built himself an Italian *palazzo* of marble. He was a man whose mental equipment fitted him to take a leading part in affairs ; but a terrible physical misfortune, the result of an accident during his childhood, compelled him to lead a more or less secluded and unhappy life.

Living very comfortably in one of the prettiest

parts of Kent, with an exceptionally agreeable circle of neighbours, we should for most reasons have chosen to remain at The Priory, but I will mention very briefly three circumstances which, directly or indirectly, led to an alteration in our plans.

In the first place my wife's only surviving uncle, Mr. Charles Ensign, died after a short illness, leaving Mrs. Hamilton most of the property which had belonged to him and to his late brother. I had personally known and liked this American uncle. He had not only treated me in a very generous way, but he had once come over and visited us when we were at Canterbury, and I had then taken a great fancy to him. In appearance and physique he might have been a Life Guardsman and was at the same time exactly what Americans call a " fine man " in another sense. He had originally been trained for the Bar, and possessed a great deal of intelligence, general information, and force of character. My wife's mother was with him when he died, and we decided to go out to her at once.

Secondly, when we did this we let our house for a few months to Major Keith-Falconer, who it afterwards turned out was connected in some way with the Central Conservative Association.

The third circumstance which led, though only indirectly, to a change in our plans was that the firm of Blackwood had just then published for me a sort of Dantesque " brochure " that I had called *Post Mortem*, which, without being any wonderful success, was a good deal talked about in certain quarters, and eventually went through three editions. Mr. Bradlaugh, in *The National Reformer*, said that I was " endeavouring to construct a weir of supernaturalism with which to keep back the rising tide of Radicalism," and that description may save me the trouble of trying to find a better one.

When we arrived in New York the President, Garfield,

had recently been shot by the usual sort of conceited, half-crazy fanatic, though I was glad to note that no morbid sympathy for his supposed state of mind was allowed to let him escape the punishment that he so decidedly merited. Happening to meet the principal surgeon who was then attending the President, I hazarded an entirely unscientific suggestion about "a hard object" with which he said that he had come in contact in the President's body, upon which he immediately ordered a special instrument to be constructed. He afterwards showed it to me, and said that it had enabled him to decide that the hard "object" was a bullet, and not a bone, a point as to which he had previously been in doubt. All this might be of more interest if every effort to save the President's life had not proved vain. When the murderer, Guitteau, was just going to be executed, his last words were: "All right, Lordy; I'm coming!"

I shall not attempt to describe my first visit to America. We remained there for about six months, and I look back to it as a kind of intermediate stage in my career. We spent most of our time at Buffalo, which I found much more of a social and residential centre than I had expected; the friends of my wife's family included all the pleasantest people, and we were shown a great deal of friendly hospitality. My wife's mother had come into a very considerable property; real estate including valuable dock-property, ships on Lake Erie, a share in some steel-works, and other comfortable things. A great part of her estate seemed, nevertheless, to be in the hands of a single trustee, another who had been appointed having declined to act, and I had reason to think this an unwise arrangement. I felt, however, that I had no proper status in the matter, and that in any case it would appear very bad taste if I were actively to interfere. Everything was therefore left to the family lawyer, who was

undoubtedly a very able man. He eventually took the principal step which should have been taken at the outset, and he also successfully defended Mrs. Hamilton in more than one action that was taken with a view to disturbing the arrangements by which she had so largely benefited. In the end everything went on with apparent smoothness for fully twenty years.

My wife and I made several expeditions to other places in the States. We stayed for some time in New York, and paid visits to Albany, Saratoga Springs, Newport, and elsewhere. Boston was the place that most took my fancy, and it continued to do so when I went there again many years later. One little circumstance that rather interested me there was the respect still shown for the memory of the distinguished painter Copley, as a local man. I could claim to have personally known his son, who had been yet more highly distinguished in England, first as Mr. Sergeant Copley, and ultimately as Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst. Copley the father had, of course, been a British subject, and I have sometimes thought that a careful study of the American art, and still more the American literature, produced respectively before and after English traditions had been laid aside, would prove interesting and instructive.

When I first visited Boston, Longfellow had a great many warm admirers in England, and I recollect reading that someone there had described him as "an English poet who happened to live in America," which was at least intended for praise. He was then at his home, which was close to Boston, and our own Poet Laureate had given me an introduction to him which I was naturally anxious to present. Unfortunately, however, the great American poet was taken very seriously ill, and just before I had to go away, daily bulletins were being issued, and his death took place not long afterwards.

Meanwhile I decided that I ought to visit Chicago, about which I had heard everyone talking with so much admiration, and one day while I was at Buffalo, I got into the train and went there, and went alone. I should certainly have been much more impressed by the undeniable evidences of wonderful enterprise, energy, and ingenuity which I saw there, had it not been for the brutal and disgusting manners of nearly everyone with whom I was brought into contact. If it were worth while to relate some of the annoyances of this sort which I met with, it would certainly be admitted that I had good ground for what I have said, though no doubt there would still be some who would think I ought only to have been "immensely amused." [1]

Soon after I had returned to Buffalo—which I did after a stay of only three or four days—I received an important letter from Major Keith-Falconer, to whom we had let our house in Kent. Amongst other things he mentioned that he had been reading the work I had lately written, and would be glad to know whether I had any wish to go into Parliament. He then went on to say that he had been "talking to Lord Abergavenny," who suggested my standing for the Borough of Rye, where it was believed there might be a sudden vacancy. Upon hearing this I set off for England as soon as I could.

[1] One specimen of the offensive conduct I had to put up with at Chicago may very well serve for all the others. When I first arrived the barber I went to asked me some question, but in such an extraordinarily snuffling tone that I could not understand him. Probably I ought to have said "How's that?" but in my innocence I told him that I hadn't quite caught what he said, upon which, flying into a rage, he shouted, "Jesus Christ, man! Don't you hear me asking you, 'Do you shave close?'"

CHAPTER XXII

GETTING INTO PARLIAMENT

When I was able to reconnoitre the political situation at Rye for myself, I found that it was one of those smaller Sussex boroughs which by the coming Reform Bill would be merged in county divisions and cease to return Members of their own. It was, however, supposed that the sitting Radical Member, Mr. Inderwick, Q.C., might at any moment be made a Judge ; in which case, as he had been returned by a majority of only seven votes, there would be a very good chance for a Conservative to win back the seat. I was apt to leave such matters in the hands of Destiny ; but in the meantime I assumed with considerable success the character of an exuberantly good-natured young man with plenty of money to spare, who had suddenly become deeply interested in benefit societies, cricket and bicycle clubs, and the woes of less fortunate people who had recently lost some cow, pig, or donkey. At public functions I was fond of appearing in what was called an "Ascot suit," generally with a very new, tall silk hat. I recollect that when an old friend once asked me where I got the idea of the proper costume for "our popular candidate," I said that it had been first suggested to me by a character called the "Pantomime Swell," which I was just able to remember.

The "Ancient Town of Rye"—which was its proper official designation—contained, more than forty years ago, many vigorous remains of old-world life, ideas, and customs, and if I had contested the borough seat it would have been under the old franchise of 1867.

Moreover, there was the flavour of a much more remote past in the way in which I had been introduced to the Rye electors. It was true that they had themselves asked me to stand, but the real initiative had come from a peer living in another part of the county, namely, the Marquess of Abergavenny. It was rather curious that in Rye itself this appeared to be known to hardly anyone but the Chairman of the party, while in Lord Abergavenny's own neighbourhood it seemed to be no secret at all. One day I had occasion to give my name to a tradesman in Tunbridge Wells, upon which he at once exclaimed : " Is it possible that you are the gentleman the Marquess is bringing out for Rye ! "

As the moment drew near for the passing of the Reform Bill and a consequent redistribution of seats, I knew that Sussex would consist of six constituencies, one of them the " Eastern, or Rye Division." I had gradually changed the tactics I had thought advisable as the Borough candidate, and had been making speeches in the agricultural districts. We had also taken the step of hiring Leasam House—belonging to the Curteis family—an old-fashioned mansion which almost overlooked Rye, and without having as yet been formally approached in any way, I think nearly everyone assumed that I should eventually stand for the new division. It was then that I discovered, for the first time, the drawback of possessing no private or family influence.

The Conservative party's affairs in that part of England, and to a considerable extent all over the kingdom, were just then largely controlled by a small knot of Kentish landowners, of whom Lord Abergavenny was the most active and influential. In private life he was good-natured, honourable, and an excellent landlord. In political matters he was shrewd, experienced, and always absolutely consistent. Though his main policy was resistance to all change, he was never self-seeking in the meaner sense of the term. He

once told me that he had refused the Garter when it was first offered him, because he thought "old Carnarvon" ought to have it. He might have held various high offices of a certain kind if he had wished to do so, but he always preferred the substance of power to its shadow, and the extent of his influence and that of what irreverent Radicals sometimes called the "Kent Gang," was for several years much greater than most people knew or even suspected. I was once in Lord Abergavenny's company when he saw Lord Halsbury enter the room; upon which he laughingly observed: "Look here! Do you know I made that d——d chap Lord Chancellor!"

When the Reform Bill of 1885 passed, elective committees of various kinds came into existence, and the power of the secret junta became considerably, and in the end entirely, shaken; but for some time they continued to exercise their old authority whenever it did not happen to be challenged, and before finally bowing to *force majeure*, they had nearly all contrived to provide themselves with some pleasant memento of their former ascendancy.

One of their last efforts was an attempt to select candidates for each of the new Kent and Sussex Divisions, in connection with which plan I one day received a brief note from a gentleman with whom I had only a very slight acquaintance, who simply wrote as follows:

"About the new seats, Lord Abergavenny thinks it will perhaps be best if you will stand for East Grinstead, and let another gentleman come out for the Rye Division. Kindly let me know if this will suit you."

This proposal, so far as I was concerned, meant the offer of a perfectly safe seat—full of Conservative villas, and with a small proportion of agricultural labourers—in place of one which most people, including myself,

looked on as decidedly doubtful; and I never understood why Lord Abergavenny did not take the trouble to speak, or at least to write, to me himself. The foolish letter which I had received only led me at once to make a speech, in which I said that the selection of candidates was being put off too long, and that for my own part I wished to know whether I was to stand for the Rye Division, or retire into private life. My words had the effect of bringing things to a head, and when the candidates were adopted almost immediately afterwards, I was unanimously chosen to contest the "Eastern, or Rye Division." I doubt whether a dozen people knew that this was in the face of a pretty formidable plot to bring out someone else.

Apart from occasional fatigue and having to make a great number of tiresome speeches, I enjoyed my first election. I chose purple and orange (the symbols of Church and State) for my colours, and did much of my electioneering in a very light single-brougham like a doctor's coupé drawn by a big pair of horses with a postilion. He wore a purple velvet jacket, purple cap and gold tassel, with white leathers and top-boots; and though he was said to be occasionally mistaken for me, and in that character once received a volley of eggs, the whole turn-out undoubtedly inspired some enthusiasm. I used to sit inside, reading my notes on such subjects as "Bradlaugh," "Hops," or "Ireland," and making the grimaces of a Cheshire cat whenever I passed a group of villagers. Sometimes, on some long expedition by train, I took a horse with me, and after speaking at one place would ride on to another, and then perhaps ride half-way home to some other point, where the postilion would be waiting with the brougham. By such means I managed to cover a good deal of ground and sometimes addressed two or more meetings the same night, at places fairly wide apart. It will now

only sound ridieulous when I say that this sort of thing earned me a rcputation for "getting about" in a rather remarkablc way; but all this took place long before the days of motor-cars, and as a matter of fact no such vchicle was employed in any of the various elections in which I took part.

While I madc a partial canvass of the whole division I did not neglect the "old Ryers" with whom I was by this time on pretty good terms. I had formed a special sort of friendship with a very respeetable and at the same time sentimental butcher, of advanced age. He was the last person cxercising his calling whom I ever saw wcaring real "butcher" boots. He was as firm a Tory as can well be conceived, and at that time took a special intcrest in the Bradlaugh controversy, a prominent topic at this election. One day, after he had said something about the First Cause, he hastily left me, and returned after a minute or two carrying what hc explained were the lungs of a shecp in his open hands. As he thrust them forward for a closer inspeetion he exclaimed with intense fervour: "Oh, behold the wonderful works of the Lord! Consider His handiwork!"

There was an old-fashioned chemist and apotheeary in the town who, possibly in the second of his two capacities, gave advice in a little parlour at the baek of his shop. He was usually attircd in a frock-coat and crimson smoking-cap which greatly attracted me, and one market day, when I was in Rye in accordanee with my usual custom, I determined—not perhaps on exclusively medical grounds—to go in and consult him. I told him that I was feeling rather out of sorts and should be glad if he could give me some kind of "pick-me-up." In reply he merely inquired whether I prcferred a pill or a bolus. As I had only read about boluses in some pretty old literature, I thought this would be a good opportunity to find out what they were

like, and I accordingly asked for one. He then made and handed to me an object about the size and shape of an oyster, wrapped in tissue-paper, and as he advised me to swallow it at once, I thought I might as well do the whole thing thoroughly, and therefore did as he suggested. It may very likely have been a work of supererogation, but the old gentleman in the smoking-cap was evidently pleased.

My meetings and canvassing visits all over the new constituency showed that I was supported by the great bulk of the gentry and clergy, and by most, though not all, of the best farmers. Some reader not in sympathy with my political views may be glad to know the explanation one elderly farmer gave for voting for me. He had been showing me some old china and a few curios he had, and when in leaving him I said that I hoped for his support, he replied: "Oh, yes, sir; I always vote Conservative. You see I be a bit of an antiquary!"

The Sussex farmers and hop-growers in general were a body of men whose good opinion was well worth having from any point of view, and if I had not been obliged to solicit their votes, it would still have interested me to have known them, so as to have studied their various moods and idiosyncrasies. They had a sort of professional code of honour most creditable to them, their adherence to which, however, once put me in rather an embarrassing position. It most unluckily happened that, just before the general election, most of the farmers had had to reduce their labourers' wages, but two of them who jointly farmed a large acreage close to Rye were still paying the former rate, and their men were in an excellent humour in consequence. It was only ten days before the polling when one of these two rode over to my house one morning to consult me on a very delicate point. His friend and he on going over their accounts had found that they ought to lower their wages from two-and-sixpence a day to two-and-

threepence, at once. If I said so, they were willing to put this off till after the election; "but it did seem such a cowardly thing not to tell the men anything about it!"

In saying this he showed considerable emotion, and put his point so forcibly that, ashamed to give him the advice of a mere politician, I told him that his friend and he ought to do what they really believed to be right. If I felt any satisfaction over this incident it was certainly not shared by the agricultural labourers, and when, on the principle of "taking the bull by the horns," I went a few days later to address them, I was continually interrupted by cries of "Two and thruppence a day! Two and thruppence a day!" On the other hand, men of the same class were not always selfish or unreasonable. A few months afterwards, when a poor but very popular Baronet publicly announced that as he was living on capital he too had to lower his wages, the labourers he was addressing gave him three cheers and drank his health. I happened to be present on the occasion, and it was a touching and really impressive scene.

One satisfactory feature in my first electoral contest was that it never involved any personal ill-feeling between my opponent and myself. Apart from his political views Mr. Inderwick was an agreeable man of the world, unaffected, hospitable, a pleasant talker, and like most barristers always able to see the other side to any question. But while he and I got on so well together, and never once had any dispute or altercation, I made up for this moderation, myself, by adopting violent and somewhat provocative tactics towards the Radicals in general, more especially in certain urban or suburban parts of the division, away from the Rye Division, when I was exposed to noisy interruptions at my meetings. Hollington, which adjoined Hastings, was one of the worst places in that

respect, and there, one night, a disreputable-looking creature with an inflamed countenance stood near the platform from which I was speaking, calling out at intervals: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" At last I returned his civilities by saying: "I should now like to say something about the Temperance question. I am sure that it will interest this person with the red nose." I silenced one ruffian—which he undoubtedly was—by quite a random shot. I had been trying to show that some beneficial measure had been initiated by our party, when he shouted out from the back of the hall: "You say the Conservatives passed that in 1879? Then 'ow was it I never 'eard nothing about it?" I replied: "Because, if you remember, you were in prison at the time!" This evidently amused a group of friends he had with him, but for his own part he never uttered another word.

My excuse for referring at all to this aggressive phase of my methods when I first went into public life is that although the phase was only a passing one, it yet lasted just sufficiently long to do me, no less than eighteen years afterwards, incalculable injury.

In the year 1885 the special *bête noire* of all Conservatives, and particularly those who were landed proprietors, was Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. He was the leader of the extreme Radical wing of Mr. Gladstone's party; he had just enunciated the doctrine of "ransom," and anyone conversant with political affairs would have said that he was not only "one of the last," but actually the very last, who was likely to become, as he soon afterwards did, a minister in Lord Salisbury's administration, the strongest exponent of Imperialism, and, later, the only statesman of the first rank who would have the courage to propose a return to the old Tory policy of Protection.

For my own part I believed him at that time to be the most mischievous and dangerous of all our opponents, and being then in the habit of using strong language when I was on the platform, I told a great meeting at the Concert Hall at St. Leonards, that if I could, "I would bring Mr. Joseph Chamberlain to the gallows!"

I remember that as I went back to the house where I was staying, in the company of Lord Dunraven, who had also been speaking, I asked him whether what I had said about Chamberlain was very dreadful. He replied in a whimsical tone and with his characteristic trans-Atlantic accent: "Well, you certainly said you meant to scrag him!" Most of my friends, whatever they may have thought of my supposed sentiments, entirely disapproved of the language in which they had been expressed, and for a long time afterwards, whenever I attended a meeting in that neighbourhood, I used to hear from the quarter where the Radicals were collected: "We've got the rope!"

When Mr. Chamberlain's attention was called to my speech he wrote a letter which was published, saying that it must be a failing cause which required to be supported with such coarse malignity. He was perfectly justified in saying something disagreeable and severe. On the other hand, he had himself now and then indulged in platform attacks which had not always been much more refined or charitable than mine, and when, later, he threw in his own lot with the "failing cause," he found that the former opponents of whom he had once said so many bitter things forgave him freely, and certainly never pursued him with their resentment to the end of their lives.

Towards the close of the contest Sir Thomas Brassey (who was himself standing for Hastings) intervened in the county election by publishing the following manifesto:

"Normanhurst Court, Battle.
"*November 30th*, 1885.

"Lady Brassey and I are warm supporters of Mr. Inderwick, for whose success we are most anxious, believing him to be by far the best candidate for the representation of the Rye Division of the County of Sussex.

"As Liberals ourselves, we hope that our tenants, labourers, servants, and others connected with us, will vote exactly according to their consciences, after considering both sides of the question, remembering that the ballot is secret.

"Thomas Brassey."

We ourselves circulated several copies of this appeal to the consciences of the Normanhurst electors, enriching it first with a few playful annotations.

Of course the most formidable and at the same time the most doubtful factor in this election was the great body of new voters; wholly incapable of deciding most of the questions before them on their real merits, partly pleased and partly puzzled by the importance of their new position, suspicious about some of the cajolements addressed to them, and openly cynical on the subject of the famous "three acres and a cow." In the end I think the course taken by the average labourer was to vote with his employer when he was fairly well contented with him, and vote against him when it was otherwise.

At the last moment our opponents became unmistakably confident and I noticed a good deal of suppressed despondency on our side. In one village that I visited soon after the poll had opened, a person of more or less neutral views and rather a bore, told me that he had just voted for me. "Shall I tell you why?" he said. "Simply because I know as well as you do that you haven't the slightest chance of getting in!" In the ancient town an early-Victorian widow who was a warm supporter of mine waved her hand to me in a

most dismal manner. "Well, Mrs. ——," I said, "why don't you say something encouraging?" "I fear that you haven't much chance!" she answered. "And do you call that 'encouraging'?" I exclaimed. "Nay, I am but a weak woman!" was all she would add.

My agent, Mr. Langham, on the other hand, made an extraordinarily shrewd forecast when he said that I should win by about 300. When the votes had been counted the day after the polling, and the Returning Officer went out with the two candidates on to a certain little balcony at the George Hotel to announce the result, the numbers were:

Brookfield	4,526
Inderwick	4,303

Majority, 223

CHAPTER XXIII

IN A NEW WORLD

I WAS not at all satisfied with my majority, yet considering that I had had to encounter a very experienced and popular opponent, that in most other constituencies the Conservative candidate had been defeated, and that I was still only thirty-two years old, I had on the whole considerable reason to feel pleased. My next-door neighbour in the Eastbourne Division only got in by a majority of 64, and I doubt if he would have done that had not the Rye polling taken place the day before, and so enabled me to hasten to his assistance. My own success certainly encouraged his supporters.

Amongst the congratulations I received, the only thing of the kind that reached me from Eridge Castle was worded thus: "Well, I'm glad we got you in! Perhaps you would like to know the figures." The figures of the polling in that part of the constituency followed. I knew them pretty well already, and they certainly showed that but for the Conservative voters there I should never have been returned. The logic of such a claim struck me nevertheless as entirely feminine, for it might surely have been made with equal justice on behalf of any similar number of my supporters —either collectively or individually—in any other part of the division. What the note really meant, however, was that my insubordination in having persisted in standing for the Rye Division, instead of going where I had been told to go, was not forgiven.

The same act of disobedience was forcibly recalled to me soon afterwards, when the gentleman whom I

was held to have supplanted, himself asked me to stay with him one night, the occasion being a great Primrose League eelebration of our victory, which I eould hardly escape attending. If he had been alone with his wife, who was partieularly taetful, or nearly alone, I believe that I might have mollified his feelings and even have made friends with him. But he was surrounded by his warmest partisans—ineluding a perfeet galaxy of extremely fashionable ladies—and I was oppressed by the suspicion that I was being exhibited as some new kind of monster, the product of the revolutionary change just made in the franehise. It was under these eircumstances that I was first presented to Lady Dorothy Nevill, and though she was probably the only person there who knew all about me, I was eonseious of appearing to her at my very worst.

When I first entered the House of Commons some of the eoneeptions I had formed of that assembly were considerably disappointing. The way in which the actual " business of the nation " was earried on, and the mental and moral ealibre of many of those who transacted it were on the whole below the standard that I had expeeted to find. Most of the eloquenee was then on the other side of the House, and we stood in great need of the reinforeements we were soon to receive from that quarter. Our former leader, Sir Stafford Northeote, who had just been given an earldom, had at one time been Mr. Gladstone's private secretary, and had ever since treated him with a eertain deference whieh had greatly blunted the attaeks which he used to make upon him. When Lord Randolph Churehill (some time afterwards) took his place and vigorously attacked the Liberal leader as " an old man in a hurry," it was amusing to see how his new and somewhat Ameriean methods shocked Mr. Gladstone's " Old Guard," who seemed to think that saying rude things should be the monopoly of a few " irresponsible "

persons in their own ranks. So far as wit, spirit, and talent went, Lord Randolph was just the man the Conservative party needed for a leader, but he was without the patience and good temper required by one who has to "suffer fools gladly," and his judgement on important matters was apt to prove hasty.

Lord Randolph Churchill's most effective speeches were usually made on the platform, though he was often extremely lively and amusing in the House of Commons. He was one day alluding to something Mr. Mundella had said, at a meeting in "Paradise Square," Sheffield, and began his quotation by saying: "The Right Honourable Gentleman, addressing his constituents in Paradise——"—he paused just long enough to make everyone laugh, and then resumed—"in Paradise Square." I remember once, when a large sum was to be voted for the relief of Irish distress, an Irish Member who was speaking turned to the Treasury Bench where Lord Randolph sat, and in a vehemently dramatic tone exclaimed: "D'ye think the people of Ireland like being objects of your charity?" "Is the Honourable Member asking me a question?" said Lord Randolph. "Yes, I think they like it very much indeed!"

Mr. John Bright was still in Parliament when I took my seat. Once when American wheat was being sold at Liverpool for less than it fetched in Chicago, I wrote to him asking him to explain what, under those circumstances, became of an argument he had not long before used, "that the freight for bringing wheat from America would always provide a natural protection for the English farmers." He wrote me a very civil reply, though the opening words are all that I now recollect of it. But they were quite characteristic. "If the American wheat-growers," said Mr. Bright, "are so foolish as to charge less for their wheat at Liverpool than at Chicago," etc., etc. It was the practice of the Cobden school to assume that if any body of persons—even in some other

country—acted on trade principles of which the Cobden school did not approve, the fault must be attributed to want of intelligence.

It is rather curious to recollect that in those days there was not even a Board of Agriculture in existence, and no Minister specially concerned with agricultural affairs. When absolutely necessary, however, the most important industry in the country was taken under the wing of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, on the ground that he had practically nothing to do. I recollect that when Lord John Manners filled that office I once asked him a question upon some agricultural matter, and when I had heard his answer gave notice that, in consequence of the very unsatisfactory reply that I had received, I should on the estimates move to reduce the noble Lord's salary. Upon which he turned round to the place where I was sitting, and said with an air of playful dejection : " But I have no salary ! "

I have not yet mentioned that about a year previous to my election I had been given command of a Volunteer Battalion called the 1st Cinque Ports Rifles, whose headquarters were at Hastings. In the writ returning me to Parliament I had been described—not at my own instance—as a Lieutenant-Colonel, and almost the first thing I did after taking my seat was to see that in the Division Lists, in *Hansard*, and in all official records, my name should be given the prefix of " Mr.," which was what I invariably used myself. My military friends and my neighbours in the country all understood and appreciated my attitude on that point, and I think the only people to whom it gave any offence were a few other Volunteer officers who had chosen to take a different course themselves. It was, nevertheless, the case that in my own particular coterie I was more often than not spoken of as " the Colonel," and when I began to intervene in debates on military subjects I was generally referred to as " the honourable and gallant

Member." After this little matter had remained in the same state for fifteen years, I for the first time allowed my hitherto dubious military title to be called out of abeyance, under circumstances that will be duly related in their proper place.

When we went up to London for the Parliamentary session we had four children with us, and it had not been easy to find a house that exactly suited our requirements. We had ended by taking one in the neighbourhood of Queen's Gate, and it soon proved to be inconveniently far from everything that was going on. It is not impossible that if we had been living in the heart of Mayfair we might still have made a comparatively successful debut in the new world to which we now belonged, though I believe the main difficulty to have been our entire ignorance of many little matters with which most other people were perfectly well acquainted, for it was the first season that my wife had ever spent in the English capital, and for my own part I remembered little or nothing of the few maxims which, as a very young bachelor, I had managed to glean several years before. Among the things that I had forgotten was the fact that to be " in time " for an evening reception meant being at least half an hour late, and the great house to which we had one night been invited being Lowther Lodge—in our own usually remote district—we were betrayed into committing an even worse solecism than it might otherwise have been. I forget what calculations I had made, and only remember that, having started ten minutes after the time mentioned in our invitation, our active country horses whisked us to our destination in about five minutes, with the result that we were literally the very first arrivals. By systematic loitering we contrived to delay matters until we had one other couple, a shade less simple than ourselves, to share our mortification. The climax came when having at last bravely allowed our names to be announced

we perceived that we had broken up a sociable little semicircle which had just left the dining-room fire, consisting of our host and hostess, supported by two Kings, one Queen, and the Prime Minister and his wife.

One night we suffered a minor humiliation through trusting too much to our coachman's resources. We were going to a reception at Lady Salisbury's, and he insisted that his connection by marriage with a certain detective at Scotland Yard would enable him to avoid the tedious process of getting into rank with the other carriages. His plan certainly brought us safely as far as Arlington Street, and tantalizingly near to Lord Salisbury's house, but just at that point his family interest—awed perhaps by the sternness of the *genius loci*—came to an abrupt end, and when we were " put in our proper place " it proved to be somewhere near Hyde Park Corner.

We were very likely guilty of other, and possibly much worse blunders, of which we were both happily ignorant. I may have made some unlucky mistake in doing what was incumbent upon me with regard to Lady Dorothy Nevill. I have already mentioned the manner in which I had first met her, and it was no doubt unfortunate that she had only seen me in the society of people who disliked me, and she had also no doubt heard unfriendly accounts of my insubordinate attitude to a very important member of her own family. Yet, on the other hand, she was a professed believer in unconventionality and an ardent admirer of the rebellious Fourth Party ; and she, moreover, had some excuse for feeling a certain interest in me, since not only was she in the habit of referring to my father as one of the leading wits of her younger days, but her brother had once done my mother the honour of offering her his hand.

However all this may have been, when I called upon Lady Dorothy as she had directed me to do, my recep-

tion was certainly not encouraging. I recollect that she came into the room where I was waiting rather suddenly, using a little black walking-stick after the fashion at that time observed by the Queen. She gave me her hand for a moment, and then said :

" Now then ! Will you first kindly tell me who you are, and why you have come to see me ? "

I knew that she had a reputation for wit, and thinking this might be a prelude to something of the kind, I gave a smiling reply to both her inquiries. But this did not help matters, and never once during this interview did she make any reference to any member of my family. She, however, asked me whether I knew the Duke of Wellington (the second Duke), who was a great friend of hers, and proceeded to tell an amusing story about him to illustrate the difficulties he had suffered through being " so dreadfully fond of snobs."

Before I took my leave I ventured to say something about myself, and mentioned rather particularly my wife ; but I can only say that this celebrated lady never favoured either of us with any further notice, a circumstance which, it will be seen later on, may indirectly have had a considerable effect on my success in life.

CHAPTER XXIV

"BUT 'TWAS A FAMOUS VICTORY"

AFTER a lapse of forty years and all that has happened in that time, it is pathetic to think how very much in earnest the Conservative Party and the "Unionist" Liberals were, when they united to oppose Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, and how joyful they were when they succeeded in defeating that measure. I remember very distinctly our excitement and enthusiasm, and many little incidents in which I took part myself, such as helping to escort the Orange leader Colonel Saunderson home one night, when it was believed that he was in danger of an attack. On the other hand, I have entirely forgotten the speeches, and it is one proof of the transitory effect of even the finest eloquence, that although blessed with what some have been pleased to call rather a remarkable memory, I retain hardly any recollection at all of anything that the great orators said. The speech which at the time I thought the best was that made by Sir Henry James (afterwards Lord James of Hereford) on the second reading debate; but I must still confess that I have forgotten every word of it. I was for some time anxious to speak myself, but grew tired of waiting for my turn, and disheartened to hear my favourite points enforced, one after another, by those who had managed to catch the Speaker's eye.

When the Bill was at last defeated, what I recall better than anything is the deep sincerity of our satisfaction; how Members who perhaps hardly knew each other shook hands and shouted, and how the crowd outside—I forget at what hour of the night or morning

it was—sang " God Save the Queen ! " in a way that showed they meant it ! Now, like old Caspar, I can only mumble, that " 'Twas a famous victory ! "

To myself personally, and probably to a good many others, this triumph had, all the same, one awkward side. I had then just spent £1,660 on my 1885 election, and from a sentiment which may perhaps be conceived I had preferred to provide that sum out of what might be called my own independent resources, that is to say the very small sum that my father had been able to leave me at his death. It may seem that this was all the more reason for now coming upon the American funds at my wife's disposal ; but they were at that time being rather heavily encroached upon by two law-suits and we had been specially requested not to make any demands that could be avoided. So when a Gladstonian Liberal had been found who was ready to contest my seat, I wrote to my Chairman, Edward Frewen, telling him that I should be unable to stand. In doing so I think that what annoyed me as much as anything was to think of the glee I should cause in that rival Conservative camp to which I have now and then alluded. In that quarter the word was already being passed round: " If Brookfield isn't any good, we'd better get hold of some chap who is." When that view of the case was imparted to Frewen, however, he suggested that I should not be allowed to retire at all, and that a subscription should be started for the purpose of paying my election expenses. The chief of the rival Tories deprecated that idea, but agreed to summoning a meeting of the principal Conservatives of my division, which accordingly took place soon afterwards at the Carlton Club.

I always regarded what happened at that meeting as one of the most gratifying incidents in my political life. I was, of course, not present myself, but was told all that passed afterwards. Besides one rival Tory

there were twelve other persons present, who, both in character and in their standing as landowners, were unquestionably the flower of our part of Sussex. One of them, Mr. Courthope of Whiligh—who was perhaps as truly respected as anyone in the whole county—made a short speech in which he pointed out that I had paid all my own expenses in the last election, and "that it would never do to leave their Member in the lurch now," a phrase that was the key-note of everything that followed. The proposal to raise an election fund was carried by exactly twelve votes to one, upon which that one malcontent became converted too, and made a handsome contribution himself. Altogether the sum of £950 was promised on the spot, and the same afternoon a communication came from the Duchess of Cleveland, who had been told what was going on. She had heard that there was some difficulty about expenses, and very generously enclosed £500. On the evening of the following day, £1,670, or more than the whole amount required, had been provided.

I entered on my second contest with every confidence of success. My former opponent, Mr. Inderwick, was now a Liberal-Unionist, and gave me his full support. The Liberals who still stuck to Mr. Gladstone were called "Separatists," a term which in those simple times we could apply to them, without running the risk of offending any of our own valued friends, and the Separatist forces in the Rye Division were discouraged, bewildered, and demoralized, of which they had given one clear proof in having failed to induce any local candidate to come forward. My purple-and-orange posters urged the electors to vote for their "Friend and Neighbour."

The gentleman who had been selected to oppose me was Mr. George Julius de Reuter, the son of Baron Reuter, head of the great telegraph agency. He was a young man of only three-and-twenty, nominally a

barrister, and when on commencing the contest he came with his sister to call upon us at Leasam, to own the truth I took rather a fancy to him. Neither of us ever said anything disagreeable about the other at our meetings.

The chief fear I had in this election was, that from over-confidence my supporters would not go to the poll in sufficient numbers to win by a large majority, which was what I particularly wished to do. In the short time at my disposal I spoke, I think, every day and in almost every corner of the constituency. I was assisted by a great array of orators, both amateur and professional. One of them—there seemed to be some doubt as to which of these two categories he belonged—had a voice like a bull, altogether too loud for the little schoolroom in which I heard him speaking. The greatest noise he made was in repelling the charge of being " a hired agitator." The " man who says I ever received one penny for what I am doing for the cause," he bellowed, " tells A LIE ! " This meeting took place near Eridge, and when I related the incident that night in the smoking-room, Lord Abergavenny turned to a sort of A.D.C. retainer who was present, and asked him : " How much are we giving the chap ? Do you remember ? " " Thirty bob a week and his grub, my lord," was the answer.

At one little country town I was for some time annoyed by a local Radical, and at last said : " If this donkey is to be allowed to go on interrupting me——." " You've no right to come here and call your constituents ' donkeys,' " he shouted, interrupting me again. I said that I would put it to the meeting whether he was really a donkey or not ; and when I asked for a show of hands the question was unanimously decided in the affirmative. He behaved so quietly for the rest of the evening that the Chairman, in closing the meeting, said : " I really think that donkey deserves an armful of hay ! "

At Hollington, one of the suburbs of Hastings, I as usual had a disorderly, noisy meeting. I was received on my arrival with much "booing," and cries of "We've got the rope!" and a rough, waving about his arms excitedly, shouted: "You want to hang Chamberlain!" to which I replied: "I know! And now you want to hang him! How had we better manage it?" They were all a good deal puzzled to find so many of their former champions suddenly mixed up with the Tory party. At these Hollington meetings the chair was usually taken by Major Sir Archibald Lamb, formerly of the 2nd Life Guards, whose seat, Beauport Park, was in the same parish. For many years he and I had a close friendship, and nothing was pleasanter, after an evening's experience of what the papers would call "Disgraceful Rowdyism at Hollington," than to return with him to his house, which I so often made the base of my political operations. Some inherited peculiarities of temperament had combined with the circumstances of his domestic life to give a certain tinge of cynicism to his character; but throughout the long time I knew him I found him always a firm and generous-hearted friend, with much independence of judgement and a great deal of humour, which, with his knowledge of books and acquaintance with several interesting by-paths of general history, made him a most agreeable companion. His father and grandfather had both taken part in the Eglinton Tournament, and the armoury at Beauport contained many relics and memorials of that now nearly forgotten episode. Sir Archibald Lamb was unconventional in many of his ways and habits, and I believe that late in life he developed eccentricities which everyone deplored; but I have spoken of him as I knew him myself, when he was one of my kindest and staunchest friends. He was, I think, at his best when his sister, Mrs. Singleton, was staying with him. Under her *nom de plume* "Violet Fane" she

had written some clever and amusing novels, of which one of the most popular was *Sophie, or the Adventures of a Savage.* When she married a second time she became Lady Currie, and was a brilliant figure in the diplomatic world. "Brilliant" was just the word which best described her; and the happy combination of wit and beauty that she possessed was of a type that seemed to belong properly to a less prosaic age than the nineteenth century.

Although all this has been a digression, I think that I have already most likely said enough about my election meetings, and the various incidents and "humours" connected with them. The pleasantest and most important incident of all was the conclusion; for this time when I appeared on the balcony of the George Hotel at Rye with the Returning Officer, the figures he announced were:

Brookfield	4,592
Reuter	3,094
Majority, 1,498	

My young and enterprising opponent had, as I have said, impressed me favourably when I first made his acquaintance, and he had since conducted his campaign in a way to which it was impossible to take any exception. It was without my privity or sanction, therefore, that after the declaration of the poll the Ancient Town was placarded with the following squib:

"REUTER'S TELEGRAM.

"Dear Georgie, please come home to Mamma at once."

CHAPTER XXV

HOME LIFE IN OLD EAST SUSSEX

I PROPOSE for the present to leave political matters in order to say something of the sort of life I led in my Sussex home for exactly twenty years, and should very likely have continued to lead—had I been permitted to do so—until the end of my days. The accident of having commenced my public career at Rye had ended in our becoming strongly attached to that neighbourhood, though more especially to Leasam House, which had now become our own property, together with a very choice and convenient portion of the surrounding land. The position in which I had started my connection with the county had enabled me in several ways to take a place with regard to local affairs for which an ordinary stranger might have had to serve a pretty long apprenticeship; and I had been made a County Magistrate by a Whig Lord-Lieutenant, who was notorious for the difficulties he always raised against including in the commission anyone who was not of his own way of thinking. In some cases he could be inflexible, and I remember that of one unfortunate man, the head and front of whose offending was that he was not a Liberal, though it was also perfectly true that he was a person of extremely humble origin. With him the Lord-Lieutenant first employed his usual policy of indefinite procrastination, but being at last pinned down into making a definite decision, he told the applicant that he did not consider that it would be fair on the other Magistrates to appoint a gentleman who was suffering from any social disqualification. Probably no one

but a genuine Old Whig could have said such an unkind thing in exactly the words that would express it most plainly.

Perhaps some little description of the manners and customs prevailing forty years ago, in a very quiet and particularly old-fashioned corner of England, may present a few contrasts that may be of interest.

In nearly every gentleman's house the day commenced with family prayers, this observance being so generally followed that I can remember only one house of any importance in that part of Sussex where it was omitted. When it came to talking over plans for the day, it is curious to recall what a very important share our horses had in most of our arrangements. To visit someone who lived only twelve miles off meant that our horses would have to travel twenty-four miles. But by degrees people began to use bicycles for all sorts of expeditions. They were at first not viewed with favour by people who rode and drove, on the ground that they frightened the horses, which at first they certainly did. I recollect very well when ladies began to ride bicycles, and the private censure as well as the public derision which they at first had to face, though when those difficulties had been overcome a general rush to follow their example set in.

In our own neighbourhood, however, no changes were adopted without long deliberation, and very distinct survivals of early-Victorian ideas and customs were to be traced on every side. For that matter, the same might have been said of our own mode of life, and more especially of our entertainments. When we gave a dinner-party the number of guests we invited was usually limited to twelve, and as our people first arrived, some of the older-fashioned couples used to enter the drawing-room arm-in-arm. Our repasts leaned to the side of plenty rather than elegance. The table-cloth was always taken off before dessert. After dinner we used

to have a little music, one rubber of whist, and games such as "Halma" or "Crokinole." We always had tea served in the course of the evening, and no smoking took place except for a few moments after the ladies had left the dining-room, when "men only" were given the opportunity of smoking a cigarette. No doubt such an entertainment would be found extremely insipid now; but the standard of amusement in those days was still quite simple, and even the incidents of such a game as "Halma" would often elicit peals of laughter.

Continental ideas as to the best way of spending Sunday had not then made any progress in the rural districts, and as for ourselves we made a practice, during the twenty years we spent at Leasam, of always dining on Sunday in the middle of the day. I also never took out my horses, unless there was some very special reason for doing so; and I still recollect the annoyance I felt when a lady of exactly opposite views, who was staying with us, asked as she was retiring to rest one Saturday night, that she might have a carriage at some unearthly hour the following morning, to take her to an early morning service in Rye. I was in the habit, myself, of attending a little village church, where I used to read the lessons and collect the offertory in a large wooden plate. The hymn-book we used was the "Hymnal Companion," and the instrument with which the singing was accompanied was a small harmonium. We were seated in pews of the kind profanely called "horse-boxes," which abounded in earwigs and other specimens of the insect world. An owl could generally be seen dozing on a beam overhead. The incumbent, who preached in a Geneva gown, used to make merciless attacks on the unfortunate "Bishop of Rome," and now and then denounced the "Court" for its alleged subservience in that direction. I cannot say that any of these things really pleased me, but I may before long

find a better opportunity for saying something about such matters.

Though most of my neighbours and I did our best to keep the early-Victorian light burning, we had among us one old gentleman—Mr. Thomas Smith-Pix—who cherished much older traditions, and in fact belonged to an altogether more remote period. He had been born at about the same time that Pitt had died. Like Pitt himself, he had served in the Army for a few years as a Cornet, after which he had gone into the Rye Bank, with which he was in some way connected. When I knew him, however, he had long retired from business, and lived on his own estate, called Woodside. He hardly ever emerged from that retreat in order to go into society, but on the other hand used at regular intervals to entertain the same five or six friends there, and had been kind enough to admit me into this little circle.

Mr. Pix retained in his manners, phrases of speech, and in his costume, several traces of the days in which he had long before flourished. He was the last educated man I knew who occasionally said "you was," instead of "you were," and the first time I went to call upon him on my new bicycle he observed, in a perfectly natural tone: "So you have come over on your hobby-horse, I see!"

He seldom volunteered any information about the past, but with a little tact it was generally not difficult to make him do so. He one day mentioned a visit that he had paid to the Royal Academy in about the year 1825, when, as I recalled to mind a certain picture in which "Tom and Jerry" are represented doing the same, I asked "what kit" he had worn on that occasion. "Well," he replied, "I've no doubt that I wore boots" (by which of course he meant top-boots). "And spurs?" I inquired. "Oh yes. Boots and spurs, certainly."

When he sometimes told me things that had hap-

pened in the time of his parents, he naturally went back a great deal further. He once described how a friend of theirs had been robbed "by that fellow Jack Sheppard."

Mr. Pix told me something rather interesting about an old usage which it seemed had still existed during his early manhood. He had once paid a visit to his friend Sir Walter Burrell, who lived in Cumberland, and had taken with him, as a present, a haunch of Romney Marsh mutton. As soon as Sir Walter Burrell had been given the haunch he invited Mr. Pix into the kitchen, "to show him a sight he was never likely to see again"; and it proved to be that the cook, after spitting the haunch, set the spit in motion by means of a turnspit dog. Two of these animals were at hand, and as soon as the one at work in the cage (which was just above one side of the fire-place) showed signs of fatigue he was relieved by the other, and at once began lapping up a basinful of water.

The bachelor dinner-parties which Mr. Pix gave at Woodside were of a pattern almost as old as he was himself. We sat down at six o'clock. Everything was, of course, served from the table; and when there was anything roasted at one end, there was always something boiled at the other. I recollect, too, that the game used to be all served on one, or perhaps two, large dishes, and I have seen collected together in this way a brace of partridges, a leveret, and one or two snipe. Now and then the fare would include a black pudding. When the white cloth was removed the old mahogany table was still covered by the coloured cloth used in the daytime, an arrangement which I think I never saw anywhere else.

The Squire of Woodside was a particularly good judge of wine, though, being now somewhat of a valetudinarian, he drank hardly any himself. The port he gave us was always the very finest 1847 or 1834, and while we

were engaged in consuming it, he would sit by—in his black stock and high purple or bottle-green plush waisteoat—deseanting perhaps on the merits of other vintages with whieh he had onee been aequainted, sueh as those of 1803, 1820, or the " eomet " year. He used to exeuse himself for not doing more by saying that he was obliged to observe the utmost eaution.

Those who most often took part in these symposia—a well-known baronet, a sporting doetor, and my friend and neighbour Mr. Burra—were all well past middle life. I was the only guest who was less than fifty, and however mueh of Mr. Pix's port we may have disposed of, our proeeedings were usually marked by the strietest deeorum. On one oeeasion, however—when fortunately or otherwise I had been unable to attend—an ineident oeeurred whieh rather suggested a relapse into the good old days of a former generation.

My plaee had been taken by the agent to the estate, and at a late stage of the evening he made some allusion to a eertain " odd bin " in the Squire's eellar, whieh was reserved for all bottles that had no seal, label, or other indieation of what they eontained. The greatest euriosity was expressed on this matter, and in the end Mr. Pix was persuaded to let his red-waistcoated old butler deseend to the eellar with his basket, and bring baek five bottles of whatever he might find that the " odd bin " held, and eaeh guest undertook that, whatever that might prove to be, he would drink the eontents of whiehever bottle should fall to him by lot. When this last arrangement was earried out, the gentleman who had won the right to ehoose first proved to be the most unfortunate of the whole party, for, deeeived by the eneouraging ruby hue that he saw shining through one of the bottles, he elected to make a eloser aequaintanee with it and thus found himself eondemned to swallow a quart of raspberry vinegar. Someone else had to drink a bottle of very flat old ale.

Two of the others came in for port, though it was so old as to have altogether lost any distinctive flavour. Of the various drinkables which the "odd bin" that night yielded, only one was found to be more or less palatable, and curious to relate, Mr. Pix pronounced it to be some Tarragona, which his mother had once bought to give to aged or infirm villagers. It must of necessity have been at least twenty-five years old.

Our neighbours in every rank of life had a decided partiality for anything in the nature of port, and on market-day, in some of the shops in Rye, decanters stood on the counters, from which the humbler class of customers who felt in need of a stimulant were expected to help themselves.

All these things went on long before Rye had become a great golf centre, or otherwise known to the more modern portion of the world. We were fond of it in its old character, and while we took part in all the usual amenities the place offered, we became more and more attached to our own home. Four of our children were born there. We had a charming old-fashioned garden, some exceptionally interesting trees, a library that met most of our requirements, and though every now and then people would ask, What in the world I found to do at such a place as Rye? the truth is that nowhere else did I ever find so little difficulty in agreeably occupying my time.

CHAPTER XXVI

A LITTLE ABOUT AGRICULTURE AND SPORT

When we settled down in East Sussex the agricultural depression, which had commenced in 1874, and already ruined several of the arable-farming estates in Essex and elsewhere, was beginning to be severely felt in our part of England too, and one indirect effect of this which I noticed was a certain perceptible decline in the personal influence of the landed gentry, especially those whose incomes mainly depended on the rent they got from their farms. On the other hand, there lived in our neighbourhood one landowner—much respected and even beloved—who met the bad times in such a way that his influence, instead of diminishing, certainly increased. Sir Anchitel Ashburnham's estate was, comparatively speaking, small, and in the best of times only yielded him a moderate income ; but it had belonged to his family for many generations, and he probably never even thought of parting with it. What he did when the price of wheat and other farming commodities sank to an unremunerative point was at once to begin leading a life of the utmost simplicity and self-denial, and thus " cut his coat according to his cloth " ; and though this involved the sacrifice of all sorts of comforts and pleasures which most men in his place would have regarded as necessities, he always seemed to be perfectly cheerful and contented, and there was at the same time no one whose advice was so frequently asked for, and afterwards followed, by people in every walk of life. He was given the agency of two or three important estates, and he was also the

landlord to whom I referred in a former chapter, whose labourers cheered him and drank his health when he told them that he had to reduce their wages. The example of Sir Anchitel Ashburnham often reminded me of a remark to be found in Froude's *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, that the English aristocracy " might recover their ascendancy to-morrow, were they to become Spartan in their private habits."

When I hunted with the East Sussex hounds I often met Sir Thomas (afterwards Lord) Brassey. His father and mine had once been acquainted, and either on that ground, or in accordance with his favourite attitude as a moderate man opposed to all party bitterness, he always chose to treat me in an apparently friendly way. The views he imparted to me were generally of a mildly Conservative type, and when the cry of " three acres and a cow " was at its height, he used to shake his head solemnly and say : " Yes, but query, Will ' Hodge ' swallow it ? Will ' Hodge ' swallow it ? " On another occasion, just when it had been decided to bring out a Liberal candidate, he came up to me with an air of sincere distress and exclaimed : " What a mistake our people are making in opposing you ! " As I knew that he was himself subscribing £1,000 for that purpose, and that he was furthermore presiding at a meeting of " his people " that night, I suggested that he should repeat what he had just said on the platform.

One day, when out with the East Sussex, I put my horse at a hornbeam hedge, the dead leaves of which concealed some wire, and had a fall that for a few moments deprived me of my senses. I remember that, when I recovered consciousness, the first face my gaze encountered was that of Lord Brassey, who was certainly giving me every attention in his power. Once, too, he gave me a mount on a favourite hunter of his own called " Minister." Notwithstanding all this

politeness and kindness, however, there was always on both sides a considerable reserve of distrust.

I have alluded to my hunting experiences as bringing me into more or less amicable contact with my principal opponent, but as sporting chronicles they are hardly worthy of any mention. I, in fact, only possessed one regular hunter—a clever old chestnut horse called "The Cat"—and the adventures we had together were of the usual kind which has been so frequently described. Our country contained plenty of foxes, but a large proportion of it being woodland, we often spent the whole day in looking for them. I recollect how, one day, in Battle Great Wood, Orvis the Huntsman referred to this difficulty, when in his clear, ringing voice, though with a distressing confusion of metaphors, he declared that it was "just for all the world like looking for a white elephant in a bundle of hay!"

At Leasam we had nothing large enough to dignify with the name of covers, but now and then a fox established himself temporarily in one of our big rabbit-burrows which took the place of game preserves, and it was in that way that I saw confirmed a rather pleasing tradition of which I had heard as to a fox's regard for the unwritten laws of hospitality. The tradition (perhaps only a local one) was, that when a fox chooses a place of that sort for his abode, he refrains from eating the rabbits whose retreat he is sharing, and takes the trouble to go elsewhere for any supplies of that kind that he may require. This was certainly what a fox who was under my own observation did, though I must admit that he may have acted from mixed motives, as the hounds one day found him near a poultry-farm some three miles off. They then ran him back to his place of refuge, where he was dug out; and, in the end, having given him only a moderate chance of escape, the master, Charles Egerton, soon afterwards was able to hand his brush to one of my daughters.

Our modest demesne providing such an abundant supply of rabbits, I acquired a certain proficiency in shooting those particular animals, but always remained a wretchedly poor game-shot. This partly accounted for the fact that I detested formal battues where I often shot worse than anyone else, and enjoyed every form of rough shooting, in which I could to some extent hold my own. At the same time I always thought that a great part of the real sport of shooting consisted in first looking for the game without knowing what it would prove to be, and then finding it in a natural state of wildness.

Most sportsmen of the present day have probably never heard with what scorn "battue-shooting" was ridiculed when it was first imported into England from the Continent. It triumphed over the ridicule, not because it provided better sport, but because it provided more shooting, and in my very humble opinion it marked a distinct decadence in that sporting spirit which had been until then above any suspicion or reproach. When I was living in Sussex a curious scene was enacted at a grand "pheasant-shoot" in the same county. It was a very smart occasion, and the beaters were all wearing new red-and-white Tam-o'-Shanters. The instructions they had received were at once simple and mysterious. Whenever they came upon a flower-pot they were to kick it over! And each time they did so a pheasant—sent down from London the same morning—was released from imprisonment and allowed a little country air before being shot. A curious anti-climax came when the guns were all assembled round the "point" of the principal cover, and what is called a "bouquet" was being arranged. The flower-pots had all been overturned, the line of beaters had come to a halt, everyone was silent, when suddenly the voice of a keeper was heard to ask with much anxiety: "Jim! Have you got the nippers?" When the nippers had

been found a huge hamper was opened, and the long-expected cloud of birds duly soared into the air.

One little thing which I disliked at the shooting-parties at some of the grander establishments—such as the one where the "flower-pot" incident occurred—was the unnecessarily wide social gulf that seemed to be fixed between the "guns" and everyone else who ministered to their enjoyment. In the much pleasanter "shoots" I had with my more intimate friends, our relations with those who attended on us were more characteristic of earlier times, when country gentlemen deemed it unnecessary to be constantly demonstrating their importance to people among whom their daily lives were spent, and my experience was that men we knew and talked to made more useful beaters than those who were simply herded about like machines. I recollect how, one day, the head keeper at a great house addressed the assembled guns with "My Lords and Gentlemen, will you kindly come this way?" and then, turning to the crowd of beaters, he went on: "Chaps! You go along with that man over the stile yonder!" He might very easily have put this more pleasantly, though again he might have done worse if he had followed the example of Dr. Robertson, the famous Brighton preacher, who once began his address, in opening a Mechanics' Institute, with these words: "Working men! Why do I not call you 'Gentlemen'? Because you are *not* gentlemen!"

As for the kind of shooting that I liked myself, I found not long ago a memorandum of two days' sport which I particularly enjoyed nearly forty years ago, and I think that I will venture to subjoin it. With five guns our bag for the first day was: 67 pheasants, 2 woodcock, 5 duck, 1 pigeon, and 143 rabbits. For the following day: 73 pheasants, 15 hares, 57 rabbits, 1 snipe, and a jay. At one time the miscellaneous items used occasionally to include a few quail.

I used to think that the incidents of their calling made gamekeepers a rather hard, saturnine race, prone to suspicion and cynicism. They took their own professional view of nature and of some of its most beautiful objects. One of the prettiest little sights of its kind that I ever saw was a female hedgehog playing in the middle of a country lane with her young one, whom she was chasing round and round in circles. I described this to a keeper whom I met a few minutes later, upon which he only gave a gloomy frown, and observed that hedgehogs were " terrible mis*che*vious creatures." On the other hand, I once heard a keeper make a rather interesting remark in defence of donkeys, against whom he had no reason for feeling any prejudice. " They may call them ' donkeys,' " he said—though evidently with some disapproval—" but I've known some of them sensible animals, too ! "

County Justices are often supposed to be severe in dealing with poachers, though such is not the opinion of people really familiar with country life ; the truth being, that although they are apt to take a prejudiced view of the nature of poaching as an offence, yet when it comes to the question of punishment, they are usually a good deal more lenient than stipendiary Magistrates—a fact of which the poachers themselves are very well aware. At one Bench in my division there was nevertheless a local Squire who gave the opposite impression. He made a point of generally attending Petty Sessions, though, being almost stone-deaf, he very properly refrained from deciding any cases himself. When a poaching case was being heard, however, he was in the habit of saying to his brother-justices in a " stage whisper " that everyone could hear, " Give it him hot ! " and he was sometimes greeted with this phrase when he appeared on the political platform in my support.

At another Bench a curious and rather unpleasant incident occurred. One of the Magistrates had by

some inadvertence failed to take out a licence for one of his keepers, and this having been reported, he had been served with a summons. When his fellow-magistrates heard the case they thought it their duty to convict and inflict a fine in the usual way, though they felt annoyed at having to do so, as it was evident that the law had first been set in motion with a malicious object, and probably out of some personal spite. When the case had been decided and the spectators had all trooped out of Court, the Chairman turned to the Superintendent of Police and said: "And now I want you to tell me who the cowardly skunk was who laid that information." The Superintendent, standing up at the Solicitors' table in his blue frock-coat, looked greatly embarrassed, but being severely pressed for a reply, at last faltered, "It was your son, your Worship!"

This was what in popular language is called a "facer." It reminds me of something a little of the same kind, though less serious, that occurred one day out shooting, when our host, angered by the stupidity of a lad who had been acting as a "stop," shouted to his keeper, "Who is this great clumsy, pudding-faced boy?" The reply was, "He's my son, sir."

CHAPTER XXVII

THE OLD COUNTRY CLERGY

In the country life I have been trying to describe the clergy took such an important part that, before leaving the subject, I should like to say something more about them. The general tone and atmosphere which prevailed in our corner of Sussex were so old-fashioned that it would have seemed to me quite natural to have found the churches not only furnished with high pews, "three-decker" pulpits, and the Ten Commandments painted on white wooden boards—which was, in fact, the case in a good many places—but with a scarlet-coated beadle keeping the boys in order with a cane, and the seats filled everywhere by the whole manhood of the parish. But a simple change in the Poor-laws had done away with beadles; and agricultural depression had indirectly made it impossible for the farmers to insist on their labourers' attendance at church. The depression had begun to be acute in 1874, and it was significant that the last agreement between landlord and tenant that I heard of, in which the tenant covenanted to go to church himself and do his best to make his labourers do the same, was dated in the same year.

I knew two or three old clergymen who had begun their ministry when the old dispensation was in full swing. One of them remembered when in his own parish the institution formerly known as the "Village Choir" was still in existence, and although it was among the last survivals of its kind in England, and was showing many signs of decrepitude, he had still found much difficulty in arranging for its peaceful extinction.

It had mainly consisted of a reed-and-string band, which included two fiddles, a flute, flageolet, bassoon, and violoncello—though I was disappointed to hear that there had never been any "serpent"—and this orchestra used to be ensconced in the gallery of the church, under the leadership of the village blacksmith, whose duty, or rather whose privilege, it was to announce the hymns or "Tait and Brady" psalms, and then strike the necessary key-note with a tuning-fork. This and other vested interests which the village choir had created made the policy of sweeping it away a very unpopular one.

A feature under the old regime which lasted a good deal longer was the Parish Clerk; generally elderly, prim in his respectability, and apt to be something of "a character." I heard of one who, being enthusiastically loyal to the Squire and his family, was inclined to suspect a certain newly appointed Rector of not being sufficiently impressed with their importance. The Squire had not long before married a lady of title, and one of the first duties the new Rector had to perform was when she came to be churched after her first confinement. The Clerk, though evidently ready to take umbrage all through the service, did not find a chance to seize till near the end, and then, when the Rector said the words, "O Lord, save this woman, Thy servant!" the old man craned his neck round to the reading-desk behind him, and responded in a tone full of reproof: "Who putteth *her ladyship's* trust in Thee!"

I sometimes noticed that in their manners and way of dealing with their parishioners the older clergy did not seem to make due allowance for the social changes which had been brought about, chiefly as the result of compulsory education, but preserved very much the same parental attitude that we now rather associate with divines like the Vicar of Wakefield. I remember

one aged incumbent who, when a little group of villagers assembled round the font told him that they wished the baby they had brought there to be christened "Gwendolyn Ethel," replied, "Nonsense! I shall call her 'Mary'"; which he thereupon did.

I once heard the old Vicar who took this somewhat high-handed action allude to the incident himself; but he only did so in a jocular manner. Quiet humour was rather a characteristic of the old race of parsons, and I more than once noticed that they had recourse to it when they were in some situation as to which they felt a little uncertain of the ground that they were taking up.

I knew another representative of the same school who, in spite of his advanced age and an unusual gravity of countenance, habitually indulged in witticisms with his parishioners, most of whom he had known from their infancy. He carried this propensity so far that he was occasionally facetious even in the pulpit, and was celebrated for having once introduced a pun into one of his discourses. He was reproving the conduct of the young labourers of his parish, who a few days before had all left their work in order to follow a pack of harriers which had suddenly appeared in the neighbourhood, and one of his observations was: "I suppose you said to yourselves, 'This is the *hare*, come, let us kill him!'"

It is, after all, quite natural that when an incumbent remains in the same village for the greater part of a very long life he should develop a few tendencies that everybody else will call eccentricities, and it is fortunate for the community in which such a man is settled if they are only of a harmless kind, not incompatible with the due performance of his principal duties. A clergyman, too, may have many worse faults than mere eccentricity, which everyone knows may go hand in hand with the highest merit.

Every country parson should certainly take an interest in agriculture, but in the case of one of them, who for some time held a living in my division of Sussex, that interest took the form of engaging in farming pursuits so closely himself that he was left with hardly any time to attend to anything else. Of the many incongruous and unseemly things that he was accused of doing I can at this moment recollect only one. The vestry in his church was at the west end of the building, and when he came in to conduct service he had to pass up the aisle. One Sunday, as he was doing this, he stopped at one of the high pews in which his manure-merchant was sitting, and said to him in a voice that was certainly heard by others as well: "I say! You couldn't let me have a couple of tons of rape-dust some time before Tuesday morning, could you?"

It would not be fair to include a character of this sort amongst the "old-fashioned" clergy of that day, with whom he had little or nothing in common. He resembled more some much earlier type, perhaps the one to which Fielding's Parson Trulliber belonged.

Another Sussex parish, however, was afflicted with a still more unsatisfactory kind of pastor. He had once been a smart Eton cricketer, and had begun even his clerical career with a certain éclat. But he was an example of the complete demoralization that may overtake a man who, having to spend his whole life in a small village, is without the force of character to find either duties or recreations with which to occupy his time. He was the more isolated through there being no Squire with whom to associate, and he constantly quarrelled with the two or three people who tried to help him in church matters. He used to forget the dates of important church festivals, and caused much scandal by being absent on one occasion when the body of a child was waiting to be buried.

The parish was too small to justify his keeping a curate, but when the Sabbath Day approached he was in the habit of visiting Hastings, for which he had a partiality, and if he could there fall in with some clerical visitor, he would without hesitation ask him to take his place on the following Sunday, and if he consented, would himself spend that day in Hastings. Once, when he was searching for a locum tenens of this kind, he saw someone wearing a white necktie, sitting on one of the benches on the pier, upon which he went up to him, and after some little preamble made his usual proposal. But the person in the white neck-tie proved to be only a very respectable waiter, employed by a local confectioner to assist at parties in the neighbourhood, and therefore not qualified to fall in with the plan. Many more or less similar stories were told of this very discreditable representative of the cloth. The other clergy had found rather an ingenious nickname for him. They called him " Old England," on the ground that he " expected every man to do his duty."

The Bishop of the diocese in my time was Dr. Durnford, and considering that he had been born in the year 1802, his physical activity and the vigour of his mental powers were both very remarkable. He was a High Churchman of the more moderate stamp which had followed the Oxford Movement, and the majority of his clergy followed in the same path. Comparatively few were among those advanced spirits who, to quote an expression once used by Carlyle, were " just boring a hole in the bottom of the Church of England," but there were a good many who—generally more from laziness than on doctrinal grounds—persevered in conducting their services in nearly the same way that had prevailed fifty years before, and keeping their churches in much the same condition. I once had occasion to visit, on a weekday, a place of that description. It had the initial disadvantage of being

inconveniently far from most of the parishioners' houses, while the spot where it actually stood was in the stable-yard of a very amiable Peer who happened to be a Roman Catholic. These drawbacks did not seem to have stimulated any exertions to counterbalance them, and the pretty little church was in a most untidy, not to say neglected, state. There was an almost phenomenal array of cobwebs, though I forgot to notice if the poor-box was shrouded with the same material, in the way that Hogarth was fond of suggesting. I saw, however, something quite as significant when, chancing to look into one of the pews, I met the anxious and indignant eye of a sitting hen, installed there with her clutch of eggs.

Some portion of Romney Marsh, or of the country immediately adjoining it, is included in the Rye Division, and the whole great tract of grazing-land contains some exceedingly quaint little churches. I remember one in which I once or twice attended service that was remarkable for a barbarism in the way of art, very characteristic of the by no means remote age in which it had been perpetrated. It consisted of a wooden painting, forming a complement to the Ten Commandments, and intended for full-length portraits of Moses and Aaron. They had originally been depicted simply wearing the traditional robes, but the lower part of the picture having become effaced by dampness, what used to be known as a " passing limner " had been called in to repair the damage, and he had done so by supplying each of the two figures with a pair of mahogany-topped boots and spurs.

It was the custom sometimes to allude to " Marsh Parsons " as if they belonged to some quite strange species of mankind, though the specific singularity most often attributed to them was nothing more extraordinary than a certain fondness for following the Romney Marsh Harriers. For my own part, I

liked them for the sensible way in which they seemed to make the best of having to live in what some wit of former times used to call "the fifth quarter of the globe."

At the beginning of this chapter I made some reference to the old system under which nearly all the labourers in the villages used to go regularly to church. The clergy in general were much disheartened to find that, as soon as it became necessary to leave such matters to the men's own decision, most of them gradually gave up going to church at all. In one good-sized parish, however, it was observed, not only that the church was always full on Sunday but that nearly everything else in the daily life of the inhabitants was arranged in exact accordance with the wishes of the Vicar. He was a man of decided intelligence and inflexible principles, with strong opinions as to what a model village community should be; but the true explanation of his success lay in the fact that he devoted the greater part of a considerable private fortune to carrying his views into effect. Mainly by that means he had established in his village a mild, benevolent, but at the same time very complete despotism; and though he relied on rewards more than punishments, and held doctrines rather better understood in the North of Ireland than anywhere else, yet in other respects—especially in "thoroughness"—his system bore a certain modest resemblance to that of Archbishop Laud.

I had opportunities of observing its operation when it was just at its zenith. I recollect once attending the annual fête of a Benefit Society in the Vicar's parish, when the whole proceedings were evidently under his direction. They commenced—as they used to do in most other places—with a special service at the parish church, though after he had preached and pronounced the blessing, his ascendancy by no means came to

an end. Attired in cap and gown and with me at his side—the church bells ringing, and the Benefit Society officials dressed out in their regalia and carrying banners—the Vicar placed himself at the head of a long procession of villagers, and when we had all marched with a brass band to the marquee where dinner was prepared, took the chair at the feast, carved some of the huge joints, made good-humoured but dignified jokes with those around him, and when the time came for speeches, arranged all the toasts and responses. He displayed much the same unquestioned authority at every social or political gathering at which he appeared. The Squire, who had a good deal of business to attend to in London, gave him any support that he asked for, but never seemed inclined to contest a supremacy which, among other things, saved him a considerable amount of trouble.

But the most important influence which the Vicar exercised was in connection with the spiritual charge with which he was entrusted. Whatever his exhortations may have been, and whatever the methods he employed to make them more cogent, there could be no doubt that he ruled over a very well-behaved community. From the Church standpoint his parish had, for its size, a larger number of communicants than any other in the diocese, and such a constant stream of candidates for confirmation that the Bishop used to make public references to the fact. At least one Nonconformist chapel had been obliged to close its doors. From the view of civic morals there was no crime, rather less than the usual amount of drunkenness, no serious poverty, and in the winter no dearth of coal, blankets, and other similar comforts for all who chose to comply with certain formalities that were held to be the right preliminaries to enjoying such good things.

If the worthy man who had founded this system was aware that it had some objectionable features he

may have told himself that the end justified the means ; and he may have reflected, furthermore, that he was building up such a strong edifice, that in time it would be able to stand without any artificial props. But he unfortunately died sooner than he might reasonably have expected, and then—so I always heard—the greater part of the structure he had raised soon tottered and fell. Passing the village myself not long afterwards, I noticed a very significant sort of spring cleaning going on at the dissenting chapel.

The great majority of the clergy in our division were supporters of mine, but there was no one among them whose support I more appreciated, or for whom I had a higher personal regard, than the Rev. James Lee-Warner. He had an attractive estate of his own in Norfolk, and had also been an exceptionally busy Oxford don. Yet from the moment he accepted the living of Beckley, a few miles from Rye, he entered upon his parish work as if it occupied his thoughts above anything else. In settling various difficulties and getting everything into excellent order, he revealed a tact and largeness of mind which in my opinion showed him to be exactly fitted for higher preferment ; but nothing of the kind was ever offered to him. In politics he was a Liberal-Unionist, which might have helped him, but he unfortunately held moderate or " broad " views in Church matters also, and that no doubt explained the fact that his undoubted merits were always ignored.

Perhaps, however, the clergy who really deserved the most sympathy and credit were the ordinary rank and file, who, thoroughly convinced that no sort of promotion was in store for them, plodded on just the same from year to year at the same round of obscure, monotonous duty. I used to feel a warm admiration for men of that stamp, especially when, as was sometimes the case, they were not only poor themselves, but had no rich layman in their parish to come to their assistance. It

was truly astonishing to see how men in such circumstances would still contrive to build the Parish Room, buy the new organ, or, in short, do whatever they deemed to be required.

If the average country clergyman of former times has to be judged by present-day standards, it may be admitted at once that he paid a very insufficient attention to his church and to its services. Yet it was no doubt partly owing to his dereliction in that respect that he was able to devote a very considerable portion of his time to the duty of looking after the everyday life and welfare of his parishioners; and though certainly by no means an ideal "priest," the old-fashioned "parson" had both a moral and a social influence which —at least in their day—were altogether an advantage to the community.

CHAPTER XXVIII

EARLY DAYS IN THE COMMONS

Not long after I entered Parliament we found it desirable to give up our house in London ; and when my duties called me there I took to going up alone, and only spending the end of the week, and sometimes Wednesday evening, at home. We had made this change of arrangements with reluctance, but had been mainly impelled to it by a consideration to which our Sussex gardener one day alluded, when, in asking authority to plant a larger quantity of potatoes, he observed : " You see, sir, your family don't seem to grow no smaller."

In the House of Commons one of the first friendships I made was with Mr. Arthur Baumann, who sat for the Peckham division of Camberwell. Though he had not then made the reputation as a brilliant publicist which he was to acquire later, he was already known to his intimates as a very able, very clever, and very agreeable man. In matters of business, whether political or of the ordinary kind, he had a cool, clear-sighted judgement, but was at his best when discussing literary questions, with respect to which he always had a decided gift for sound criticism. As a speaker, when I first knew him he had not yet made his mark, but he was a very entertaining talker, and used to enliven his conversation with a sort of light but rather caustic humour in which he excelled. Whatever he either said or wrote was sure to be expressed in neat, scholarly English, his skilful employment of which I from the first regarded as one of his happiest accomplishments.

When Baumann came into the House of Commons

many of the inner realities of political life displeased him and exeited his contempt. I fancied, too, that he was dissatisfied at not finding more opportunities of speaking, and it was in that connection that I once played him an ill-natured trick. The story has often been related by others, but perhaps for that very reason I had better try to tell it myself.

I was sitting next to Baumann one evening during a debate, and he had in vain risen more than once in the hope of being called upon to speak. I must confess to having then handed him a slip of paper—as if it had been passed in by one of the attendants—on which, written in pencil, were the words : " If you are quite ready I will call on you next." The initials that followed were not unlike my own, but bore a still closer resemblance to those of the Speaker, Mr. A. W. Peel. Directly Baumann had read this treacherous communication, he asked me to fetch him a glass of water, and I had hardly done so when the Member who had been speaking hitherto having sat down, he rose, and without waiting for any signal from the Speaker, began to address the House. Upon this he was called to order, and when soon afterwards he thought he saw his opportunity again, the same thing happened a second time. I then thought the joke had gone far enough, and was just thinking how to bring it to an end, when Baumann somehow slipped from my side, and I next saw him in private conference with the Speaker, whose face disclosed the deepest indignation. He vented a good deal of it on the perfectly innocent victim who was only mildly telling him what appeared to have happened, and peremptorily ordered him to produce the " scrap of paper," which was by this time lying on the floor near me. No doubt I ought to have swallowed it, instead of which I hastily manufactured what was in all respects a replica, except that it bore my own signature in full, and this second scrap I contrived that Baumann should

find. He took it to the Speaker, and told him very truly that in his haste he had not particularly noticed the signature before.

I next had to go to the Speaker myself, but although I began by making him an unqualified apology, and ended with a very humble request for his forgiveness, I found that his anger was not to be appeased. In large matters of importance he was one of the most just, reasonable, and high-minded of men, but he had at the same time an extremely sensitive temperament, and when annoyed by any cause—even a petty one—that seemed to him to conflict with his personal dignity, he was apt to reveal an irritability quite out of keeping with his usual benevolent and stately demeanour. On the occasion which I am describing he listened to what I had to say with manifest impatience, and when I finished by asking him to overlook my offence, only said: "That will be a matter for the House to decide. It is out of my hands!" He in fact reported the whole affair to the Leader of the House (then Sir Michael Hicks-Beach), informing him, in addition, that he had never been so insulted in his life!

Exactly what followed I was only able to surmise. No further action was ever taken against me, though I heard, on very good authority, that before Mr. Speaker finally consented to that course he had been reminded of some mild parliamentary peccadillo which it was discovered he had once committed himself. I may add that he did not seem to cherish his resentment very long, and that after I had settled down into less wayward courses, he often showed me a consideration which I much appreciated.

At the particular period which I have been recalling I was in a restless and discontented frame of mind, and when I confided these symptoms to Baumann—who in spite of the shabby treatment he had received from me remained my friend—he observed with characteristic

composure that the great mistake we had both made had been in joining the Conservative party. As in saying this his allusion to what we had done was evidently only made from the standpoint of expediency, I think that he was probably right, but there was no danger that considerations of that sort would have led either of us into the Radical camp. If they had done so the sole credentials that I could have produced in that quarter would have been the sentiments I was beginning to cherish with regard to the " bloated aristocracy " in one corner of my constituency, where the attitude of a certain little coterie continued to give me a good deal of annoyance. They had never as yet declared open war, but I was constantly suffering from guerrilla operations which they conducted. Their influence was still formidable, and one of their number being the Chief Whip of our party, it will perhaps be seen that my uneasiness about them was not merely due to monomania. I may show a little later how their attacks at last came to an end.

Soon after the incident in which the Speaker, Baumann, and I were concerned, some work that suited me came in my way, and eventually occupied a good deal of my attention. I had noticed that when the Army Estimates were taken the retired officers and others who joined in the debate evidently did so without any prearranged plans or common groundwork of policy. The remedy for this seemed to be a committee, in which matters could be discussed and plans agreed upon beforehand, and I found on inquiry that a Military Members' Committee was said to exist, but that it was in a moribund state, while the very old Member who had always presided over it had himself lately died. I took a good deal of interest in reviving this committee, or rather in organizing an entirely new one in its place. We admitted Naval as well as Military Members, and a Marine (the late Sir John Colomb) took a very active

part in our discussions. Almost at once we had regular and well-attended meetings. We called ourselves "The Service Members' Committee," and chose for our first Chairman Sir James Fergusson, a Privy Councillor and former Colonial Governor who was just the stamp of man we required. He had first been returned to Parliament when, as a very young Guardsman, he was lying badly wounded at the seat of war in the Crimea; he had afterwards held high office in Australia and in India, and then, coming back to the House of Commons, he was after a few years made Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and finally Postmaster-General. His very interesting career ended tragically in 1907, when he was unfortunately visiting Jamaica and perished in the earthquake there.

The Service Members' Committee elected me their Honorary Secretary, a position I filled for several years and did not at any time find a sinecure. Any but the briefest glance at our proceedings would no doubt be only found fatiguing; otherwise I could show that some of the work we did was of considerable practical value, and it is certainly the case that successive Secretaries of State for War paid us the compliment of now and then asking us for our opinion of the measures they had in view. The qualifications for belonging to our Committee were not in any way framed on a party basis, and it was instructive to see how, in the mild atmosphere of a committee-room, the needs of the two services could be debated with good sense and at the same time good temper. Arnold-Forster (who attended in his capacity as a Militia officer) was, I think, our most lively orator. The older-fashioned military members at first looked at him rather askance, but there was at that time on both sides of the House a conviction that something was very wrong with our Army system; and though the typical retired Colonels either would not or could not do much in the way of

eritieism themselves, they gradually learnt to enjoy hearing a man of Arnold-Forster's ability and fearlessness say some of the severe things which they only thought. Sir Charles Dilke—though not eligible to become a member of the Committee—had been invited by a special resolution to attend our meetings. He generally associated himself with the opinions expressed by Arnold-Forster ; but his favourite habit was to avoid professional details, whieh he professed not to understand, and eonfine himself to a few broad, main prineiples, which he used to enforee with great clearness and eonsiderable taet. The present Earl of Derby, then Lord Stanley, took an active part in the work of the Service Members' Committee. My reeolleetion of him at that time is that he appeared eautious rather beyond his years in matters of poliey, and that he espeeially distrusted that feature in our regulations whieh admitted the few ex-service men who were Liberals to membership. When he had once taken up any parti-eular line he used to show a remarkable tenaeity in adhering to it.

I had all this time been busy in eonneetion with a matter very different to the one of which I have just been speaking. My eonstituents were infinitely more interested in hops, and far from trying to divert them from that subject, I had in my speeches and eleetion addresses constantly reminded them of it, and had promised to do all I eould for what I considered their most staple agricultural product. I shall at this point resist the temptation to introduce a short essay on the Hop Industry, and only say, instead, that I know of no other in this country that provides, under healthy, happy, and highly picturesque conditions, so much employment. As for the measures which I advoeated forty years ago for preserving the Hop Industry, it is satisfactory to me to refleet that they have all been adopted, one by one, since I dropped

out of the race. At the time I first suggested them they were not received with any favour in official quarters. In 1887 I introduced a very large deputation of hop-growers to the Prime Minister, who was courteous, even sympathetic, but studiously vague. In 1888 I brought a similar body to see the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was only coldly civil, quite unsympathetic, and plain in his determination to do nothing for us. But in 1889 I succeeded in carrying a motion in the House of Commons for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the condition of the Hop Industry. My chief fear on that occasion was that we might be unable to "keep a house," the only Members very greatly interested in the motion being the representatives of the six counties where hops happened to be grown. I was, however, supported by several of the Service Members' Committee and other personal friends, among them the present Lord Darling, who then sat for Deptford. He not only helped by his presence to defeat a "count," but without hesitation joined in the debate, though it was to a large extent technical. I recollect very well the exordium of his speech. Some references had been made to the *aphis* and other mischievous insects, and when Darling followed a rather didactic person who had been speaking on the other side, he began by saying: "The Honourable Member who has just sat down reminds me of one of those minute pests which have been described as so destructive to the industry that we are discussing."

Soon after the appointment of the Select Committee, "The National Association of English Hop-Growers" came into existence, and did me the honour of making me their President. We also started a paper of our own, called *The Hop-grower*.

In thus trying to explain how I settled down to the two branches of work which afterwards occupied most of my attention in Parliament, I hope that I have not

been unduly tedious. My activities in connection with the Hop Industry were a good deal more succinctly described by Mr. (afterwards Sir Arthur) Griffith-Boscawen, a future Minister of Agriculture who then sat for the Tunbridge Wells division of Kent. "There is no doubt," he one day said to me, "that you've 'made a big splash' with those old hops of yours!"

The most important event that happened during my second Parliament was Queen Victoria's Jubilee, duly celebrated in 1887. The State pageantry, the Naval and Military displays, and no doubt many other items, were all carried out successfully, but I still thought that such a really glorious and unique occasion would have been more fittingly honoured if a greater amount of imagination had been employed in making some of the arrangements, and that above all they should have suggested a more personal note. The Jubilee celebrations were a fine demonstration of loyalty to "the Crown," but I thought that the means taken to revive the old enthusiasm for the Queen herself, and to welcome her from the seclusion in which she had so long remained, were on the whole inadequate. The personal "touch" was, however, certainly not wanting at the principal ceremony at Westminster Abbey, especially when Her Majesty was seen to give way to her emotion by shedding a few quiet tears.

One important Jubilee celebration was a Royal review of the fleet at Spithead, when one of the old Indian troop-ships was provided for the use of Members of Parliament and some others in official positions, with their families. It was then, I think, that the old training-brigs made their last appearance as an integral part of the Royal Navy. We saw them pretty close, their yards manned, and they made a very impressive, yet in its way pathetic spectacle. After the review there was a rush to catch a special train that was waiting for us, and my wife and I thought

ourselves lucky to find seats in a third-class carriage just before the train moved off. The Hon. William Lowther and Mrs. Lowther were crowded in at about the same time, and so was some Australian magnate. He had much the general appearance of the millionaires usually depicted in caricatures, or in a Drury Lane melodrama, and seemed afraid that his dignity might suffer by travelling in such a humble vehicle as the one in which he found himself. He presently called out to a lady who had been squeezed in at some little distance from him: "I say, my dear! They'd have a fine laugh at us in Sydney if they knew we'd been seen riding in a third-class carriage!" Upon which Mr. Lowther, in acid but polished tones, said to him: "I think, sir, that we ought all to feel very much obliged to you for so kindly joining us."

The Queen also held a military review at Aldershot, when I was allowed to bring my battalion of Volunteers to take part in the proceedings. Two other Members—Cornwallis-West and the Hon. John Gathorne-Hardy—also brought the battalions they commanded, and though we had all three been in a division at the House at 12 o'clock the night before, we somehow managed to get to our respective forces in time, and to lead them past the Queen. The Jubilee medal was afterwards presented to the Commanding Officers of all regular units, to most of the Staff, and to the Sergeant who had hoisted the saluting-flag, but we were disappointed by being excluded from that distinction. Meanwhile the men of my battalion—many of them agricultural labourers whom I had collected from some pretty remote corners of Sussex—greatly enjoyed themselves at this review, and when a charge of cavalry was executed I heard one of them observe thoughtfully: "We don't see much of this style of thing at Hurst Green!"

"Jubilee Day" included quite a crowd of functions

for my wife and myself. After we had witnessed the procession and attended a large luncheon-party in London, we had to go down to Rye, show ourselves at a great bonfire, give a dinner-party, and then change our costumes for at least the fourth time that day, in order to attend a fancy-dress ball. The occasion of all this festivity and excitement was nevertheless profoundly interesting.

CHAPTER XXIX

PEACE IN THE RYE DIVISION

From 1886 to 1892 the Unionist party enjoyed a comfortable lease of power. The great accession of Liberals to our ranks, while it had given us the voting strength we required, had also brought us a reinforcement of debating power of which we had been in much need. On the other hand, the composite construction of our party gave a dull spirit of temporary expedience and compromise to our general policy, except only on the Irish Question, besides which, though the Liberal-Unionists may have been content to have two leaders of their own, as far apart as the two poles, between whom they could always choose, the wing to which I belonged often felt the need of just one leader of our own who would inspire some kind of enthusiasm. We all respected Lord Salisbury's intellect and character, but besides his being in the other House, his shy and reserved temperament and contempt for even the mildest forms of political cajolery made any warm devotion on the part of his followers impossible. Our official chief for some time in the House of Commons was Mr. W. H. Smith, and though he had only been admitted quite late into the charmed circle, he was a striking instance of the fact that an Englishman who is a thoroughly sound man of business can often in that capacity discharge responsibilities that are delicate as well as weighty. As a leader his tactics were always sound and judicious with regard to his own party, but just a trifle too conciliatory when dealing with his political opponents. He was, in fact, altogether wanting

in that sort of aggressiveness that was now and then desirable, and, to sum him up, he might be fairly described as our " safe " man, the batsman who has been sent in to break down the bowling rather than to make runs.

The figure to which we looked with the greatest interest was that of Lord Randolph Churchill. He had then been making, in different parts of the country, the most brilliant speeches of their kind that had ever been heard, and what made them so particularly remarkable and valuable was that they marked an entire departure from the old inflated style of Conservative oratory. The people who went to his meetings were for the first time talked to as if they were supposed to know something about politics themselves, just like the person who was addressing them. He seemed to take them into his confidence, and at the same time to feel that they were capable of being amused as well as instructed; and this was just what many thousands of Conservative electors had for years been longing for. Lord Randolph, however, though he earned immense popularity outside the House of Commons, took little or no trouble to increase the number of his friends inside it. I remember once, when Mr. W. H. Smith gave a dinner-party mainly to enable about sixteen private members, including myself, to meet him, that directly we had adjourned to the drawing-room Lord Randolph threw himself full-length on to a sofa, and there began reading a novel. In other words, when he was bored he was not in the habit of concealing the fact. On the other hand, two of his intimate friends, whom I knew pretty well, certainly seemed to have a real affection for him. My own conviction always was that his health was beginning to fail a long time before most people began to perceive it.

Meanwhile Mr. Balfour was making a great reputation as Chief Secretary for Ireland. Coolness, perseverance, and consistency were the qualities which I

thought chiefly distinguished him at that time, and they were always observable in his twofold policy of simultaneously improving agrarian conditions and repressing crime. He had an exceptionally able and devoted coadjutor in his private secretary, and for some time his *alter ego*, George Wyndham. When Mr. Balfour's speeches began to attract attention most people found that, although they were inferior in brilliancy and humour to those of Lord Randolph Churchill when he was at his best, they at the same time had a truer ring of statesmanship and a sense of responsibility. In debate, which had not always been his strong point, he soon became more and more ready and effective. He had, too, with nearly everybody, a pleasant, good-humoured manner, and when, owing to unforeseen circumstances, our party was almost suddenly called upon to elect him as our leader in the House of Commons, we felt that while he was certainly a very lucky man, we might at the same time consider ourselves fortunate also, and for a good many years that continued to be our opinion.

Soon after he had resumed his new position he attended a great Unionist Demonstration in Eridge Park, and made an important speech. In view of the methods now in use for making a speech heard by large numbers of people, it is rather amusing to recall the primitive means that used to be adopted with the same object. At Eridge, I remember that the meeting was held on a spot where the land formed a natural amphitheatre, and there a tiny platform was arranged which just held the principal speaker, with canvas curtains at the sides which were meant to protect his voice from the wind, and concentrate its sound in the right direction.

I forget exactly when it was that my early patron forgave me for not having complied with his wishes in my choice of a constituency at the 1885 election, but

although he certainly liked to have his own way, his wrath when he was disappointed in that respect was never altogether implacable. On the other hand, he always prided himself on being consistent, and before I could be restored to his good graces certain forms had to be gone through. Most of his affairs were managed—and managed very well—by a numerous staff, each member of which looked after some special department. But in political matters he was his own minister, at the same time relying on a very discreet and intelligent butler to keep him informed about minor details. For some reason that I have now forgotten Lord Abergavenny usually alluded to this retainer as "Old Mutton-and-Beef"; and a friend of mine having mentioned that I was coming to a certain public dinner in the neighbourhood, he said: "I shall send 'Old Mutton-and-Beef' to find out what sort of a speaker he is."

I have no doubt this meant I was to be forgiven, but that the process must bear the stamp of due deliberation and conviction. I was nevertheless pleased, when speaking at the Annual Dinner of the Tunbridge Wells Tradesmen's Club a few nights later, to perceive that my remarks seemed to be appreciated by a certain trusty emissary whom I recognized.

The natural course of events soon afterwards furnished Lord Abergavenny with the opportunity for which I believe he was seeking, that is to say, to resume publicly the friendlier attitude that he had formerly shown towards me. For my invaluable friends, the hop-growers, having very kindly decided to give me a piece of plate, invited him to make the presentation, and he at once consented to do so. The Pump Room at Tunbridge Wells was in due course the scene of what—to me, at all events—was certainly a most gratifying little ceremony. When I went there on the appointed day, I found a large assembly of all my keenest supporters, reinforced for the occasion by subscribers to the testimonial who

came from the five other hop-growing countics. Thc chair was occupied by the Marquess of Abcrgavenny, K.G., who at the proper moment handed me a large and really beautiful silver salver, onc very effectivc feature of which was the edge or border, consisting of a continuous chain of hops, raised and done in frosted silver. He was in his pleasantest mood, and amongst othcr kind things which he said, told the large audience, chiefly composed of my Sussex constituents, " that they would never get a better Member ! "

It was no doubt unfortunate that, living as we did in the part of my constituency farthest from Tunbridge Wells and Eridge, and moving in a social circle mainly in the vicinity of Hastings and Battle, I had very few opportunities of meeting Lord Abergavenny in ordinary private life. He had always, however, been hospitable when any such event as a political meeting brought me into his immediate neighbourhood, and when his relations with me had again become amicable, my wife and I were invited to spend a night at Eridge Castle.

When we went there, both he and Lady Abergavenny did everything possible to make our visit agrceable for us. At dinner he wore his ribbon and star with an evening hunt-coat, which I think always made him feel in a good humour, and I seemed to have become once more " the gentleman the Marquess is bringing out for Rye." The other guests included some friends of our own from the neighbourhood, and we also met for the first time Mr. Gerard Noel, like his lordship, a former Conservative Whip, and an old personal friend of his. He was a smiling, pleasant-mannered, dapper little man of the world, who had in past times been acquainted with my father, and had, I belicvc, been invited to mect me on that account. Gardening, rather than politics, appeared to be his favourite hobby, though that was by no mcans the only subject upon which he seemed to be well informed.

In the course of that evening I had an interesting talk with Mr. Noel. He spoke about my father, and described what I saw must have been at once the most momentous and most exasperating incident in his whole career. It had happened, when Lord Palmerston was Prime Minister, that an important piece of church patronage had fallen vacant, and he unquestionably intended to give it to my father, though with one proviso, which was that his adviser in such matters, the 7th Earl of Shaftesbury, should not object to the appointment. A select little party, including Mr. Noel, had then assembled one Sunday, and with Lord Shaftesbury at their head went to Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair, to hear my father preach.

"I remember it all so well!" said Mr. Noel. "Your father preached a wonderful sermon, but when he said something about the Devil tempting our Lord in the wilderness, he didn't seem quite sure whether he had appeared with his tail and horns and all that kind of thing, don't you know. Lord Shaftesbury held up both his hands with horror—like this! He said to me at luncheon afterwards 'Why, the man must be a Free-thinker!'"[1]

Mr. Noel did not mention whether he or someone else made any reply to this very illiberal and unjust remark, and as he never explained why he had himself assisted at the inquest he had described, or in what particular interest, I thought it possible that he had some very good reason for not doing so. When he had finished the story he said, with a most amiable smile,

[1] In case some stray reader may care to know the actual words which put an end to my poor father's otherwise certain prospect of promotion, I may mention what they were. "Now it appears to me to be a totally unimportant question whether these suggestions, called temptations, were audibly pronounced by a palpable and visible form, or presented to the mind of Christ by some spiritual agency, permitted for the moment and for a great purpose to insinuate such suggestions. Sufficient for every instructive purpose that they *were* insinuated."

"I have no doubt that you've inherited your father's eloquence!"

This might have been a good moment to have given him some particulars about the trial I had undergone at the Tradesmen's Banquet before a rather less inexorable judge than Lord Shaftesbury. But I was not in a facetious mood, and later on, when I had retired for the night and was still brooding over what Mr. Noel had told me, I fancied that I saw some obscure psychological link between the interest he had once taken in my father's affairs and that which he now seemed inclined to take in mine. By some association of ideas I then called to mind the pilot Shriften, in *The Phantom Ship*, and his mysterious connection with the two Vanderdeckens, father and son, and the last fancy in which I indulged, as I was going to sleep, was that I was under the same roof with a supernatural being, whose mission it was to see that no member of my family should ever improve his position in life.

CHAPTER XXX

SKETCHES OF A FEW M.P.S

When I was in London for the parliamentary session by myself, I generally dined at the House of Commons, and in that way saw something of several interesting men whom I either knew already or perhaps met for the first time. Under such circumstances they were often to be seen at their best.

My connection with the Service Members' Committee led to my often meeting Lord Charles Beresford, and when the Naval Estimates were being taken we frequently dined together. The "delightful breeziness" that was so generally attributed to him was, on the whole, a perfectly just indication of a nature full of humour and generosity. The only trait in his character that he usually concealed was an almost boundless ambition. Besides his more serious professional accomplishments, he could tell a very good story when he chose. At first I thought he was going to disappoint me, for he tried me with an imperfectly disguised extract from the works of Captain Marryat. On a later occasion he described how he had once eaten a cat. It belonged to the ward-room, and an "awfully fat Captain of Marines" having accidentally sat on it, and so caused its suffocation, Beresford had proposed making it into a curry and eating it. He had done this, and had found the experiment so satisfactory that he had again sent for the curried cat, cold, the next morning, when he had finished every bit of it. Although I did not happen to believe this story, it was told in a very amusing way, and I encouraged him by remarking that serving a cat

in plaee of a hare at the dinner-table was an old eighteenth-eentury jokc whieh had often been suecessful. "Very well," he said, a little puzzled and on his defenee, "then doesn't that look as if this yarn I've been telling you is true?" At the same time he very evidently enjoyed the transpareney of his own fiction. As our acquaintanee improved, however, so did the quality of his stories, as possibly the following one may show.

Onee, when Beresford was cruising in the South Pacific, he went to dine with the Governor of a eertain place at which his ship had ealled, and in that way met a well-known native Member of the Legislative Counеil there. This person was extremely intelligent, dressed like everybody else, and in most respeets had beeome quite eivilized, but on the other hand his face was prominently tattooed, and it was known that in his youth he had undoubtedly been a cannibal. This last faet he confided to Lord Charles at dinner, who thereupon obscrved: "Well, but look here, old ehap! If you used to do something in that line, doesn't it ever make you feel inelined to break out again and eat some of us?" "Sometimes," the old gentleman coolly answered, and glaneing at a stout British matron in full evening attire who was sitting opposite, he went on: "She has something I should onee have liked to eat very much." He then ealled attention to the fat lower part of one of his own thumbs, and explained how that partieular portion of the human strueture was exquisitely delicious; that it had a flavour closely resembling that of wild duek, and that when properly prepared and eooked to the right point, "it eame out at once, like a eork from a bottle!"

When I eomplimented Beresford on this story he remarked, with his characteristie smile: "Well, I thought it was something rather in your line!"

Sometimes, though this was only at rare intervals, he would refer to eertain grievanees he had, or to a

serious quarrel which he thought had affected his prospects, and on such occasions he would become gloomy and almost ferocious. But such moods never lasted, and he would soon resume that easy, perfectly natural cheerfulness which under ordinary circumstances was always his great charm.

It would have been difficult to have found a human being who resembled Lord Charles Beresford less than Professor Leeky. Yet he too—on his own more learned and highly polished plane—knew how to make himself extremely agreeable. I believe that I had hardly ever spoken to him till one night when we found ourselves dining alone together at the same table. If he had then chosen to remain silent I dare say that I should not have disturbed his meditations, but I found him, on the contrary, both ready and apparently anxious to talk, and though it would no doubt have been very easy for him to have led me quite out of my depth, he had the tact to confine himself to matters within the range of my comprehension. I remember that we discussed the educational advantages of modern foreign languages, when he pleased me by launching into a eulogy on his wife's accomplishments in that respect.

"I have seen her," he said, "when she has been, practically speaking, engaged at the same time in attending to three different subjects, which involved an intimate knowledge of at least four different modern languages! Here, at the table where I was working, you might have seen her helping me to translate into English a Dutch manuscript of the seventeenth century. There, at her desk, she might have been perceived—as she returned to it every few minutes—continuing an Italian letter she was writing to an old friend in Florence, and—will you believe it?—she contrived all this time to proceed every now and then with the correction of some proofs in yet another language! And I remember her telling me that, so far from becoming at all confused

by the dissimilarity of these various employments, she on the contrary found it perfectly easy to concentrate her mind on each task in turn, as though it had been the only one that was claiming her attention ! "

I believe that I have quoted very nearly just what he said. I remember particularly the precise, rather old-fashioned way in which he pointed with his long finger as he said " Here, at the table," and " There, at her desk," and I found something touching in the simple admiration with which he spoke of his wife's talents. He had one or two little professorial mannerisms which I had no further opportunities of studying, but I always felt a great respect for him. In physical stature Lecky stood a good head and shoulders higher than most of his fellow-men, and, metaphorically speaking, the same might fairly be said with regard both to his intellect and his character.

I could mention other celebrated men whom I fell in with when I dined at the House of Commons, but unless my memory is very treacherous they usually disappointed me as talkers, which is, after all, quite a special art. For excellence in that respect I never met —either in the House or elsewhere—anyone who quite equalled my cousin Charles Elton, who sat for West Somerset. He was probably best known to the majority of private Members on account of his size, for he weighed about twenty stone ; but with the lawyers in the House he had a great reputation for his knowledge of such intricate branches of law as manorial and feudal tenures. He had himself taken silk, and there had more than once been some talk of making him Solicitor-General. But he never seemed to have any professional ambition, and though he would have made an admirable Master of the Rolls, and no doubt have liked filling that particular post, he had an unfortunate pride on the subject of pushing his own interests. What he really most enjoyed was the pursuit of

archæology in every form, the collection of books with curious bindings, and certain rare kinds of porcelain, or managing his Somersetshire estate, Whitcstaunton Manor, with its deeply interesting old manor-house. To admit thc extent and dcpth of his learning it is only necessary to read almost any of his published works[1]; but it was a curious fact that, besidcs his learning, he had a most complete acquaintance with evcry branch of light literature. He once modestly explained this to me by saying that he had many years bcforc been sent to read for the Balliol Scholarship in an old Cornish mansion, where there was a library of two thousand books, every one of which he read. I will only add that he had a very strong sense of humour, and was without a particlc of pedantry or affcctation.

I remember rather a singular story that Elton once told me. He used to be consulted as a virtuoso by all sorts of people, especially when somc historical point was involved, and in that way Sir John Whittaker-Ellis, M.P., who was a grcat collector, wishcd for his opinion and invited him to lunchcon one day, at a house he had near London. When Elton wcnt he found several other connoisseurs there, though thc most important and remarkable guests wcrc three pcrsons, each of whom was in one way or another the claimant either to a throne or at least a titular sovcreignty, and they were particularly interestcd in certain curios that were submitted for inspection at the end of luncheon, when evcryone was drinking coffce and smoking, still seated at the table.

Presently a large gold mcdal was handed round, and when it came into Elton's hands, and he had cxamined it, he felt certain that it was of the greatest value. Another reflection must also have occurred to him, for he called out to his host, "Sir John!" and by an

[1] See his *Origins of English History*; *William Shakespeare, his Family and Friends*; *Career of Columbus*; etc.

expressive piece of dumb-show made him see that he passed the medal on to his next neighbour. Soon afterwards, as the party began to break up, Sir John came to Elton in great concern and said: "Look here! What on earth am I to do? The medal! I never got it back again! It has disappeared!" "Well, exactly so!" said Elton; "though I'm sure you'll do me the justice to remember that you saw me hand it on after I had looked at it!"

This incident never became generally known, nor did I ever hear whether it had any sensational sequel. It may very well have been explained in a satisfactory manner, or again, it may have remained one of those dramatic mysteries that are now and then encountered in real life as well as in sixpenny detective stories.

With regard to Charles Elton's conversational powers, if he was with people he did not know well he was usually reserved, and he had a sort of shyness which also occasionally appeared in his speeches. But alone with his personal friends, and especially in his own study at Whitestaunton, he was certainly a most delightful companion. I noticed that in talking he seldom originated a topic himself, but seemed to prefer the recreation of taking up whatever ball someone else had set rolling, and then playing with it in his own way. One night, Professor Ingram Bywater and I started a kind of symposium on the character of Colonel Newcombe, from a rather new standpoint, when Elton interposed with some terribly heretical criticisms on the Colonel's electioneering tactics. "I could never make out," he observed, "why he thought himself such a swell for driving about the old woman he used to give the shawls to!" He would make a playful remark like this without any trace of a smile, and he hardly ever really laughed under any circumstances. Yet his face nearly always wore a very good-natured expression, and when he was talking on any learned subject he

had a remarkable gift of brightening what he was saying with playful comments and illustrations, and to listen to him when—his eternal pipe in his mouth—he spoke of Shakespeare's Plays and Sonnets, and especially when he spoke of the play which interested him most, namely *The Tempest*, was, to revive a forgotten phrase, a "liberal education."

Charles Elton died in the year 1900, when he was still only sixty-one, though in the meantime, in 1892, he had given up his seat in Parliament, where certainly no one missed him more than I did.

The intensive conditions of modern parliamentary life must have been very irksome to old Members who had been accustomed to a quieter, more leisurely regime. Mr. George Cavendish-Bentinck, however—though he belonged decidedly to the old school, and had in fact been the friend and contemporary of my father—seemed always more amused than disgusted by the various changes of all sorts that he was constantly witnessing. His wife used to give very pleasant receptions, and though he was himself unconventional, and with some little personal eccentricities, he was always kind, hospitable, and, moreover, independent in his views. He must have been one of the first men of wealth and social importance of his day who took to using omnibuses as a matter of course, and I remember his describing to me one of his experiences in that connection. The omnibus he had got into was rather crowded, and a stout middle-aged matron by whom he had seated himself told him angrily that he was "scrouging her something dreadful!" He told her that really he thought she had enough room "for any ordinary woman." Upon which she replied in a voice hissing with fury: "I knows what you means, and I despiges you!"

One great friend of mine was Major (afterwards Sir F. Carne) Rasch, a very original and at the same time

thoroughly sterling character. He had formerly served in the Carabiniers, and in outward appearance and manner always preserved some indications of his early training. In the House he was noted for making short, pithy little speeches, and he used from time to time to introduce a Bill the object of which was to induce others to follow his example in that respect. I remember that, when Bimetallism was being discussed, he greatly delighted Sir William Harcourt (who was opposed to that system) by interposing a few words in which he defined the subject. "As far as I can see," said Rasch, "what 'Bimetallism' means is taking a shilling out of one pocket and then putting it into another and calling it eighteen-pence."

In his daily mode of life Rasch was ascetic to a degree which I never saw practised by anyone else in his position of life, and endowed as he was with an ample fortune. When he was at home he led a comparatively normal life, but when in London for the parliamentary session he seemed to have the impression that every minute employed in attending to the "inner man," or creature comforts, was so much valuable time wasted. To the best of my recollection his invariable repast in the evening consisted of one mutton-chop (saturated with Worcester sauce) and a small piece of cheese, the whole washed down with a large glass of iced water. He had been permanently cured of smoking through having commenced that habit under discouraging circumstances when he had been at Eton. I never knew a man who did with so little sleep. When he left the House of Commons at about midnight, he used, as it were, to "begin the day" by having a perfectly cold bath, and he would then lie in bed for a couple of hours, dipping into whatever books happened to be talked about at the time. But he was always called at half-past seven the next morning, and would then often leave London, either for a day with the Essex Hounds, or

perhaps to go and look after the affairs of a mysterious Vinegar Company with which he was connected at Birmingham. At the end of a long, strenuous day he would return to the House of Commons, make one of his short speeches if he thought the occasion required it, after that eat his highly seasoned chop, and three or four hours later take his cold tub, and then resume his perusal of the literature of the day. The expression "as hard as nails" was exactly applicable to him, though, had he chosen to think a little more of his personal ease and comfort, he would in all probability have lived several years longer than he did.

Most Members of Parliament are always to some extent playing a part; but I observed that, when the time came for them to consume their evening repast, they were apt to appear in their own natural character, which was usually more interesting than any which they might be in the habit of impersonating. I was only barely acquainted with Sir Algernon Borthwick (afterwards Lord Glenesk), and had formed an entirely erroneous opinion both of his capabilities and his general turn of mind. But one night, when I found myself nearly alone with him, he told me some of his early adventures, especially some literary struggles in which he had been engaged. He had been one of the contributors to two very lively and for some time successful journals which I remembered, one of them called *The Owl*, and the other *Moonlight*, and the way in which he described his experiences—without in the least sparing his own dignity or amour-propre—revealed an amount of genuine humour and kind-heartedness which I found very agreeable, and at the same time thought worthy of note.

Sometimes I dined in company with Murray Finch-Hatton, who represented the Holland Division of Lincolnshire, and I always enjoyed meeting him at any time. He had a particularly pleasant, rather quiet

manner, beneath which lay a decidedly interesting character. When he occasionally spoke in the House he had a taking style of delivery, and an original and effective way of now and then clothing his remarks with a little delicate irony. In his conversation he showed that he had a very considerable stock of general knowledge and experience to draw upon, and he had a happy versatility which enabled him to be lively and amusing about the usual passing topics, and then turning at once to any deeper subject that might have presented itself, to discuss that seriously and well; also, I more than once noticed that if we happened to talk of any wrong or injustice that anyone had suffered, he always showed a warm and genuine sympathy for the victim.

When Finch-Hatton had been a few years in the Commons, he became the 12th Earl of Winchilsea and went to the House of Lords, but I used still to meet him sometimes at the Carlton Club. Not long after he came into his peerage he had an experience that may be worth relating. He was on his way to Eastwell Park, his seat near Ashford, Kent, which was, however, let, as it had been for some time, and the train in which he was travelling was just approaching Ashford. There were two or three other travellers in the same carriage, one of them a clergyman, who was describing the neighbourhood they were passing through to a clerical friend who was with him.

"That, over there," he pointed out, "is Eastwell Park. It belongs to the Earl of Winchilsea, but he's in such an abject state of penury that he can't afford to live in it."

"I think, perhaps, I ought to tell you," said the person thus referred to, "that I am the Earl of Winchilsea, though I'm afraid that what you say about me is perfectly true!"

Elton's retirement from Parliament at the general election of 1892 made a sad gap in the little circle in

which I chiefly moved in the House of Commons. At the same time, however, the electors of Warrington chose Robert Pierpoint for their Member, and with him I gradually formed an unbroken and lasting friendship, the value of which to me I should find it hard to estimate. He was an Eton and Christchurch man who had been called to the Bar, but did not usually practise, his more favourite avocations being those of a man of letters, a collector of interesting books and rare editions, and an acute but genial observer of everything that was taking place around him. He had travelled in some of the less-known parts of the world, and in the House he was the recognized authority on the subject of Cyprus, a place which he had visited and carefully studied. He was never out of humour, and was a most lively and amusing talker. He and I had a special bond in our objection to certain modern words and phrases that had recently been pushing their way into the English language, and we often tried to shock each other's susceptibilities by using expressions of that kind. His more serious criticisms on this and many other matters used to appear in the columns of *Notes and Queries*, to which he had for many years been—and I am glad to say still remains—a leading contributor. But it must suffice to say, that when Pierpoint was my dinner-companion I was always sure of spending a very agreeable evening.

Perhaps I should apologize for mentioning so often my dinners at the House of Commons. But my excuse for having done so is, that for me they took the place of more splendid entertainments. For one result of having given up a house of my own in London was, that I cut myself off to a great extent from the fashionable world, and from many of its pleasant amenities of which otherwise I should no doubt have enjoyed a larger share.

CHAPTER XXXI

IN THE SHADE OF OPPOSITION

In the year 1892 Lord Salisbury's Government had to make a fresh appeal to the country. Most educated people thought that they had been successful in their management of Foreign and of Irish affairs, and they had also no doubt shown considerable dexterity in keeping together the two wings of the Unionist party. But these merits inspired little or no enthusiasm among the masses to whom the gravest and most delicate political decisions were now entrusted, and it was soon evident that they had, on the contrary, become infected with that idea which under such circumstances the late depositaries of power find so particularly exasperating that they "might as well have a change, and give the other lot a turn."

With regard to my own prospects, however, I was by this time on such good terms with my constituency that at first it seemed probable that I should be returned without a contest. More than one prominent farmer who had formerly voted against me announced that he should this time support the President of the English Hop-growers' Association, and in the Liberal ranks, generally, there seemed to be no spontaneous eagerness to bring out any candidate of their own. The Radical Agent in my division had, however, been heard to say that if anyone thought that I was not going to be opposed they were very much mistaken, and just as I was beginning to feel pretty secure, Lord Brassey was somehow persuaded to put down £1,000 for the purpose of bringing out a "Labour" candidate to try conclusions with me.

He had no previous conneetion of any kind with the neighbourhood, but was soon busy in visiting the labourers in their eottages, and there expressing to them his astonishment at their being able to live on sueh small wages as they did, a state of things for whieh he of eourse implied that he eould provide a remedy. As regards his public utteranees on the platform, they were just those of a professional agitator, which was indeed what he was. In one of his orations he ridieuled my service in the Army by observing that I knew nothing about the smell of powder, and he "expected I knew a good bit more about the smell of the powder on the ladies' cheeks." Fortunately I was not partieularly vulnerable to this delicate form of raillery. In my own speeehes I almost confined my attacks on him to repeatedly asking him to explain, for the information of the labourers whom he sought to represent, what his eonneetion—financial and otherwise—had been with a body ealled the "National Agrieultural Labourers' Union," which had reeently come to grief, and of whieh he had been one of the leading spirits. I knew that he had quarrelled with Mr. Joseph Arch, another leader of the same defunet body who had himself beeome the only agrieultural Labour Member in the House of Commons, and I asked him to state what terms they were on, and whether his eandidature had Mr. Arch's support or not. To this last question he never replied, and I constantly called attention to his failure to do so. All this time I had in my possession the accounts of the "National Agricultural Labourers' Union," and I eould have made my critieisms a good deal more offensive than they were ; though even saying what I did was mueh more distasteful to myself than many people supposed. A great deal of purely class bitterness was stirred up at this eleetion, whieh was the most disagreeable one in which I was ever engaged. I was annoyed, too, at the attitude of some of my staunehest supporters,

who persisted in thinking that my opponent would only receeive a handful of votes. They were fond of telling me that the labourers were " far too shrewd to be led away by a fellow of that sort ! "

For my own part, whatever my private opinion about the " shrewdness " of the agricultural labourers may have been, I was convinced that a considerable number of them would vote, if only for the fun of the thing, for a candidate who professed to belong to their own class, and to have some plan for increasing their wages ; and that was no doubt what happened. I held the seat, but only with a reduced majority, the figures announced on the declaration of the poll being :

Brookfield	4,699
Ball	3,988

Majority, 711.

Most of the Unionist party were much less fortunate, and a change of Ministry followed in due course.

Yet it was in some ways quite a pleasant relief to be in opposition. The demands on our time were much less exacting than they had been ; and if we wished to bring forward some particular subject, either in the form of a motion or by putting a question, it was no longer necessary to ponder, at any great length, whether it would cause any embarrassment to the Minister whom it concerned. To quote a well-known phrase that Mr. Gladstone had once used in speaking of himself, we were " in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility."

One evening, pursuant to notice, I brought forward a motion for reducing the Tea Duty. Just before I opened the debate Sir William Harcourt, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer, introduced himself to me behind the Speaker's chair, saying as he did so, " We surely ought to know each other ! " He was no doubt thinking of the days—

> " When Brookfield had hit on his happiest vein,
> And Harcourt was capping the jokes of Delane,"

and I noticed afterwards, when he was replying to my speech, that he treated me with unusual civility, and reserved all his satire and chaff for the seconder of the motion, Henry Farquharson, whom he compared to Sir Lucius O'Trigger. I always had a sneaking admiration for Sir William Harcourt's wit, and also for his undoubted knowledge of all the traditions of parliamentary life. On the other hand, he often had a disdainful, rather bullying way of replying to his opponents in debate, and I think that on the whole we regarded him as the most aggressive of the Liberal leaders.

There were two or three men on the Ministerial Bench whom nearly everyone either liked or respected. Sir Henry Fowler (afterwards Lord Wolverhampton) was one of them. He was always a grave, moderate, conscientious statesman, that is to say something more than a politician, and he was invariably courteous. Mr. John Morley I always looked upon as a most agreeable philosopher and man of letters, whose natural temperament was not of a kind really suited to the turmoil of party politics. The only time I ever had a long talk with him was when we found ourselves by chance in the same railway carriage, upon which he at once laid aside the book he was reading and began conversing on various uncontentious subjects. Among other things, he told me how, in former years, he had for some time been unable to get Hutton, the Editor of the *Spectator*, to publish any of the articles that he sent him; until, acting on a hint some friend had given him, he proceeded to study systematically Hutton's own style of writing; and then, having carefully imitated it, found that what he wrote was generally accepted.

Yet, however charming Morley could make himself in private life, I am not able to recall a single occasion when a speech of his made me feel the least inclination to agree with him. Sir Henry Fowler's views were often hard to distinguish from those of a moderate

Conservative ; but Mr. John Morley's were always those of an ardent and convinced Radical.

But the Member of the Government whom I learnt to like best was Mr. (afterwards Sir Henry) Campbell-Bannerman. He had several attractive personal qualities, one of them being a very frank, good-natured, and at the same time courteous manner. When he had to speak in support of same Radical measure, he usually did so in a conciliatory, sometimes half-playful tone, as though his object were to allay reasonable fears rather than to score any party triumph ; and by that means alone gave the impression of being a much more moderate politician than he really was. As Secretary of State for War, too—in which character I knew him best—he evidently realized that he was in charge of a delicate machine, which it was inexpedient to subject to any sudden or very drastic experiments. He in fact showed outwardly such a decidedly " conservative " attitude in his administration of army affairs, that for some time I believed him to be staving off one important step in the direction of reform which everyone interested in that subject had become convinced was necessary.

At that time there was no general desire—and I doubt if there ever was—to abolish the office of Commander-in-Chief, and many people were, like myself, desirous that it should remain in the hands of a member of the Royal Family. H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge had, however, held that post since the year 1856, and was notoriously out of sympathy with most of the modern ideas more particularly favoured by Lord Wolseley and his school. The Duke had undoubtedly a consummate knowledge of drill and discipline, and being sincerely convinced of the vital part they had played in the past, distrusted all new methods if their success did not seem to depend exclusively on some combination of those same two particular factors. Of this distrust he made no secret, and he used to be especially candid in expressing his

views when at the conclusion of any manœuvres that he was superintending, he made his critique on the tactics which had been followed by the two contending forces.[1] Many people believed that the original intention in leaving the chief command so long in the same hands had been that it might be transferred at the right moment to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, a step that would have greatly pleased the whole Army, and at the same time have placed at their head a very skilful and thoroughly experienced General. But when the right moment came it was unfortunately allowed to slip by.

To return to Mr. Campbell-Bannerman. I was at first, as I have said, under the entirely mistaken impression that he acquiesced in the situation that he had found, and did not intend to disturb it; and I remember once telling him, in the course of a debate, that I regarded him as "a Tory, in the worst sense of the term." On another occasion, however, when an extremely "regrettable incident" had occurred in one of the Household regiments, I thought the action he appeared to have taken was certainly not open to any similar reproach, and I told him that I meant to take the usual steps to call attention to what he had done. Upon this he explained to me the plain facts of the case, which were not then generally known, with the result that my opposition was entirely disarmed, and I frankly said so.

At that time there was no statute in existence to restrain anyone who chose to do so from wearing the Queen's uniform, though wholly unentitled to do so, nor was there anything to prevent naval and military uniforms from being made ridiculous and brought into public contempt, in any way that caprice, impudence, or advertising ingenuity might devise. The commonest

[1] I used to attend Army manœuvres whenever I could arrange to do so. Sometimes I was allowed the nominal status of an "assistant-umpire"; on two or three occasions I acted as correspondent for a military paper, and at other times I went as an ordinary spectator, like Arnold-Forster and Sir Charles Dilke, who often did the same.

example of this was to be seen every day in the streets, where rows of sandwich-men constantly appeared, dressed out in cast-off Army tunics. I could give a long list of other instances of abuses in the wearing of uniform, some of which had more serious consequences than merely hurting the feelings of people like myself. One morning a person in the dress of an artillery officer presented himself at an isolated place where a field-battery was stationed, and stated that he had orders to inspect the battery, and his appearance and the story he told were so plausible that he was allowed to do so. After the inspection he made some complimentary remarks on what he had seen, and then had luncheon with the officers, with whom he took occasion to cash a worthless cheque for £25, and then departed and was no more seen. He proved to be a professional swindler who had once served in the ranks as a gunner.

Feeling strongly that something should be done to alter this state of affairs, I had a Bill drafted with that object and succeeded in bringing it before the House. In the debate which followed Campbell-Bannerman took his favourite line of minimizing the evils of which we complained, but in the end consented to the appointment of a Select Committee, and with the help of their recommendation I got my Bill carried through both Houses, and the "Uniforms Act" received the Royal Assent. All this was not accomplished without considerable difficulty, my own party being in a minority, and the extreme Radical wing opposing the measure throughout. When it had been passed I had the great satisfaction of seeing it brought into immediate operation, one of the first convictions being that of a person, I think in Glasgow, who for a wager had ridden through the town on a jackass, wearing the uniform of the Black Watch. Hundreds of other convictions followed, and in bad cases the offenders were imprisoned, as the Act provided. I cannot remember that, except for a few

words from Lord Chelmsford when he was in charge of the Bill in the Upper House, I ever received any thanks for having devised and carried that measure.

My personal liking for at least one Member of the Liberal Government did not weaken my opposition to their policy; and once, when a hint had been passed round that it was not desirable to further the progress of public business, I took a very full share in the course thus suggested. The occasion was a Saturday morning sitting, an irritating expedient the Liberal leader had hit upon—we thought without proper justification—in order to get through some stage of Supply. The announcement that this was to be done was made the preceding afternoon, and the usual procedure would have been to have commenced the debate as soon as the House met the next morning. I, however, ascertained from the Clerk at the Table that at a Saturday sitting there was nothing in the Standing Orders to prevent questions from being asked in the ordinary way, and that the Government would be bound to answer them before any debate was entered upon. As soon as I knew this I made a canvass of all the Conservatives I could find, to persuade them to hand in questions, so that they could be printed that night. A most energetic response was made to this request, and when we met the following morning I suppose that the best part of an hour was consumed in putting and replying to a number of inquiries, some of which were so obviously extemporized for the occasion that they caused a good deal of laughter. They nevertheless entirely fulfilled their purpose.

When the debate on Supply was reached the vote for the Volunteer Force in due course came up for discussion, and as I had been for some time meditating a discourse on that subject, I was able to say all sorts of things which had long been stored up in my mind, and incidentally to add at least an hour to the time my party were so anxious to appropriate. Mr. Campbell-

Bannerman certainly did not attribute my speech to obstruction. When he replied to it he began with a complimentary remark, and added " that he generally found himself in agreement with the opinions I expressed on military questions." Mr. Balfour, whom I met afterwards on the steps of the Carlton Club, said, though with his usual coldness : " You must be very familiar with your subject to speak upon it with so much fluency."

I was able to serve my party more effectually before the Parliament of 1892 came to an end. St. John Brodrick, who afterwards became Earl of Midleton, told me that he meditated an attack on the Government about the supply of cordite in some of the garrisons, and suggested that I should try to secure a good attendance of Service Members to support him on the occasion. It was for some reason an inconvenient day for several of them to be present, but by sending out an urgent Whip, and by much personal canvassing, I persuaded so many of them to come down to the House that they in fact mustered twelve more than I had expected. The normal majority of Lord Rosebery's Government in the House of Commons was then about forty, and when a division took place on the Cordite Vote they were defeated by seven. No doubt under the circumstances they might have disregarded this result, but they were said to be " riding for a fall " at that time, and in any case chose the opportunity to resign office and appeal to the country.

CHAPTER XXXII

CONTAINS VARIOUS MATTERS

In the year 1896 my mother died. She had been born in the same year as Queen Victoria, and had passed the best years of her life in what may fairly be called the most interesting society of that period. Originally quite the youngest of the group with which she chiefly associated, she had outlived nearly all her dearest friends, yet was still much loved by all who knew her. Throughout her life she had been generally thought to have a great talent for conversation, and what I think had very much helped to earn for her that reputation was that, besides an agreeable talker herself, she had also the rather rare gift of being an admirable listener. For my own part I always thought that the finest, and at the same time the most prominent, trait in her character was the true sympathy she felt for others in their sorrows, cares, and even their smaller vexations and petty embarrassments. For serious unhappiness or suffering her compassion was almost boundless, but she showed the same altruism in the pains she habitually took to clear up small misunderstandings, make shy people feel at their ease, and in many other little ways smooth the course of everyday social life. Her conception of what Mercy should be prevented her from being quite orthodox on the subject of eternal punishment, and I recollect once putting to her a case not unfrequently cited as especially deserving that penalty, and then asking her how she would dispose of it herself. We had been talking about Evolution just before, and she replied:

"I think I should let him [Judas Iscariot] begin again as a beetle!"

After I had married, settled down in the country, and taken to polities, my own interests and ways in life diverged a good deal from those of my mother, and at her death it seemed to me very natural that she should have entrusted a large number of letters, all my father's diaries and other matter of literary importance, to my brother, who had latterly been much more with her. His wife had a special talent for utilizing such materials, and a few years later, in 1905, he and she produced a very pleasantly written book in two volumes, called *Mrs. Brookfield and her Circle*. It is full of well-told stories about interesting people, and will probably please anyone, not familiar with the book already, who wishes to know more about the very good and charming person it chiefly describes.

For the next few years of my public life I gave a good deal of attention to the subject of Army Reform. The belief that there was something seriously wrong with our Army system had become general, and was fully reflected in the House of Commons. Before Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman left the War Office H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge had at last been induced to resign the Commandership-in-Chief; yet no great wonders had followed. Another member of the Royal Family, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught—an exceptionally good soldier, and not at all opposed to modern reforms—might then very well have been appointed to succeed him, and occasion have been taken at the same time to create a proper Imperial Staff, with Lord Wolseley at its head. But while this plan would certainly have made the Army more efficient, it would also have weakened its dependence on the politicians and the civilian element at the War Office, and that was no doubt one of the chief reasons why it was never much favoured.

When the Duke of Cambridge was still Commander-

in-Chief I sometimes had the honour of meeting him at public gatherings, principally in Sussex. Once, I think it was at some bazaar in which he took an interest, he suddenly said to me : " Look here ! Don't tell me his name, but do you see that fellow just coming in at the door there ? Well, mark my words, he's a knave ! Now tell me who he is." I had to explain that he was the leader of a most admirable philanthropic movement, then recently started, and that he enjoyed a great reputation for humanity and benevolence, especially to the young. " Then all I can say is," said the Duke, " that he was *meant* for a knave, and I'm not often wrong about faces ! "

At manœuvres and on similar occasions, officers at that time were, I am afraid, growing rather impatient with a certain kind of address which the Duke was in the habit of delivering, on the advantages of drill and discipline, as compared with loose-formation tactics, and other innovations of which he always expressed his distrust. But I used to think that when he had the opportunity of speaking upon non-controversial topics, his good-natured, off-hand, and extempore speeches were often very happy and at the same time interesting. I remember, one evening, when he was distributing prizes to some Volunteers at the rotunda, in the Brighton Pavilion, he began by saying :

" I can tell you something about this room which I'll wager no other man in England can tell you ; and that is, that as a boy I've many a time ridden round it on a pony, when it was a Riding School, in the reign of His late Majesty King William the Fourth ! "

The Duke of Cambridge had a particular fondness for duck-shooting, and used to visit Eridge every year, to shoot the duck there. No doubt, however, the finest preserve of that kind to which he had access was in London, where as Ranger of Hyde Park His Royal Highness annually combined business with

pleasure, in a tremendous battue in the usually peaceful neighbourhood of the Serpentine. It had to take place at some wholly abnormal hour in the morning, and was one of those regular incidents of London life of which the immense majority of the inhabitants knew nothing.

When Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley succeeded the Duke of Cambridge as Commander-in-Chief the country for some time had in him just the man who could have carried out an effectual reform of our military system. The opportunity, however, did not come in his time, and the office itself had meanwhile been made entirely subordinate to that of the Secretary of State for War. I always thought Lord Wolseley a most interesting character. In physique he was slight, and rather short than tall. He was a decidedly good-looking man, and his calm, thoughtful, but determined expression of countenance rarely changed. One characteristic of his face was that it was not corrugated with the usual "soldier's frown" that one might have expected. I never found him the least pompous or affected, and I often noticed in his manner and bearing, as well as in his style of conversation, a certain pleasant alertness more characteristic of a smart regimental officer of five-and-thirty than of the great military personage he certainly was; one who by sheer force of will, and hard fighting ever since he had been merely a boy, had worked his way to the highest place in the Army, at the same time infusing into it an altogether new spirit of keenness and enterprise.

One day when I was talking to him he referred, incidentally, to the time when he would have to give up his post, upon which I told him that when that day came there was a "billet" which I wanted him to have. "Is there?" he said, "then I wish to God you'd tell me what it is!" I said that I meant the Secretaryship of State for War. "And who's ever

likely to give it me, pray ? " he asked rather sareastieally. I said that if we went on as we were doing then, we were morally surc to get a good licking from somebody or other, and that in the outcry that would follow he would be hailed as the only man to deal with the situation. (This was what I thought, and not mere flattery.)

" I see ! " he answered, in the same tone as before ; " but I expeet I should soon come to loggerheads with some of you politieal gentlemen, all the same ! "

The offieiousness of one of these obnoxious persons, who had also a slight mania on the subject of uniforms, might once have led to some minor eollision, as it was. The Commander-in-Chief was eondueting some manœuvres near Canterbury, and at his invitation I joined him one morning at Broome Park, just as he was setting out for the day's operations. When he first appeared, wearing the undress uniform of a Field-Marshal, and earrying, as he usually did, a fly-whisk in one hand, I thought that he looked quite as smart and distinguished as he had ever done, but as I rode behind him soon afterwards I was distressed to observe that his spurs had been put on for him upside down. His brother, General Sir George Wolseley, was then riding by my side, and thinking he was the best person to deal with such an emergency, I told him, as adroitly as I could, what was the matter. For a moment I thought he was going to resent this, but at last, after gazing at the Chief's heels for some time, he gave a grim smile and said : " I expeet you're an old eavalry ehap ! " A few minutes later, and before we had met any of the troops, everything had been put right. I don't think the brother betrayed who his informant was, and he may, on the eontrary, have gained some eredit for his supposed keenness of observation.

Once, under very different eireumstanees, this tendeney to eriticize minute details led me into mueh worse diffieulties. I was on the exeeutive eouneil of

the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society, the President of which was H.R.H. the Princess Christian, who herself used to take the chair at all our meetings. One day we were discussing the best way in which to phrase some resolution. Two or three forms of words had been suggested, and one of them having been handed to me by a man sitting opposite, I concluded that he had drafted it. When the Princess saw that I had read it, she asked me how I thought that would do, to which I replied: "Well, Madam, I think the sense will do very well, but I should just like to alter the English a little." "Oh, my poor English!" she exclaimed. "What *is* the matter with it?"

In escaping from this awkward situation as best I could, I was chiefly indebted to the Princess herself, who was pleased to see its humorous side. But if the offence was forgiven, it was certainly not forgotten, for exactly a month afterwards, as we were again talking over the wording of some resolution, Her Royal Highness said rather maliciously: "Wait a minute! Let us first ask Mr. Brookfield to tell us if the English is all right!"

At this point, however, I may perhaps be allowed to mention an incident which on the whole it may perhaps be agreed should be placed to my credit. In those comparatively simple times, aspiring politicians were generally more pleased than they may have always chosen to admit, if their portraits appeared among the coloured cartoons in *Vanity Fair*, the celebrated journal conducted by Gibson Bowles, who was Member for King's Lynn. These productions were the work of Leslie Ward—afterwards Sir Leslie—who under the pseudonym of "Spy" generally hit upon a happy compromise between the older-fashioned style of caricature and a rather subtle kind of portraiture that was more specially his own. The first time that I met him was when he had been instructed to make one of these sketches of myself, and came to ask me to give him a sitting for it. I

recollect that when I went to his studio he made me stand for some time on a little platform he had there, while he examined my appearance with close attention, after which he said with a smile: "Well, the first thing, of course, that strikes one about you is your legs!"

The likeness he produced was said to be a faithful one. The biographical notice that accompanied it was written in the usual playful strain that *Vanity Fair* adopted on such occasions, and as it is possible that someone may find it amusing, it is recorded, with a few other miscellaneous matters, at the end of this volume.[1]

[1] See Appendix A.

CHAPTER XXXIII

MILITARY DISCUSSIONS—AND WAR

THERE was in those days a very sensible, well-conducted little military paper, called *The Broad Arrow*, for which I had occasionally written, and the Editor having been unexpectedly ordered abroad owing to the state of his health, he asked me if I would take his place during his absence, and I agreed to do so. Although I had had no previous training in this sort of work, there was a small but very competent staff which took charge of all the details that would have puzzled me, and I had little more to do than to write a few articles on matters about which I knew something, and accept or reject the articles or letters written by other people. The experience proved very agreeable and interesting; and as I had noticed that *The Broad Arrow* was generally rather conspicuous on the tables of certain officials whom I now and then visited at the War Office, it amused me to think that they would now find a most happy agreement between the views of a paper which I had so often seen them reading and those of the Member for the Rye Division.

In the Parliament that first met in 1895, military questions came up for discussion more frequently than usual. The Army was then in an extremely unsatisfactory state. It was still recruited mainly from the class of men having at once the poorest physique and the lowest standard of education; yet the cost of maintaining each individual soldier came to more than £110 a year; and the efficiency of the troops sent to India was secured only by sacrificing that of the force

left to deal with every emergency at home and in other parts of the world. Everyone in authority knew these evils and many others to be part of the penalty we paid for clinging to voluntary service ; but as long as *ad captandum vulgus* considerations led both political parties to profess a belief in that system, and even a warm attachment to it, the only thing to be done was to try to make the best of it. That, of course, was what the military chiefs at the War Office had to do all the year round ; and as they were not party politicians, yet subject to the orders of persons who were, they often found themselves in a very awkward and unfair position ; and not being allowed to justify themselves by speeches or letters to the newspapers, were every now and then blamed by the public for failures which they had in fact both foreseen and done everything in their power to prevent. "Bricks without straw" was a condition they had to face constantly.

My own opinion was that these men knew better than anyone else what the true needs of the Army were, and that their conclusions were, moreover, purely business-like and conscientious ; and when I was in any doubt on some military question before the House of Commons, I was always inclined to take whichever course seemed to fit in best with their policy and general plans.

At the time of which I am writing, and nearly to the end of the 1895 Parliament, Lord Lansdowne was Secretary of State for War. As a typical Whig, he had most likely no natural eagerness to reform any of our great institutions ; but, finding that the department of which he had taken charge was somehow being persistently criticized, he no doubt thought something had better be done to reassure the public mind, and in casting about for an expedient he had either himself thought of the Committee to which I belonged, or else the idea of conferring with us had been suggested to him by his Under-Secretary, St. John Brodrick, who,

ever since the "Cordite Vote," knew that our views might sometimes be of importance. In any case, Lord Lansdowne intimated his wish to be present at the meeting we always held just before the Army Estimates were taken, and this was a compliment that no Secretary of State had ever paid us before.

One evening, when the two Houses were both sitting, he sent in to say he would like to speak to me, and what he evidently wished to find out from me was a little general information as to the views of the Service Members in connection with the approaching meeting, and whether there was any strong feeling in favour of some particular item of army policy. There were then several measures that we wished the Government to undertake, and I suppose I ought to have enumerated them all impartially. But they included one to which I knew that the Commander-in-Chief and the Adjutant-General attached more importance than to any other. They had found by experience that the only way by which the system of foreign reliefs they had to carry out could work properly was by adding three more infantry battalions to the strength of the Army, a course which one Secretary of State after another had obstinately refused to follow. The Service Members were in favour of the increase, and I now ventured to put it in the forefront of our programme, and it is possible that I may have slightly exaggerated the actual place that it held there.

When I first opened the case for the three new battalions I felt that I was on dangerous ground, and that Lord Lansdowne might at any moment show his displeasure in the same sort of way that the Genie is said to have done when Aladdin asked him to add a roc's egg to the adornments of his palace. But he listened with great patience; thanked me for what I had told him as to the views of my committee; and when he addressed us all a day or two later, mentioned the

addition of three new battalions as one of the chief measures he should ask Parliament to sanction. I was myself among the foremost to thank him for telling us this.

Whatever my share in this matter had been, behind the scenes, I thought it best to say nothing about it. But that did not prevent General Sir Redvers Buller—then, I think, Quartermaster-General—from knowing all that had happened. It was he who had from the first been more anxious for the three new battalions than any man in England, and he was greatly amused at Lord Lansdowne's consulting him as to the expedieney of the increase. When I next met him at dinner he greeted me with the boisterous, sixth-form-boy glee which he sometimes showed when he was pleased, and said that he should in future call me "the Hub of the British Army."

In 1897, the year of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, the Mayor and Corporation of Rye conferred on me the Freedom of the Ancient Town. It was a distinction which at that time they had bestowed very rarely, and I greatly appreciated it. I remember that when the ceremony took place, one of the borough officials, who was a Radical, sought me out, and then—as if it was a mere matter of business—asked me to be kind enough to tell him what I had done for Rye, as he had to make a speech on that particular subject. In reply I told him that the most important thing I had done had been to establish my home there, and in that way encouraged the local trade. I sometimes wished, afterwards, that I had taken that opportunity to have revealed to him a little political secret, which was that it had only been at my own personal suggestion that he had first been appointed to the position he then held, which would otherwise have been conferred upon a rival, whose politics were the same as my own. It would at least have been rather a neat piece of satire

to have cited this to him as the greatest service I had ever performed for the Ancient Town.

In 1899 came the Boer War, a struggle which almost immediately showed that it would prove infinitely more formidable than anyone had expected. I was at that time, in one way and another, interesting myself a good deal in military affairs, but realized that the only status I could be said to hold was that of a Colonel of Volunteers ; and few who never held that position themselves can imagine what a very unsatisfactory, anomalous, and at the same time thankless one it used to be. In my speeches I had again and again asked, " What are the Volunteers *for* ? " but could never get a candid answer to the question. The true official view of the Force I believe to have been that, while it represented a popular national movement which it might be a pity to discourage, it was still essential that it should never be regarded as an asset that could be turned to any useful purpose in actual warfare ; and when this contemptuous and foolish attitude was some years afterwards abandoned, it was only due to the genius and common sense of a very mild-mannered Liberal lawyer, whom later it became the fashion to disparage, to suspect, and to vilify. Yet, but for his labours, the old Volunteer Force would probably have remained in the same state of compulsory uselessness, at least until the coming of the Great War. Then, no doubt, the authorities would have discovered some useful purpose to which to turn it ; though it would certainly never have slipped almost at once into its proper place, as the Territorial Army did, nor would it for some time have been of the same military value.

The " 1st Cinque Ports," as my battalion used to be called,[1] was under my command from 1884 till some

[1] In the Great War it had become a unit in the Territorial Army, and served in France and Italy as the " 5th (Cinque Ports) Battalion, Royal Sussex Regiment,"

time in 1903, and during that long period I did what I could to improve its efficiency. After three or four years I had eight strong, well-equipped companies, mainly composed of young men of good character and intelligence, who had a physique very superior to that of the average line-battalion left at home. They repaid whatever time and trouble may have been expended on their training, and for one week every year cheerfully obeyed whatever orders they used to be given. Yet it was lamentable to think that what was to be done with nearly half a million such men in case of war—including invasion—was never seriously considered.

I never found it difficult to keep the ranks of my battalion filled, but the task of finding officers was a good deal less simple. For the East Sussex squirearchy was still imbued with an old-fashioned, rustic distrust of anything in the nature of military service. They were usually quite ready to come forward as the "natural leaders of the people" in various branches of sport, philanthropy, or politics, but drew the line at having to lead anybody, or even learn how to do so, in the more literal acceptance of the term. There were a few happy exceptions to this rule, but it prevailed all the same, and most of the Cinque Ports officers had busy professions to attend to; though, to anticipate matters a little, that did not prevent as many as seven of them from getting sent out to South Africa when the war began to look serious.

At the beginning of the war I wrote privately to General Sir Evelyn Wood (who I think was then Adjutant-General) as to my being given leave to raise a thousand men from my own and other Sussex units, for service at the front; and the snub he sent me in reply illustrated the earlier attitude the War Office took of the task that was before them.

"I cannot believe in any possibility of our accepting a Volunteer Battalion," he wrote, "for they would cost

as much to transport as a Line Battalion, and could not possibly be so efficient."

But Sir Evelyn Wood had a reasonable excuse for being impatient about all that concerned the "Rising in the Transvaal," as it was still officially called, for at every turn he must have recalled with bitterness the occasion, just eighteen years before, when if he himself, and about twelve thousand men with him, had merely been allowed to do their duty, they would not only have restored our then sorely damaged prestige in the Transvaal, but in doing so would most likely have prevented the present "rising" from ever taking place. As for his very natural Old Soldier's disdain at the idea of employing any but regular troops, he soon apologized for it in a very practical way, when he found himself having to pack off to the seat of war, as fast as he could, several battalions of Militia, many companies of Volunteers, and a large force of "Imperial Yeomanry," equipped as Mounted Infantry, and organized in battalions.

Of one of these latter bodies, in February 1900, I was given the command; the 14th "I.Y.," as we were called, consisting of four companies drawn respectively from Sussex, East Kent, Middlesex, and Northumberland, and the Northumbrians bringing with them two machine-guns. The Middlesex men, who formed my Headquarter company, were in the Knightsbridge Barracks, where I had my orderly-room; the Sussex and Kent companies were at Shorncliffe, and I used to go and inspect them there. In one way and another I was soon more busy, and perhaps more congenially employed, than I had ever been in my life.

I was every now and then embarrassed by the pressure put upon me to find places for various friends of my own or of other people, especially on my Battalion Staff. The Duke of Norfolk walked into my office one morning and eagerly demanded the post of Quartermaster, which

he had heard was still vacant. He was then a Major and Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel in the 2nd Sussex Volunteers, and owing to his holding that rank had been refused permission to serve in the war as a captain or subaltern in the Volunteer company that was being sent out. I saw the same and other objections to his becoming a Yeomanry Quartermaster, and told him so. I then suggested to him that Lord Roberts would most likely be very glad to take him on his Staff, upon which he exclaimed with some warmth: "Premier Duke of England! I should rather think he would!" As I could not yet understand his drift, I observed: "Well, but wouldn't that be more suitable than serving out bread and meat to my battalion every morning!" Upon this he gave one of his good-natured, shrill laughs, but added very earnestly, that he didn't care what he had to do, so long as he could go with his own people.

In the end he was, through some interest, given a Captain's commission in the Imperial Yeomanry, and then—so that he might be "with his own people"—attached as a supernumerary to my Sussex Company, already commanded by the Hon. T. A. Brassey. To this arrangement, though I thought it a very bad one, I was induced to consent, but I resisted, until I was practically ordered to agree to it, another still more unsatisfactory and unsoldierlike plan, by which both these two Sussex captains were allowed to sail with me and my Battalion Staff in a Castle Line steamer, while their non-commissioned officers and men were all sent out in a transport, under the charge of two subalterns furnished from the Cinque Ports Volunteers.

My brother Charlie was anxious to serve with me, and I have sometimes wished that I had shut my eyes to what I knew of the state of his health, and taken him. If a few years before he could have spent his whole time in the open air in such a climate as the one we were going to, it might, I believe, have worked wonders and

perhaps have saved his life ; but as he had for a long time only done just the opposite, his malady had grown worse, and though his companionship would have been an invaluable resouree to me, I was unwilling to take the rcsponsibility of cxposing him to all sorts of rough fatigue and hardships to whieh I felt sure his strength would prove unequal. I belicve that he saw the justice of this view.

When the time eamc for farewells, the Mayor and people of Rye gavc a most hospitable banquet to the officers and men who were going with the Yeomanry from that neighbourhood, and I received several other tokens of goodwill. Thc Hop-growers gave me a telescope and various other objects which I afterwards found very useful, and thcy handed me at the same time an illuminated address, worded with so mueh kindness and niee feeling, that I shall venture to append a copy of it to the end of this work.[1]

Onc of my companics had now already left England ; thc others werc following as the necessary transport became available, and one day—with my Battalion Staff, the two Sussex Captains, half a dozen privileged ladies, and other miscellaneous " details "—I sailcd in the *Carisbrooke Castle*, and when we had arrived safely at Cape Town, at onee went out to Maitland Camp, where many battalions of Imperial Yeomanry were being assembled previous to being sent up to the front.

[1] See Appendix B.

CHAPTER XXXIV

A "RISING IN THE TRANSVAAL"

ALTHOUGH the Great War, as it is so justly called, has made all preceding wars insignificant in comparison, it is still true that the struggle which took place in South Africa not many years before was in many respects interesting, instructive, and in its way of considerable importance. The French Military Attaché of those days, with the tact peculiar to his race, once spoke to me about it as "*une guerre bizarre*," and if I were writing its history I might borrow the same adjective to describe, not only the war itself and the country in which it was waged, but the causes that first led to it and certainly the policy so precipitately followed when it had come to an end. But all I mean to attempt is to give some hasty sketch of my own adventures—which took place chiefly in the Orange Free State—at the same time trying to bear in mind that no matter how intensely interesting they may have been to myself and to others who took a personal share in them, they are no longer likely to prove attractive to what is called the "general public," and perhaps least of all to that section which still reads books of recollections in the hope of finding them amusing.

My first duty at Maitland Camp was to provide each of my four companies with remounts as the men arrived from England, and as each company came out in a different ship, it was no easy task to bring the whole battalion up to the same uniform standard of efficiency in a very short space of time. The Sussex company, for instance, arrived last, and the first time I could get

them all on to a mounted parade, their Commander asked me, quite seriously, whether I would mind not trotting. I soon proved that they were equal to that rude test, and it was just as well that I did so, for only two or three nights afterwards, when I had taken my battalion to a place near Cape Town, in order to practise bivouacking and the picketing of horses, I received an order just sent to the General at Maitland Camp, that Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, who was then advancing on Pretoria, wished " the Duke of Norfolk's Yeomanry " to be sent to the front at once, to act as divisional cavalry for one of the Army divisions in the field. I at first feigned to misunderstand this message, and saying that the Duke of Norfolk was serving with the 14th Battalion, asked that we might all be allowed to come up, entraining for that purpose the next day. The only answer was: " Lord Roberts means the 69th, Sussex Company," which I accordingly packed off the following afternoon. The incident was nevertheless regarded by everyone as a piece of favouritism, though what annoyed me perhaps more was, that it opened the prospect of all the Yeomanry battalions being broken up in a similar way—the companies, that is to say, being used as single cavalry squadrons—which would mean that the Battalion Commanders would become mere fifth wheels to the coach, as many of them in fact did.

In the end, however, I found myself sent off one day as far as Bloemfontein with three companies still intact, and there we came under Lieut.-General Kelly-Kenny, who commanded the Sixth Division and Lord Roberts's lines of communication. I met a good many old friends at Bloemfontein, one of them, who recalled remote days at Naini Tal, being Lieut.-Colonel Basil Spragge, D.S.O. He was in command of the 13th Battalion of I.Y., and I dined with him and his officers in the open air, about the middle of May, the night before they all started on the expedition which ended so unluckily.

Spragge himself, always of a sanguine temperament, was in the highest spirits. So, too, was my old friend Denman Cropper, perhaps as brave a little man as ever sought out danger wherever it was possible for him to find it. I have not space to moralize on the disaster that was to overtake this exceptionally fine body of men a few days later, at Lindley, but may still remark that most well-informed and unprejudiced people attributed it less to the imprudence of the responsible Commander than to the selfishness that war had engendered in another quarter to which he had vainly appealed for succour.

My own real experiences of war seemed a long time in coming. At one period my Northumberland company was taken from me, and also both my machine-guns, to be sent away on some detached duty, and to my further annoyance I was ordered off, with the remains of my attenuated force, to an isolated spot called Bushman's Kop, where I remember thinking that we had been forgotten, and that the war might very well come to an end without my having ever seen a shot fired. The only thing in the nature of an incident that happened was on our way to that place, when one of the officers, Lieutenant Christie, in a thick cloud of dust, rode into a huge piece of rock and broke his leg, upon which I sent him back to Bloemfontein, to be cared for by Dr. Conan Doyle, of whose skill and kindness he afterwards spoke in very grateful terms.

But at last, somewhere about the end of May 1900, we were recalled to Bloemfontein. General Kelly-Kenny then sent for me ; Prince Adolphus of Teck, who was on his staff, took me off to get a supply of maps, and on the same evening I entrained for Kroonstad with my two remaining companies, the General observing with a grim smile, as he shook me by the hand : "Now I don't mind telling you, you're going to get your bellyful of fighting ! "

After a tedious journey, the men and horses in open trucks, the officers in a dark luggage van, we arrived at Kroonstad, and the same night received orders to parade the next morning, an hour before daybreak, for a reconnaissance in force under Major-General Charles Knox, to a point along the railway about ten miles north, called Amerika. In the course of a wide sweeping movement I had to make, my advance guard exchanged two or three shots with a small party of "Zarps," as we called them, that is to say men belonging to the South African (Boer) Police, or "Z.A.R.P." I saw them through my glasses, galloping away in a northerly direction. The General, when he came up with his guns and infantry, was pleased to say that our work had been done "extraordinarily well," and repeated the phrase two or three times, though most of the credit was really due to a certain Lieutenant Baker, to whom I had entrusted the most difficult part of the operation. He had formerly served as a Hussar both in the British and the German Armies.

The general situation in the Orange Free State at that time was, that Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, with his army, had, in his march to Pretoria, pushed like a wedge through all opposition, but that many of the forces thus brushed aside were now returning, to attack the lines of communication, and harass or threaten such places as Kroonstad, most of which were held by troops weak in number, and to some extent also in quality. Kroonstad itself was on a siege footing, and on a certain Sunday in June General Knox assembled the senior officers, and, a few changes having lately taken place in the composition of the garrison, made a new disposition in some of the commands, in the course of which I was appointed to command the Cavalry Brigade. At first this meant no more than my own two companies, about the same strength from some other Yeomanry units, and a hundred and fifty

men belonging to a mounted Colonial force called "Prince Alfred's Guards." But soon my numbers were increased by various details of regular cavalry who were waiting for transport to take them to Pretoria with remounts, and this in the end gave me an addition of three strong squadrons, one of them Dragoons, another Lancers, and a third Hussars. My Brigade had thus about a thousand mounted men for duty, with the prospect of five hundred more, the "Corps of Imperial Bushmen" being then every day expected.

I proceeded to establish two outposts, five or six miles to the east and west respectively, and remember feeling considerable pride in the fact that I was in communication with them by telephone, which at that time seemed to me the very "last word" in military science and enlightenment. We carried out several wide reconnaissances. On one occasion we paraded at midnight, and then scoured the surrounding country till about five o'clock the following afternoon. It was on my return from this expedition that I was ordered to send an officer's patrol some miles up the railway line, and I was at first rather puzzled how to comply with such an instruction, the men, and still more the horses which had been with me on my reconnaissance, being by this time fairly exhausted. In this emergency our surgeon, Dr. Albert Vidler—who was a combatant officer in the Cinque Ports Volunteers, and moreover a good horseman—begged earnestly to be allowed to go, and I sent him. He removed the black tabs from his collar, and brought with him two hospital orderlies—in private life medical students—and our Mess Sergeant, Sergeant Jakob—formerly of the 15th Hussars, and at home my butler—and with a few officers' servants and other "details," a very respectable patrol was collected in an incredibly short time. They were mounted on some of our spare chargers, and on a few convalescent horses from the sick-lines, and cantered

away with great alacrity, and certainly no want of freshness. They duly reached the place they had been told to reconnoitre, and, having found no signs of any enemy, were quietly returning home, when they unfortunately fell into an ambush prepared for them by the Boer General, Christian de Wet, with the result that one of them was killed, another dangerously wounded, while Vidler and Sergeant Jakob, both riding the same horse—their other one having been shot—were taken prisoners.

At this time I had for my Chief Staff Officer Major O'Meara, a distinguished and decidedly clever Royal Engineer. I had thought it essential to choose for my principal adviser a man from the regular army who had already seen service in South Africa, but a cavalry officer answering that description was liable at any moment to leave me in order to rejoin his own regiment, and O'Meara being just then unattached, and like all Engineers knowing a good deal about everything, I was really very lucky in securing his services, and though he too was in the end obliged to leave me at a most inconvenient time, it was not before he had been of the greatest use, that is by being with me on the first occasion when I was in personal command in a regular action against the enemy.

This was in the "affairs" at Honigspruit and Katbosch on the 22nd June. Honigspruit was a station on the railway line about twenty miles north of Kroonstad, and Katbosch a little place in the same direction, but about two miles nearer. Honigspruit Station was then being held by Colonel Bullock of the Devonshire Regiment, in command of various detachments of released prisoners of war, and they had been intercepted and stopped on their way down from Pretoria by an enemy commando. Unfortunately, Colonel Bullock's force was armed with two or three different kinds of rifle, for which they had at the same

time only some earbine ammunition. At Katboseh two hundred and fifty-six mcn of the Shropshire Light Infantry, and a few Canadian Rifles, under Captain Radeliffe, were oeeupying a eamp whieh they had entrenehed. On the morning of June 22nd General Knox received a telegram from Radeliffe, saying that he was surrounded by the enemy in strong foree, and soon afterwards a similar message eame from Bulloek, and then the wire was evidently eut.

The relieving foree that General Knox prepared eonsisted of one battalion of Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (Militia) whieh was to go by train, and fifty mounted men with two guns who were to proeeed by march route, all moving upon Katboseh. I was at the same time sent round with four hundred of my brigade and four R.F.A. guns to a spot about six miles to the S.E. of Honigspruit, from whieh I was to operate on the enemy's left flank.

We galloped most of the twenty miles or more that we had to eover, and as, in addition to that, there had been mueh delay in getting off the main body, we reaehed the scene of action long before any other force had made its appearanee there. As we neared Katboseh an officer who had lost his helmet, and presented other marks of dishevelment, rode out to meet us, shouting that we were "just in time!" and I found that upon our approaeh the commando whieh had been besieging the entrenehed eamp had retreated to Honigspruit, and I was thus able to eoneentrate my attack on that plaee. Its ehief feature was a great, frowning kopje, on the lower part of whieh was a farm-house. I at onee began shelling the kopje, and expeeted to be shelled in return, but the one big gun whieh the Boers had been using against Katbosch had for some reason been sent away altogether, and I found myself exposed to nothing but rifle fire. In that way, however, I came in for a eertain share of personal attention. As regarded general

direction the enemy's aim was good enough, but it was weak with respect to elevation. While I remained on horseback the "pinging" sounds were usually rather over my head, and when I dismounted the bullets only made little clouds of dust at my feet. After all, the great point was that none of them hit me.

When I had sent nearly a hundred shells into the kopje, and had got my firing line just within striking distance of the position, I gave orders for the assault. I then discovered, to my great disgust, that the enemy's left flank, which we were attacking, was all this time protected by a deep spruit, which had been hidden from us by the bank on our side. It was quite impassable without some kind of bridge, which partly explained the very cool, leisurely way in which the enemy was retiring. I, however, sent off some mounted men to look for a crossing of which a guide had told us, and as the farmhouse, which I had all this time spared, was now sheltering the usual little rear-guard of snipers, I sent a 15-lb. shrapnel-shell, at close quarters, through one of the drawing-room windows. Upon this a large vignette view of the country beyond was suddenly exposed; two or three armed Boers wearing tall hats came scrambling out of the dust and débris, and then the whole commando fled.

The main force from Kroonstad now arrived, and I left to that body the task of occupying the two places we had relieved, while I bivouacked with my Yeomanry and guns near the kopje. It was a bitterly cold night, but at last we managed to find a plough, which we chopped up with an axe lent us by the gunners, and then made a fire. The telegraph-wires that the enemy had cut had meanwhile been reconnected, and it was pleasant to read by the light of the plough-fire a telegram from General Knox containing the words: "Very well done, indeed." [1]

[1] For his official despatch see Appendix C.

CHAPTER XXXV

"ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS"

ONE day, soon after the Honigspruit affair, the "Imperial Bushmen"—a finely mounted and very serviceable-looking corps, consisting of five hundred Australasian cavalry—arrived by train from Cape Town, and at once came under my command. General Knox had been waiting for this reinforcement to his mounted strength to send a large convoy to Lindley, some sixty miles off, where they were running short of supplies, and as the wagons and other vehicles were loaded and all ready to start, we set out on our march almost immediately.

Yet this was the moment, the most inconvenient for me that could possibly have been imagined, for my Chief Staff Officer, Major O'Meara, to be ordered away to Pretoria. What made this still more serious was the discovery that as I had been given the army rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, a Militia Colonel who, under normal circumstances, would have been my senior had never been given any army rank at all, and the result of this was that I found myself in command of the whole convoy.

The troops that were detailed were as follows:

The Cavalry Brigade, i.e. 900 Yeomanry and Colonial mounted men.
One section 17th R.F.A., i.e. 2 15-pr. guns. (Regulars.)
The City Imperial Volunteer Field Battery, i.e. 4 12-pr. guns.
One half-battalion Yorkshire Light Infantry. (Regulars.)
One battalion The Buffs. (Militia.)

Though this was a larger force than I had ever commanded before (except perhaps at some innocent Sussex review), I was, to say the truth, only elated by that particular fact. But what worried me to the last degree was having to protect a long, inert train of 73 wagons, each drawn by its 16 oxen, and 5 great traction-engines, each hauling behind it 5 heavily laden trucks. The whole train of these impedimenta occupied a depth, from front to rear, of two and a half miles; moved at a rate of little more than two miles an hour; and this in an unknown country full of commandos of unknown strength. I painfully realized my ignorance on several important details, and I had no smart, cheerful young soldier at my side to say: "I suppose, sir, that you'll have your infantry pickets somewhere about here"; or "I take it, sir, that you mean to put your guns here." How many professional Generals have been dependent on a few tactful suggestions of that sort! and for that matter what a fortunate circumstance that has often been!

In the South African veldt, however, there is plenty of room for all kinds of experiments. Your march there is not liable to be suddenly impeded by any barrack square palings; nothing in time of war is "out of bounds"; and my dispositions were never hampered by want of space. Briefly, what I usually did was to throw out in front a wide screen of mounted scouts, with supports. Then came an advance guard of infantry and then the infantry main body and 4 guns. The wagons and traction-engines came next, the long train protected on either side by companies of infantry in open column, and by mounted flank guards. The procession closed with an infantry rear-guard, 2 guns, and more mounted scouts.

As we commenced our march I was depressed by the extraordinary monotony of the veldt scenery. I often said to myself, "When I have passed this sort of ridge

just in front of me, I shall surely see something new ! " Yet there was generally no more diversity in the prospect than if we had been at sea, confronting a succession of dull grey waves all exactly alike. " A chaque pas un nouvel horizon," only each new one was precisely the same as that which had preceded it.

I had the choice of two different routes by which to take the convoy to Lindley, and having started by one of them and arrived at a point where the two nearly converged, I changed to the other. I did this on the general principle of puzzling the enemy, and that I succeeded in doing. For while their chief leader, Piet de Wet, was waiting for me with the bulk of his force and 4 guns on the road by which I had first started, I was able to fall on a much smaller commando, without any guns, which he had detached to occupy a kopje on the other route.

A very curious thing about this smaller force was that it proved not to be composed of Boers at all. Of three of their wounded, I recollect that one was an Italian, another a Russian, and the third a Scandinavian of some kind.

My mode of attack was to hold the enemy in front with a line of dismounted men and my 4 C.I.V. guns, while I sent round the wing of Yorkshire Light Infantry to turn his right flank. The C.I.V.s had a quantity of what they called " ring " shell—of which, to own the truth, I had never heard before—which they used with considerable effect against the rocky kopje and its occupants ; though of these I am afraid the ponies were the chief sufferers. The same was the case with our own losses, which were, however, quite small ; and I recollect that as I was speaking to my Yeomanry Brigade-Major, his horse was shot through the nose, though he was eating his corn soon afterwards, as though nothing very unusual had happened.

When our fire on the kopje had lasted just forty

minutes, the Yorkshire Light Infantrymen abruptly appeared not more than 200 yards from the enemy's right, and then, rattling on their bayonets in a very formidable manner, uttered a most ferocious, long-drawn-out " Ah-h-h ! " They had still a deep ditch to cross, and if the defenders had all been as brave as their commander, the kopje could not have been stormed without very heavy loss. But it formed the spur of a little low range of hills, to which nearly the whole commando now fled. As they did so their leader fired at two or three of them with his pistol, but was himself shot by our men before he could do more. He was a good-looking man of imposing height and bearing ; and in the breast-pocket of a quilted sort of smoking-jacket that he wore I found a passport which showed him to be an officer in the Imperial Russian Navy.

While this engagement was going on I had from time to time been looking anxiously in the direction of the other road that we had avoided ; for there our scouts believed that a much larger commando was posted, and it was highly probable that the sound of the firing would sooner or later bring them to the scene in the hope of helping their friends. Yet to combat this expectation which cold reason dictated, there lurked somewhere in my brain an instinctive feeling engendered by a long experience of peace manœuvres, that we had now done enough for one day ; that it would be unreasonable to give us any more " bucketing about " ; and as the light began to fail and the head of my column reached to within a mile or two of " home "—that is to say, the spot where I meant to halt for the night—I found myself thinking that the " Cease Fire ! " ought to sound, and that we should all be arranging to get something to eat. It was just then, of course, that I once more heard the well-known double report of Mauser rifles, answered by our own fire, and the screech of two or three 15-pounder shells (late the property of H.M.'s Government) which

for the first time eame hurtling over our heads, for Piet de Wet was now attacking our front and right flank with a foree of about twelve hundred men and three guns.

Yct for all that, no advaneing battle line of any kind was to be seen ; very few of the shells wcre properly fused ; the little attaeking groups never got in a really effeetive fire with their rifles ; and before it was dark they had all been driven off, having suffered a good deal more loss than they had inflicted. The wretched bulloeks, however, many of them hardly more than ealves, were painfully exhausted, and for that reason I decided to form laager and outspan for the night where we were, making a detached post of the farm-house where I had intended to halt. It had been seized and occupied by some of our men at thc beginning of the engagement.

Night attacks, I subsequently learnt, were entirely excluded from the ordinary Boer programme ; and so much so that I believe the British might have done well to have oceasionally resorted to that unpopular form of warfare. Neverthcless, I found my first night spent in laager a very anxious one. I pictured a few small parties of resolute mcn stealing in ; and then eonfusion, perhaps panic, and another " regrettable incident " sueh as had already oecurred elsewhere, for whieh I should be held responsible. My ehief anxiety was about the guns, and at last I rose in order to sce for myself exaetly how they were posted. When I had satisfied myself on that point, I returned to my bivouae, whieh was under a wagon, much reassured in mind ; and soon afterwards—amidst the lowing of oxen, the braying of mules, the coughing and sneezing of horses, and what the old military writers invariably ealled the " hoarse " ehallenge of an oeeasional sentry—I fell asleep.

I should rather like to have completed this aeeount

of the convoy actions, which beeame more formidable as we drew near our destination ; and espeeially when the enemy set fire to all the surrounding veldt, the wind blowing against us, and then attaeked us in force from at least two different quarters at onee. It must, however, suffiee to say that on the fourth day of our mareh we sueeessfully aeeomplished our purpose, though not without a narrow eseape from one unlueky aeeident at the last moment, whieh I may as well mention.[1]

When we had reaehed the final spruit that separated us from Lindley I left an offieer there to report to me when the whole eonvoy should have got aeross, and I then rode forward to some higher ground, and remained there in order to elose up various details that I found straggling about, and so bring in the whole eolumn in presentable order. When it was nearly dark the offieer eame up and reported that " the last *wagon* " had safely erossed, upon whieh, greatly pleased, I went off to present myself to my new General, in order to make my report to him. But I had hardly ridden a few hundred yards, when a despairing message eame from the eommander of the *traction-engines*, saying that he and one engine, with five truek-loads of oats, were stranded on the wrong side of the spruit, without any kind of fuel with whieh to move another yard !

In this most vexatious emergeney I thought my best course was to order a guard of infantry to be left at the spruit, and then, having no fuel whatever of my own, to ask for instruetions from the General, whose head-quarters I had now nearly reaehed. To antieipate matters a little, his orders were that nothing more was to be done that night ; but I may add that early the next morning we reeovered the engine and trueks and brought them in intaet, without any interruption from the enemy, who had entirely disappeared.

[1] For the official report of the convoy actions see Appendix D.

CHAPTER XXXVI

MY LUCK COMPLETELY TURNS

In the war incidents that I have related so far it will perhaps be agreed that I had been fortunate; but in bringing this South African episode in my story to an end, I shall have to show how completely my luck turned, and how fallacious my hopes of any military distinction proved to be.

The Major-General under whom I was now to serve had but recently been advanced to that rank, and was, I think, dissatisfied with the strength of his force, which if I remember rightly had somehow dwindled down to only two line battalions and one battery of Field Artillery. Besides this, he was unquestionably discontented with the world on wider grounds, and a good deal—I thought myself—through causes connected with his physical health. He was, I am sure, a decidedly brave man, and had been promoted for distinguished service in the field; but his unsocial temperament and complete absence of humour were drawbacks to his success in any very high command, as was shown at a later stage in his career. The person he seemed to get on with best was one of his Staff who ultimately succeeded to my position; and for me the fact that this officer was at the same time nearly related to my chief political opponent at home can hardly be said to have improved the situation.

Under these circumstances it will be understood that I found it embarrassing to live in the same house as my Commander, and constantly sit at his table. At Kroonstad I had had a house to myself; but at

Lindley there was far less accommodation, and the General and I, with two or three of his Staff, were under the same roof. The room assigned to me was probably the drawing-room, and was separated by folding doors from another apartment which the General used as his office. In the "drawing-room" that I inhabited there was a fairly new-looking grand piano, which under pleasanter conditions I could have surrounded every night with an appreciative crowd, had I chosen to do so. Even as it was I might have tried the experiment that David with his harp had sometimes found so effectual, but it was no doubt well that I never did so. The silent piano was, however, useful as a sort of three-post canopy for the campaign bed, or "flea-bag," prepared underneath it; that arrangement being adopted so as to make room for an old-fashioned, saucer-shaped bath, which at night took up most of the remaining floor-space.

When I retired to the lair which I have just described, if I was not too tired, I used to smoke a final pipe, and then muse over the events of the day. They had generally included some slight or rudeness for which philosophy was the only remedy, and I recollect asking myself, one night, whether I had ever committed any offence which had particularly called for this kind of punishment. It was then that after a good deal of introspection my memory took me back to remote past days with the 13th Hussars, when I had done everything I could to make the position of a young brother-officer intolerable. I had, in fact, been the ringleader, not only in such minor feats as pulling him out of bed, but in other hostile acts dictated by sheer hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, unaccompanied by any element of fun. I recalled with shame the schemes that I had devised for the sole purpose of hurting his feelings, and how in a word we had all done our best to drive him out of the regiment, an object in which we had finally

sueeeeded, though I had never felt any decent sense of remorse until now, more than a quarter of a century afterwards.

" Yes," I told myself, as I lay smoking and moralizing under my three-legged canopy, " I suppose that's what I am being paid out for ! "

Meanwhile my superior on the other side of the folding doors was engaged with his Chief Staff Officer in planning a general advanee we were to make the following morning, and I presently heard him exelaim :

" But what am I to do with all this damned eavalry ? "

To which a mild, eoneiliatory voice replied :

" Thcy will be out in front, sir, forming your advaneed screen."

During thc advanee on Bethlehem whieh now followed many incidents oeeurred which, if I had space in which to relate them, would illustrate thc unfortunate relations that had sprung up between myself and my superior officer. They were not long in eoming to a crisis, which I shall describe very soon, and in the meantime I need only say that, apart from personal matters, there were three eauses that made proper agreement and co-operation diffieult and at times impossible. In the first place, my ehief duty was to aseertain where the enemy was to be found, but I was hampered by a habit my chief had of instructing me that it was no use looking in this or some other direetion, or searehing some particular tract of land, " because *he knew* " that no enemy would be found there. Seeondly, he chose to consider my brigade as a cavalry instead of a mounted infantry force, and for that reason constantly found fault with, and on more than one occasion positively forbade, our dismounting in order to attaek the enemy. Thirdly, he carried the policy of burning down farmhouses to an extent which I secretly disapproved of, and sometimes found embarrassing.

"Did you burn down that house I told you about?" he one day asked me.

"No, sir."

"And may I ask why not?"

"Because I found it flying the Red Cross flag, with one of our Medical Officers and nine of our wounded men in it, sir. I burnt down," I continued, "that other house just outside Lindley."

"I should think you did!" was all he said.

But I must come to the crisis of which I have spoken.

As I was advancing one day with my screen, two or three miles in front of the main infantry force and baggage, we came upon the enemy in greater strength and more strongly posted than I had ever seen them before. We were on rather higher ground than usual, and so were they; that particular bit of country resembling a tract of rolling down more than the ordinary veldt, which was flat. The Boer position had been skilfully chosen, and the chief physical feature to be seen was a high kopje, from which three guns opened fire as we approached. I replied almost at once with my four R.F.A. guns, from a position chosen by the officer who commanded the battery. The enemy guns on the kopje were better sheltered than ours, and one was of a heavier calibre than the R.F.A. 15-pounders. Our fire was, however, more skilfully directed, and that of the enemy having begun to slacken, I thought the moment had come for making our fire more vigorous than ever, and having seen that two Volunteer 12-pounders on the left of my line were now doing all they could, I went myself to the R.F.A. battery on the right, to find out why they, on the contrary, had just begun to fire more intermittently than they had been doing. I found two of their guns detached, and standing by themselves, the gunners lying down a few yards off, under such cover as they were able to find, and only returning every few minutes to fire two or three rounds. The Major

in command of the battery said that he had made this arrangement in order to save the ammunition, which was beginning to run rather low, and as he was a very good officer, and my "C.R.A." on whom I rightly depended for advice on all artillery questions, I accepted his explanation.

But there was another point—one which had first been rubbed into my mind when I was a cavalry subaltern, and I had quite recently seen it emphasized at some army manœuvres—and that was the position of the escort to the guns. In this instance it consisted of a squadron of Yeomanry, and on my saying that I wished to see where it was posted, the Major took me a few yards forward in order to show me the spot. It was somewhere in front and also a little to our right, but being over the brow of the slight slope that began just about where the guns stood, no sign of it was visible to us. I told the Major that the escort seemed to me too far off, and that I thought it should be brought in closer. He was a very agreeable, nice man to deal with, we had always been on excellent terms, and I am glad to remember that we remained on good terms on this occasion. I forget what my last words about the escort were, but I know that as I was just leaving him to visit some other part of the front, he saluted me, at the same time saying, with a frank, pleasant smile, "If you don't mind, sir, I'd rather keep them where they are." Upon this I gave him to understand that he was to have his own way. I might have decided differently if I had heard something he added to my Brigade-Major, who stayed behind to talk with him a minute or two. "I am in a very awkward position," he said to him. "The General told me I wasn't to defer to Colonel Brookfield any more than I could help."

It is probable that I held on too long to the position that I had taken up, but on the other hand the General was now on the field, moving along my rear about a mile

off, with the apparent intention of getting round to the enemy's left flank, and attacking him there, which was what he ultimately did. But his force being all—except the artillery—on foot, and accompanied by a good many bullock-wagons, it would evidently take him a long time to execute this turning movement, and in the absence of any instructions from him, I thought I ought to continue my "holding" attack, though I sent him a message explaining my situation, and saying that I was hard pressed. The reply my A.D.C. Summers brought was a verbal one :

"Tell Colonel Brookfield he must take some risk. The enemy is in no strength." To which he added, strangely enough :

"You may tell him there's no danger of a counter-attack, if that's what he's thinking about !"

To return now to my R.F.A. battery, and more especially to the two guns standing by themselves, from which only a few occasional rounds were being fired. They were almost in the firing line of dismounted men, and nearly on the brow of the little slope to which I have already referred, and it was during one of those intervals during which their fire was suspended, when one of the yeomen who were lying down exclaimed in great excitement to a comrade :

"Fred ! Whoever are these beggars ?"

The space where the guns stood was then invaded by a force of Boers, most of them clad in the British great-coats, putties, and slouch hats captured from the 13th I.Y., in the disaster that regiment had suffered at Lindley, and these men at once assailed the battery at close quarters.

The Major in command, with whom I had been speaking only a few minutes before, gave the order to load with case, but fell almost at the same moment, mortally wounded. His Captain was also shot down, his Lieutenant killed, heavy losses were inflicted on the

gunners and drivers, and many of the horses were either shot dead or wounded.

It was still found possible to limber up two of the guns which had not been standing alone and exposed, and to take them out of reach of capture, but the two others remained for a few dreadful minutes in the enemy's hands. Everyone had, in fact, been taken by surprise, and especially by the discovery that the groups, clad in khaki, which had for some time been seen creeping towards that part of the field were not our own men. But then a force—or it would be more accurate to say a mob of some kind—was somehow rallied, and without any prescribed formation or tactics managed to rescue the two guns. Yet most of the Boers not only escaped but contrived to take with them several of the artillery whom they had made prisoners, and I am not sure that this feat was not quite as remarkable as the one they had achieved just before, though of course they had the advantage of knowing every wind and turn of an unusually undulating and at the same time bushy corner of the veldt.

Their retreat seemed to be covered by their friends on the kopje, with every gun and every Mauser rifle that they possessed; and we had great difficulty in harnessing two horses to each of the two recaptured 15-pounders, and taking them temporarily out of the fire. I recollect that at one moment I shaded my brow with one hand and muttered the curious informal prayer: "Anywhere but in the eyes!" A little later my small force of "C.I.V." artillery gave a brighter turn to our affairs, for they managed to furnish one officer and the necessary number of men and horses, to re-equip the two guns which had already twice changed hands, and—the Boers having neglected to spike them—to bring them back to their former position and again open fire. One of their shells burst pretty close to a carriage drawn by four black horses, in which Mr.

Steyn, ex-President of the Orange Free State, had been persuaded by his friends to retire. My own chief's long turning movement was then beginning to have its intended effect, and a few minutes later the whole enemy force, under General Christian de Wet, retreated, leaving us masters of the field.

I cannot say that our victory caused me any great elation of spirits. To begin with, it had come on to rain, —an unusual thing at that time of the year—and as I spread my cloak over my poor friend the Artillery Major, who was lying on his face still alive, he told me that he was in the most dreadful pain. The ambulance for which we were all waiting had not yet arrived, and the only surgeon I could for some time find had no drugs of any kind with him. There were grim sights about me on every side, and I became fascinated by the face of a dead artillery driver, as he lay under his dead horse, still grasping his little whip. He had an ideally soldierlike countenance, now turned to a bluish tint, and in the attitude in which he lay, and with his large, sweeping moustache, he might have been the model from which the Horse-Guardsman was painted, in the once celebrated, old-world picture, "War."

I still had to make my report to the General, and when I did so expected to be blamed for having held on too long to my "holding" attack. But to my surprise he seemed to be chiefly incensed with me for having, so he said, caused the death of the Artillery Major.

"He was a *personal friend* of mine!" he exclaimed, "a *personal friend*!" and he was afterwards heard to say: "I wish to God it had been the other way on!" a sentiment not very difficult to interpret.

With regard to the gun incident as a whole—and it was certainly the most serious thing which had happened—it was found convenient to throw all the blame on the escort, and the unit which had composed it was almost at once sent away somewhere, with a

convoy of empty wagons. Confidentially, however, it was I who was reported as the chief, if not the sole delinquent, and a few days later, when we had taken and occupied Bethlehem, I was relegated to the post of Military Governor, and realized that, in the slang of those days, I had been "Stellenbosched."

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE END OF A LONG STRUGGLE

Lieut.-General Sir Archibald Hunter's arrival, a few days later, was the signal to evacuate Bethlehem, and to advance, with all the troops there assembled, against the enemy, who was then concentrating his strength in the Wittebergen district, near the borders of Basutoland. I was attached to Sir Archibald's Staff, and remember that when I presented myself to him for the first time, all he said was : " Have a bit of chocolate ! " He was always most kind and courteous, and in fact seemed to enjoy having someone by him with whom he was plainly inclined to talk freely about all that was going on. I was with him during a few engagements, the most important being the two general actions at Retief's Nek. In the course of that battle he once took a long and apparently earnest survey of the field with his glasses, and then putting them away again, remarked : " I can never see anything through these infernal things, but if a General isn't always sticking them up to his face, people think he doesn't know what he's about ! "

At Retief's Nek I acted as a kind of elderly galloper to Sir Archibald, and carried one message for him to the brigade in which a battalion of the Royal Sussex Regiment was serving. I then saw several of the Cinque Ports Volunteers, and was able to talk to a few of them. Yet it was a sad, as well as an interesting experience ; for some of the men were in the act of bringing in the body of Captain Sir Walter Barttelot, who had bravely fallen in the first attempt to storm Slabbert's Nek.

Sir Archibald Hunter's victory at Retief's Nek was not long afterwards followed by the surrender of General Prinsloo and a large Boer army near Fouriesburg, where I resumed my rôle of Military Governor, and in that capacity superintended the sending of various cable messages, some of which announced that the war was now " practically " at an end.

At that time the President of the Orange Free State was still in the field with de Wet somewhere, but Mrs. Steyn was at Fouriesburg, and a telegram from the Field-Marshal came, directing me to send her to Bloemfontein, where a house had been prepared for her. She was to have gone by train, from a place called Winburg, and when I told her so she begged me to arrange that she might travel in some other, less public way, to which Lord Roberts consented, and in the end my two Staff officers, my old friend Dr. Vidler (just released by de Wet), our servants, and myself—all armed to the teeth—escorted Mrs. Steyn to Bloemfontein ourselves, she being in her own carriage. The expedition proved a most agreeable one : by day a succession of picnics on the veldt, when the late President's wife sat in her carriage with her pretty and amiable children, dispensing coffee ; by night a series of brief visits to comfortable houses, which had been very carefully chosen for that purpose.

Yet I was all this time suffering the greatest anxiety as to how my " case " was likely to be treated, and at last, while I was still at Bloemfontein, I was, at all events, put out of suspense ; my instructions telling me that I was to proceed to the base, and there await further orders. A phrase followed which greatly angered me, and it was this : " There is no objection to your proceeding to England."

As I sadly loitered about Bloemfontein, waiting to be assigned a passage down to Cape Town, I met a well-meaning lady of rank engaged in some mission, who

was distressed about a large consignment of soldiers' comforts that she wished to send up to Pretoria, and there have delivered "into Lady Roberts's own actual hands," though she could not hear of anyone who was going there whom she could trust to do this for her. Someone suggested me as a suitable messenger, and soon afterwards I was on my way to Pretoria, and was informed, just as we started, that I was in command of the train. It was full of miscellaneous drafts all going to the front, and at one time it seemed probable that I should be given some such chance as the one that Colonel Bullock had seized so admirably at Honigspruit. For after a very slow journey we came to a standstill at a siding a few miles north of the Transvaal border, our train having come to the end of its coal, and I was then handed a telegram from some Intelligence Officer, who said: "Your train is pretty sure to be attacked. Strength and composition of enemy commando at present not known." The only other passenger in my carriage was the Adjutant of an infantry battalion, with whom I had been talking, and I at once made him my C.S.O. It was in the middle of a bright moonlight night, and we proceeded to find the ammunition and distribute it, and to take various other measures. The alarm was, nevertheless, from my particular point of view, a disappointment, and after having waited for nearly two hours, a fresh supply of coal bumped into our train from somewhere, and we then resumed our journey. The engine-driver, I remember, told me that he came from New Zealand, so that he "didn't exactly know the country."

At Pretoria I discharged the duty which had ostensibly brought me there, but could find no opportunity of doing anything in my own interest. The Field-Marshal himself—whom I had determined to see, if it should prove at all feasible—had then just gone to Belfast, the rumour being that he was there to give the

enemy "one final, crushing blow"; but I lacked the special kind of impudence required for following him into the field on such an occasion, in order to confer with him on the subject of soldiers' comforts, with my own grievances lurking in the background.

At Pretoria I saw my friends the "Duke of Norfolk's Yeomanry" again. While they had been in the field I had every now and then heard from the Duke, who used to describe enthusiastically the various "fights," as he always called them, in which he had taken part. In one fight, however, his horse had fallen, he himself had been sent home with a broken leg, and the Sussex Company was soon afterwards converted into Military Police.

I think that the incident that most cheered me up at Pretoria was my meeting my old friend and brother-officer of former days, Major-General Baden-Powell, and when he good-naturedly offered me a seat in his railway-carriage which was to take him to Cape Town, I immediately accepted the invitation. I had, however, insufficiently weighed the strictness of our military system, for although the new General joined the comrade of his youth in some pretty noisy representations of "Punch and Judy"—to the manifest surprise of his Aide-de-Camp—yet when I ventured to ask his advice on certain matters that were to me of more importance his manner became abstracted, and he was plainly not inclined for any confidences of the kind that I was seeking.

At Cape Town he was carried away on the shoulders of a cheering crowd, and the proper place for a man in my position would no doubt have been in the "Base Camp." At home, on the other hand, a general election was about to be decided; my address to the electors of East Sussex had already been issued, and I began to read in a more favourable light the clause in my letter of *congé*, "There is no objection to your proceeding

to England," and that, after a little further inquiry and reflection, was what I decided to do. The course I took was, I am sure, never found fault with by soldiers who knew the circumstances, though I believe there were a few fireside critics at home who took a sterner and less indulgent view of the case. They no doubt pictured me as a sort of *franc-tireur*, who, having engaged to make himself useful in any capacity, retired from the firing-line as soon as he found his position there growing dangerous. I, however, had no prickings whatever from my own conscience, and I sailed in the *Kildonan Castle* as soon as I was offered a passage, and in due course reached Southampton in safety.

My wife was the first person who greeted me. At St. Vincent I had received a message from her saying "Success certain," and my own share in what was not unreasonably called the "Khaki Election," began almost directly I landed. The Conservative Agent, Mr. Joseph Adams, to whom my former successes had in large measure been due, at once took charge of us, and then with a discreet kind of vigilance conducted us from Southampton to Rye. There was a great crowd at the station, there was a band, the houses were prepared for illuminations later on, and I had such a kind welcome from the Mayor, and, in fact, from everyone, that what I said in a brief speech was perfectly sincere. It seemed to make up for every anxiety, hardship, and danger that I had passed through. I remember recognizing Henry James among the bystanders, and thinking, from his look and smile, that he evidently took a correct and at the same time benevolent view of the situation. When we were finally dragged home in our carriage, and came to the point leading to our house from the high-road, I found that a khaki arch had been erected, the words "Welcome Home" in large letters overhead, while about half-way up on either side of the arch a real little boy was to be

seen, each of them dressed in khaki, and armed with a miniature rifle.

As for the election which soon followed this reception, it was evident that many of the Liberal voters would have preferred leaving me unopposed, as they had with less reason felt justified in doing a few years before, though now it had been thought right to bring out their candidate the same week that I had left for the seat of war. He was a retired doctor, and was said to be popular in the part of the Division where he lived. I never met him myself except at the polling, the result of which cannot altogether have surprised him. The numbers were :

Brookfield	5,376
Hutchinson	2,887

Majority, 2,489.

It was, however, the last public success of any kind that fell in my way, and it is the simple truth that I would have dispensed with it, if at the same time I had not been obliged to suffer a more severe disappointment than any that I had yet experienced. I was no doubt a great deal too sanguine, but I was misled by the reception accorded to me by the military authorities when I first came home. At the first Levee I attended I was presented " by the Adjutant-General, on return from active service " ; and I was afterwards sent to Marlborough House to receive my medal from the new Sovereign in person. Also a long despatch from Lord Roberts had just been printed, and several people congratulated me on the way my name was mentioned in connection with the convoy actions.

All this was really explained by the fact that Sir Archibald Hunter—as he told me himself—had sent the first unfavourable report made about me home to England, but that the authorities there had declined to deal with it, saying that it was a matter for the

Commander-in-Chief in South Africa to settle. How he had done this the War Office had apparently not yet heard.

But I must resist the temptation to go into this matter much more fully than its importance will be held to deserve, and will therefore bring it to its melancholy conclusion. General Sir Ian Hamilton was the officer with whom I had the most interviews about it, and just before the Honours List was published, he wrote to me: "Even now at the eleventh hour I think I may say your case will be reconsidered, if——" But the condition was that the same person who had so far wrecked all my prospects should be induced to write a few words in my favour, and that meant my going to him as a suppliant, which no doubt I ought to have done, but which I absolutely refused to do. So in the end I just "took my medicine," and will obtrude no further remarks on the subject.

But do we not often see a good foundation for the proverb, "Misfortunes never come singly"? I had begun to be accustomed—I cannot say reconciled—to my recent disappointment, and after working pretty energetically in the House of Commons on the ordinary working days, I was in the habit of going home at the end of each week to breathe an atmosphere which, in every sense of that term, I used to find extremely refreshing. On a certain Friday night I went down to Leasam in that way, and arrived somewhat after the manner of a hunted fox, who has reached his main earth and hopes to be left there in peace for a reasonable time. The next day we received a cable message from America. It was carefully and considerately worded; yet what it still plainly meant was that our resources from that country had wholly come to an end.

I could easily explain how matters had reached this pass with such apparent suddenness, and could say more than the reader may suppose to defend myself against

the charge of having been careless in looking after what may at least seem to have been my own affairs. But I could do neither of these things without violating confidences, and dragging into view the private concerns of another family. I may, however, just say this for myself, which is, that although I may have all along cherished a fanciful idea that I was taking part in a course of events to which a happy ending was preordained, my persistence was also due to encouragement of a far less visionary kind.

I believe that I bore the news of this disaster with tolerable fortitude, and that what most affected me at the time was the way in which it was received by my most faithful friend. She had more ground for sorrow and just resentment than anyone, yet seemed only distressed by what she knew the blow meant for my prospects. Five of our six children were then at home, and we did not at first tell them, or indeed anyone else, what had happened to us all. Yet some kind of suspicion had managed to find its way to the schoolroom and the nursery, for on Sunday evening, when, in accordance with custom, the family were going to sing a hymn, a little daughter of twelve whose duty it was to choose which hymn it should be, with a grave air of her own handed round the books opened at a page headed "*In Times of Trouble.*"

CHAPTER XXXVIII

A FAREWELL TO POLITICAL LIFE

In the very serious emergency that I have just described, it seemed to me that the first person I ought to consult was my Banker at Hastings. He was a Scotsman of the name of Andrew Murray, with whom I had long had a personal friendship, and when I had simply told him my story, without having had time to say more, he said, after a minute or two's reflection : " A banker has to be a judge of character. You may go on drawing on us as if you had received your usual quarterly remittance, and we can talk about security some other time."

There is, however, probably no one, no matter whether he be rich or poor, who does not know that bankers are amongst the kindest and most generous of men.

My wife, meanwhile, went out to America to confer with her mother and see whether it was possible to do anything there ; while I, as Parliament was then sitting, spent most of my time at the House of Commons, " to be on the spot," as people say under such circumstances. It was then that I learnt to appreciate more than ever both the friendship and the versatile gifts of Robert Pierpoint, of whom I have already spoken in a former chapter, for we usually dined together at the House. His contributions to *Notes and Queries*, which were often extremely interesting, left him an ample reserve of matter for the table-talk in which he excelled. Apart, too, from his higher qualities as a *convive*, he shared my taste for food that was at once very simple, yet nicely prepared, and though quite a moderate drinker, he was

an excellent judge of wine. He was a member of what was called the "Kitchen Committee," and in that capacity had authority in the dining arrangements and was a most useful adviser.

The only drinking in which I used to indulge was at dinner, and I well remember one occasion when, in discussing with Pierpoint what wine we should order, and being at the same time a good deal out of humour about my own affairs, I told him that I should prefer something "very strong and very cheap." Upon this he patiently searched through the wine list for a few moments, and then said: "Here, I think, is something that will answer both your requirements. It is some Spanish Claret at sixpence a quart!"

As for the "rash act" that followed, I need only say that we were agreeably disappointed, and agreed that the wine had certain rugged merits, especially that of purity, which its price, after all, may in some measure have explained.

So far I have tried to say as little as possible about the more serious side of my troubles; but it is necessary to explain the way in which I gave up my seat in Parliament, and how it came about that I spent the rest of my public life abroad. At an early stage of my difficulties I had thought it right to take the Chief Whip of the party into my confidence, more especially with regard to the necessity which had arisen for selling our Sussex home, and at the same time giving up the representation of the Rye Division. It was, I think, natural —or at least what almost anyone else would have done under the same circumstances—that I should take that opportunity to suggest that my own party, then in office, should find some suitable employment for me. The Whip listened attentively to all I said, made a note in his pocket-book, and then dismissed the matter for the moment in his usual cheerful but business-like way:

"All right, old chap!" he said. "We'll see if we can fix you up with something."

I had my own private opinion as to what this something probably meant, and very likely indulged my imagination with visions of a future of which I should have had little enough to complain. Yet—

"Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,"

and after waiting more than six months, I found myself still in the same state of uncertainty and suspense, the latest report from the Whips being only: "Sorry we haven't been able to fix you up with anything yet." I was then compelled to give directions for selling our house and small estate.

In having up to this point pinned my faith to the Whips, I had followed the usual procedure, but it now occurred to me, for the first time, that while they were quite willing to arrange matters in a way that was agreeable to my wishes—which I believe to have been the case—they might be meeting with difficulties from some higher quarter, and this fear was soon most unpleasantly confirmed.

There was in the House at that time a certain quiet, friendly Liberal-Unionist, who was known to act as a sort of unofficial "liaison officer" between the two wings of our party. I only knew him slightly; but one night he and I happened to find ourselves for a few seconds squeezed together in a crowded Division Lobby, when, without any preface, he said to me in a tone of semi-playful reproach, "I say, what have you been doing to Joe Chamberlain?" The next moment he was swept away to record his vote, and then vanished like someone in a dream.

I had no doubt that this phantom, whose name I have now forgotten, was some benevolent but baffled intermediary in my affairs, and after the hint that he had given me I lost no time in seeing Mr. Chamberlain

myself, at the Colonial Office. I cannot say that at that time I had altogether forgotten the incident of just eighteen years before, when I had publicly declared my wish to send him to the gallows. But to me he had long since become an entirely different man; and as he was no longer suspected of Republicanism, had dropped his "ransom" doctrine, had stood firm against Home Rule, and taken office in a Unionist Ministry under Lord Salisbury, I had learnt to appreciate his force of character, his great power in debate, and his almost unique comprehension of colonial problems. In this last connection, too, he had confided to the elder James Lowther, who was a friend of mine, an extremely interesting hint as to the fiscal policy which he already favoured, and of which, later on, he became the avowed and leading advocate. I need say no more than that I had for some time past admired Mr. Chamberlain as a statesman, and as far as my very slight personal acquaintance with him went, was inclined to like him as a man; while with regard to the affront that I had offered him so many years before, my opinion was that he had very possibly forgotten it, but that if he had not done so, he was, for all that, not likely still to nourish any active resentment on the subject.

I had, however, fallen into the old error of reckoning without my host. The Secretary of State made no difficulty about running over the list of appointments then within his gift, and was even facetious (rather after his "earlier manner") about the necessity, in one instance, of appointing only a Peer. He then told me that owing to various arrangements already made, he was "practically left with nothing but Newfoundland and Sierra Leone to dispose of." I asked him to consider my appointment for the first of these two posts, and to keep open the second for a few days, to both of which requests I understood him to agree; but the Newfoundland appointment was bestowed on

someone else the following day, and when I then inquired about Sierra Leone, he informed me briefly—not to say curtly—that he had "given it to another gentleman."

It may, however, very well be thought that I must have been mistaken in imputing Mr. Chamberlain's action to a desire to pay off an old score, and when a certain Great Lady, who was a personal friend of his, had been induced to intercede on my behalf—which, as she had only twice in her life spoken to me, she may have found it rather difficult to do—it is quite true that he explained the matter differently, for in a letter he wrote her which was shown to me, he said that he should have been very glad to have obliged her, but that "the days of jobs were over," and that colonial appointments "were now only given to men of approved ability and intelligence."

The last struggle that I made—not for any personal distinction, but for a livelihood for myself and the several others involved in the catastrophe which had befallen me—was when I sought out my old leader, Mr. Balfour, who had just then become Prime Minister, and put all the circumstances that I have been mentioning before him for his consideration.

From the statesman's point of view he was probably right in not giving me too kind or encouraging a reception, though for all that I thought the almost funereal gloom of his manner was just a trifle exaggerated, and that without feigning to weep on my shoulder, it would still not have compromised him to have expressed, in some ordinary phrase, his regret for the situation which had obliged me to appeal to him. I did not tax his patience long, nor did he say anything himself, until I related my recent experience at the Colonial Office, and the old story of "the gallows," upon which he gave an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders, and then observed that it was a well-established rule

that one minister should never interfere in the disposal of any office within another minister's gift. I thought it wise not to argue upon such a point, and only said that, having fully stated my case, I should leave it in his hands. Upon this he hastily rose, and extending his hand, yet still without any vestige of a smile, exclaimed, "I trust that we part as friends."

I have now probably said enough about the more serious troubles by which my life was all at once chequered, though I still have to relate the actual circumstances under which I gave up a parliamentary career and entered a new sphere of activity.

Not long after my farewell interview with the Prime Minister, I was invited to dine by Lord Lansdowne, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who in the course of the evening said, in his usual graceful way, that my father "had always been a *persona grata* at Lansdowne House." A few days later he told me to come and see him at the Foreign Office, and then, with many smiles, offered me an appointment in the Consular Service. "We have decided," he added, "to make you a 'full' Consul."

I am afraid that this reminded me of the old joke of calling a recruit a "full" private, but it was nevertheless some relief to be in the end gazetted as His Majesty's Consul for Monte Video, at a salary of £400 a year, and with the promise that, in case of a vacancy, a somewhat better post might be offered me. When I last called at Lansdowne House I found Lord Lansdowne reading a little work I had written, called *The Speaker's A.B.C.*, and he explained this by saying that he had to speak in the House of Lords that evening, and "was getting a hint or two from me." A more polite statesman can hardly ever have breathed!

Having thus disposed of me, it became the duty of the Government and of the party-managers to consider a matter to which they had hitherto given very insuffi-

cient attention, if any at all, and that was the political situation in the Rye Division, and with it the mood of the electors in view of the coming by-election. These were points that probably no one (with the possible exception of my confidential agent, Mr. Adams) understood better than I did, and there is no doubt that had the Government had any reason to believe me brimful of gratitude to them, one of the first steps they would have taken would have been to ask for my advice and co-operation. As it was, they had evidently decided that it would be best to leave me alone, and it was an attitude I had no difficulty in comprehending. At the same time the electors were in a decidedly mischievous humour. One of the most influential of them wrote to me saying that, as he meant to take no part in the election, he wished I would come and stay with him, "until they pack you off to Timbuctoo, or wherever the place is." I received other communications of a more or less similar kind, and the sentiment about "Timbuctoo" was reflected in some of the speeches made at Conservative meetings.

It was at this juncture, and about three weeks before the polling day, that a new figure came upon the scene in the person of Byron Curtis, the editor of *The Standard*, at that time the official organ of the Conservative party. He was in the habit of hiring a house for the summer in the neighbourhood of Rye; at his suggestion I had written articles on various subjects in *The Standard*, and in these two ways we had become tolerably intimate friends. A favourite phrase of his, which I had often heard him use, was this: "I know I'm only quite a humble sort of fellow, but I've a jolly lot of power!" To convince me that this was something more than mere boasting, he one day showed me in confidence some correspondence he had at one time had with a well-known Cabinet Minister, who in a most grateful letter acknowledged, that it was to him that he owed,

" one by one, eaeh step in his political advaneement." But I have omitted to mention that Byron Curtis had onee tried to give me what would have been a still more direet proof of the influenee he elaimed to exereise; for when a new ministry was being formed in 1900, he had, without any knowledge or privity on my part, urged my being assigned a eertain offiee for whieh he thought me fitted. Though he failed to carry that point, he was at the same time told that " I must be content " with a very minor post whieh was not to be filled till the last moment; and when that was given to someone else there was no disagreeable remark made about " the days of jobs being over," but only a civil letter from Mr. Balfour in whieh he said: " I find that the Duke of M—— wants offiee, so that I am afraid——" and my *coup de grâce* followed.

What I have said may explain the status of Mr. Byron Curtis, and his relations with me and with the Government, when he one day met me by appointment, and earnestly begged me to throw myself into the eleetion contest. " Of course," he said, " all your expenses will be paid, and if you don't mind not asking where it comes from, I may tell you that there will be a thousand pounds at your disposal as well." I might have answered, like the Governor of Tilbury Fort in *The Critic*: " A thousand pounds! Hah, thou hast touched me nearly!" but instead of doing so I asked him from whom the request that I should intervene in the eleetion came. He told me that he was not at liberty to say. I asked him to tell me, in plain words, whether he eame to me on behalf of the Government, or not; and to that he replied sadly that it was not his fault that he did not do so. I have no doubt myself that this was perfeetly true, and that, having been unable to obtain the avowed patronage of the Government for my employment as a sort of eleetion gladiator, this friend of theirs and of mine had been entrusted with an alternative

plan, of which it had been thought that my necessities would ensure the success. It was nevertheless the glittering monetary bait, and the anonymity of those who had prepared it, that made me shy about swallowing it, and with a very hackneyed quotation from Virgil running in my mind, I rightly or wrongly declined to consider the proposal Byron Curtis had made to me unless it was presented in quite a different shape; and that was never done.

At the last moment a singularly maladroit attempt was made to fire my old constituents with enthusiasm for the Government; Mr. Chamberlain, of all men—whose exact relations with me were by this time public property in the Division—being persuaded to send a telegram, in which everyone was urged to vote for a candidate "who would worthily follow in the footsteps of their late member, Colonel Brookfield." "The reason I didn't vote," said one of my former supporters afterwards, "was because I was so disgusted with Chamberlain for sending that telegram, after the vindictive way in which he had treated you!" Many other electors, no doubt, had other reasons for whatever course they may have taken, but the net result was that the Unionists were beaten, and the Government lost an important seat.

The gentleman who had been suddenly called upon to come forward in my place made a spirited fight, and was not long afterwards consoled with a Baronetcy. My former opponent, who had managed to defeat him, was knighted as soon as his friends came into power, while as for myself a suitable retreat was found for me at Dantzig, on the shores of the Baltic, which interesting, though cold and somewhat remote corner of the world, became my home for the next seven years of my life.

CHAPTER XXXIX

GERMANY BEFORE THE WAR

Before the post to which I was to be sent had been finally decided upon I was installed for six months at the Foreign Office, there to learn the art of writing despatches, with other mysteries of my craft. The head of the Consular Department at that time was Mr. Walter Cockerell, an agreeable, kind-hearted man of the world, who in several ways did what he could to help me and make my position smooth. Amongst other things he had been instructed to find me, if possible, a nearer and rather better paid post than Monte Video, and so far as his wish and intention went I should have been sent only a few miles from England, and to a spot where I should have remained in pretty close touch with all my friends. Calais was the place where the vacancy was supposed to have occurred, and when Mr. Cockerell first told me of it he good-humouredly added that it "seemed to be the very thing." I thought so too; but a day or two later it was discovered that the message reporting the death of a Consul had been wrongly deciphered as coming from Calais, when it was in fact from Callao, a port situated on the coast of Peru. When Mr. Cockerell expressed his regret at this mistake I told him that at my death the word "Callao" would be found written on my heart. The disappointment was, all the same, rather provoking.

The circumstances which led to my being ultimately sent to Dantzig are not worth relating. Germany was a country about which I knew little or nothing; but I was now to live with Germans all the year round. As for

what I learnt and thought about them by being with them from the autumn of 1903 until the same time of year in 1910, my views have not been essentially changed by the events that followed a few years later ; and what my opinions and impressions were I can the more accurately recall from the fact that I used to keep a diary at that time.

I think that Germany, at the period that I am describing, was of all countries in the world the one in which official position of any kind was most highly esteemed ; and when I made my debut as the British Consul at Dantzig the politeness and hospitality with which I was treated, merely in virtue of my office, could hardly have been surpassed. Nor was true personal kindness wanting, when it was discovered that I had some taste for music, in which they all delighted, that I took some interest in military matters, in which they were most of them absorbed, and that I did not affect at all a Spartan attitude towards the elaborate methods of enjoyment at the table, in respect to which the Germans of Dantzig were certainly past-masters.

Soon after my arrival I found that I was expected to call upon all military, naval, civil, or municipal personages holding a certain rank, and having hired the regulation gala coach and pair with a sort of Jäger wearing white cotton gloves to sit on the box, I proceeded to pay my respects to some forty-five different officials, beginning with the Oberpräsident and General-Kommandant, and ending with several Rats of various kinds and all the other consular representatives. Of these latter only those from France and Russia were Consuls *de carrière* like myself, but we three soon became very close friends.

One great attraction that I found in Dantzig was its many quaint streets full of most interesting and beautiful old houses, churches, and public buildings, all preserved with excellent taste, skill, and knowledge of effect.

The town had, of course, spread very considerably in the course of the last two or three centuries, and not long before I came there a broad moat, formerly a conspicuous feature, had been, no doubt reluctantly, filled in and built over, but the old gates were still standing and still occupied by guards, and the most picturesque part of the old *freistadt* was still the chief centre of all the business life of the place. I chose for my abode a flat, rather high up in an ancient, gabled house in the Milchkannengasse. The main street entrance to our stairway was next to a bridge, while some of our windows overlooked the Mottlau (a branch of the Vistula) and commanded an extensive view of mediæval buildings, towers, and churches, very much to my taste. The flat, when once a long and rather primitive staircase had been climbed, consisted of some good-sized, fairly lofty rooms, and I had just furnished them as best I could when my wife joined me. We were soon afterwards constantly invited to dinners, balls, and all sorts of other entertainments, a week seldom passing without more than one engagement of the kind. The official functions, such as those to which we were asked by the Oberpräsident and the General-Kommandant, involved a good many formalities, which, however, we found it easy enough to understand and fall in with. Extraordinary pains used to be taken to provide each guest with a congenial dinner-companion, or, if the occasion was a dance, with a suitable partner for the *Staatsquadrille*—always part of the programme—and for the supper, which was practically a regular dinner-party. An aide-de-camp, who had to arrange such matters, once said to me in playful reproach: "Also you are a very difficult Herr to place. Your partner has to be of a certain rank, yet you like someone at the same time who is good-looking, amusing, and able to talk English!" As I had certainly never said anything to that effect, I was struck by the astute insight into

character which this remark disclosed. The exact dress to be worn at any entertainment, whether ceremonious or otherwise, was nearly always mentioned with the invitation, and it may be thought that I had to appear on most occasions with the *très distingué* indications of having never received any distinction at all; but not long before I had had the good fortune to be made a Knight of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England, and as the corresponding *Joanniterorden* in Germany is very highly esteemed there, I was able, with my collar and star, and the addition of my South African medal, to meet the situation with comparative success. For the military balls given at the General-Kommando I usually wore my scarlet Cinque Ports tunic, which the Foreign Office had given me leave to do, and I remember that General von Braunschweig, who was a well-bred, good-natured man with much the same manners as the average English General, used to greet me now and then with, "Nun! Kommen Sie heute abend als Konsul, oder als Soldat?" (Do you come this evening as a Consul, or as a soldier?) His wife, who was portly and quite a *grande dame*, used to talk to me in French, and one night at supper reproved me across the table for not living in a more fashionable quarter. "Pourquoi demeurez vous dans cette affreuse Milchkannengasse? Ce n'est pas digne de vous, avec cet sale escalier!" I knew that this was only her way of apologizing for not having ever in person climbed the staircase referred to in order to return our visit. A few minutes later she called my attention to the fact that the hall in which we were dining was hung round in all directions with double rows of little cream-jugs of every conceivable kind of pottery, it being a hobby of hers to collect such things from every part of the world. She asked me what I thought of it, upon which I said that, if I might speak frankly, it rather reminded me of the Milchkannengasse, "quoique l'escalier de

votre Excellence est beaucoup plus bel et propre." This sounded a little more witty than it really was, and I heard my "wheeze" about the Milchkannengasse being passed round in the course of the evening. Not long afterwards I sent home for a cream-jug made of Rye pottery and added it to her Excellency's collection.

The Germans had a very pretty custom at the end of a dance, which was for everyone to form up opposite the Host and Hostess, and then (as we used to say in the Army) "advance in review order," to appropriate music, and make a farewell obeisance. Whatever the occasion or emergency, the orchestra or band always seemed equal to it. It used particularly to please me, when a great meet of the Drag-hounds took place on St. Hubert's Day, to see a Hussar Band turn out, mounted and with their kettle-drums, to play spirited hunting tunes, with due prominence given to the horns. At more than one of these gatherings one of my daughters rode by General von Mackensen's side, and at the end of the run was presented by him with a wreath of oak-leaves, the drag equivalent for "the brush." I thought him, by the way, an agreeable and decidedly amiable man, though he was apparently never able quite to lay aside his pose as an ultra-stern type of cavalry leader and sabreur. I once heard a lady ask him how he liked some symphony that a string orchestra had just played, and he replied: "Gnädige Frau, to tell you the truth, I only care for marches and music of that sort."

I suppose I ought to have seen much that was ridiculous in most of the outward forms and ceremonies observed at German dinner-parties, balls, and similar occasions, but I cannot say that they usually struck me in that light. Many of them were a good deal to my taste, and in nearly all I recognized the links in a general system which, whether good or bad, could at least always claim the merit of consistency. So

far as I could notice, the only people who ever seemed to chafe under the little social restraints to which I am alluding belonged to the small minority who professed Liberal opinions in politics, and were no doubt impatient with the more important ramifications of the system as well. The Oberbürgermeister of Dantzig belonged to this category, and when one night he gave a great ball and supper, I found that, in accordance with his principles, he had added to the stock list of official guests several private merchants and representatives of Art and Letters, whom it was the usual custom on all great occasions to ignore, and that, having done this, he had also determined to treat them with all the distinction he could. From the point of view of an English Conservative—which was something not widely different from what he was himself—I should have done exactly the same, but it was none the less a decided departure from local tradition, and though most of the aristocracy came to the Oberbürgermeister's party, a few of the younger ones did so with a good deal the air of being just engaged in some Bohemian frolic. Personally, and from my own detached standpoint, I had every reason to be pleased, for I was not only given a place in the *Staatsquadrille*, but found that the partner to whom I was assigned was the Prima Donna of the Stadt Theatre, and as she was clever and agreeable, very handsome, about the best dancer in the room, and talked English nearly as well as I did, she proved a fairly satisfactory substitute for the average Infantry-Colonel's wife, or perhaps even the Frau Geheimfinanzrat whom I was generally so fortunate as to secure. One decided *contretemps* did happen nevertheless. At the beginning of the quadrille it was customary for each couple to present themselves by name to the couples who stood next them, and when my partner and I did this to the two dancers either on our right or left (I forget which), one of them—a young, smart, haughty

little Gräfin—as she made her curtsy to the Diva and heard her name, exclaimed with blunt astonishment: "Die Schauspielerin!" (The actress!) To which the other, as she sank almost to the ground, coolly replied: "Ja, Frau Gräfin, aber ich bin nicht gefährlich!" (Yes, Countess, but I'm not dangerous!)

I met in Germany plenty of Gräfins and Baronins who would have been incapable of such a piece of bad manners as I have described, but I always found it necessary, whether dealing with women or men, to distinguish the particular type to which they belonged. For there were several varieties, some extremely stiff and formal, but at the same time provincial; others in great numbers only kind, simple, and homely; and others, again, quite as agreeable and polished as the most exacting cosmopolitan critic could have wished to meet. The first description—at least in Prussia—seemed to me to include a possible majority of the men, especially as regards officers; the typical German Frau of the middle or upper-middle class was very apt to come under the second heading; the really pleasantest people, who knew something about other countries besides their own, I usually only found in the higher ranks of society. The ordinary German Frau was often a person without the very smallest guile or affectation. Dining at a private house one night, I asked a lady sitting next me, who had refused to take soup, whether she would not change her mind, upon which she said: "Sie sind sehr liebenswürdig, Herr Konsul, aber leider ist mein Mahgung nicht ganz in ordnung." (You are very kind, Mr. Consul, but unfortunately my stomach is a little out of order.) This type of person, usually stout and sentimental, could at the same time be very persuasive in urging the Herren not to let any drawbacks deter them from enjoying whatever was good. She was also pretty sure to be well drilled in the attitude she took as to any excesses in which her lord and master might occasionally

indulge; and I remember one lady saying to me in English: "When my husband is a little tipsy he is always very merry and amiable." The modern English wife, if she ever says somewhat similar things, does so with a more or less studied flippancy, but the typical German Frau always seemed to be in earnest. She was in earnest, too, when she was doing any kind or considerate action, and I was often impressed by the tact and good taste that all the German ladies used to show in many little matters, such as sending presents of flowers when some attention of that sort was likely to be acceptable.

There was only quite a small British colony at Dantzig. Many years before there had been some hundreds who answered that description, including notably a large contingent of Scottish merchants who used to trade there. There was an extremely interesting old church or chapel in the Heiligegeistgasse, still our property, and though the worshippers there usually formed only a small congregation, we found the place a suitable and convenient rallying point on Sunday and the usual other days. Our services were conducted by Mr. Frank Dunsby, the Scripture-reader and Licensed Preacher who managed the Seamen's Home at Neufahrwasser, the port of entrance to Dantzig on the Vistula. He threw a remarkable amount of energy and self-sacrifice into the discharge of these combined duties, and we were all fond of him, but he would have made his position stronger, and at the same time more agreeable for himself, if he had consented to take Holy Orders, to which course, however, he was averse, though I always thought on mistaken grounds. The "*gasse*," —properly meaning a "lane"—in which our church stood was one of the most picturesque of all the old streets, and in front of this, and, I think, most of the other houses, was a sort of small, open courtyard, the little flight of stone steps leading up to which had, at

its base on either side, an enormous stone or stucco ball, a severe, rugged kind of ornament that was a very characteristic and common feature in the architecture of this ancient Baltic city. The room built and used for church services was not on the ground-floor, and to reach it we had to go through a stone-flagged hall —the only furniture of which was a marble table—and then ascend some stairs which, passing through an *entresol* where the vestry had been contrived, led into the handsome little chapel. It was rather crowded by pews of the "horse-box" pattern, had a tall pulpit and reading-desk duly decorated with plenty of red cushions and tassels, and was further adorned with the Royal Arms of England, which included the French *fleur-de-lis*, and had, added, the cipher of Queen Anne and the date 1704. The style of architecture was rather older than that, but did not call for special remark. I think I used to find the organ about the most interesting object in the church. It was, in fact, old-fashioned enough to have pleased anyone. The usual colours of the two kinds of notes were reversed, the naturals being black and the sharps and flats a dingy yellow that had no doubt once been white. One of the stops (of which there were only a few) had the effect of bringing into play an object fixed to the front of the instrument, high over the organist's head, and in appearance somewhat suggesting a tambourine, which produced the same musical effect as what in military bands is called a "Jingling Johnny." Before my arrival on the scene it had very likely been silent for quite a hundred years, and the Fräulein who played our hymns for us was considerably flustered when her attention was called to its possibilities. The bellows of the organ were in a little sort of loft, or separate room overhead, and if I recollect rightly were worked on the treadmill system.

It is time, however, that I should say something about

my duties as His Majesty's Consul. As regards the usual routine, I had chiefly to attend to matters connected with ships and seamen, which, as a rule, only required the exercise of a little common sense and patience. Sometimes I prided myself on taking a great deal of elaborate trouble in dealing with some incident or emergency that had arisen; but in the end I usually found it best to stick to the "Consular Instructions," and the letter of the law, and avoid trying heroic remedies for any evils with which I may have become acquainted. Now and then I obtained the release of men who had been sent to prison; and I often visited others who were in hospital. I had a good deal of troublesome work in connection with "distressed British subjects," and occasionally had most knotty points to decide on questions of nationality. A distressed Irish governess wrote to complain that she was detained against her will in the Polish shooting-box of a Russian Prince, whose wife "had compelled her to eat an owl for breakfast." I once had to repatriate a Persian who had taken out British naturalization papers when he was living in Canada; and on another occasion I had to take charge of a troupe of Cingalese conjurers who had been dismissed from a German circus on the ground that they were not Hindus, as they had professed to be.

I added to the less agreeable duties already falling to my lot by accepting the position of Lloyd's Agent when there was some difficulty about filling that post in a satisfactory way. Financially, I think my fees never came to more than about £60 a year, but the experience was not altogether uninteresting, and I learnt some of the mysteries of "general and particular average," with other matters of the same kind. When I first took up this employment I remember sending Lloyd's what I thought a rather interesting report of a wreck, in the course of which, amongst other things, I eulogized the bravery of the captain, and so on. But I

was reminded of the essential difference between sentiment and business when the reply came, in which the receipt of my letter was acknowledged with thanks, followed only by the words, " We are not interested in the matter "—a point that I ought certainly to have considered first. Amongst more practical questions, I often had to decide whether a cargo of herrings was fit for human food or not, and as this usually happened only in the warmest weather, I was glad to find that there were local experts available whom I could depute to make the necessary investigations for me. I nevertheless carried out personally every duty to which I felt equal, and recollect once boarding a vessel and myself wading or plunging through a cargo of red wheat in bulk, to ascertain how far it had been damaged by fire. I was alone, and up to my knees in wheat, and at one time thought it just possible that I might sink in still further and be smothered, but I diverted my mind by fancying the situation as it would have been related by Victor Hugo. I " spoke " to the wheat, for instance, as one of his characters might have done, and anyhow floundered through it somehow or other.

In my position as Consul the most important event that occurred while I was at Dantzig was the visit of our Fleet, which took place on September 1st, 1905, and lasted five days. Politically, it was intended to have considerable significance, the exact bearing of which, however, at first frankly puzzled the German authorities, or at least those at Dantzig. When Oberbürgermeister Ehlers—whom I have already mentioned as a man with Liberal views—came to see me on the subject of possible entertainments for the officers and men, he was extremely serious as he asked me what the intention of the visit was, and whether it was a threat. I told him that the main intention was to improve the relations between Germany and England, but that in trying to do so our Government would only be guilty of affectation if they

neglected an opportunity of reminding the Germans that the country which sought to be better friends with them was at the same time a great naval power. I was sure that he saw the difference between doing that and anything so clumsy and discourteous as a "threat." He said that he understood that perfectly; his manner entirely changed; and adroitly turning to the subject of Shakespeare, he pronounced an opinion I had heard from him before, viz. that *King John* was the finest of all the plays. After he had left me he made an appeal to the people of Dantzig to give the British Fleet a cordial welcome; he set an excellent example in that respect himself, and when the time came took a leading part in making the visit a success, which, as far as outward hospitality and friendly speeches went, it certainly was. The local Conservative paper nevertheless recommended what it called a "kühl und korrekt" attitude, and one very prominent man—to my own personal knowledge—temporarily removed a sum corresponding to about £10,000 from one of the Dantzig banks, having been recommended to do so by his business-adviser on the ground, "that it was after all not certain what the *englische Flotte* was coming there for, and that it was at least just as well to be on the safe side." I find from my diary that on August 10th I wrote a despatch to the Ambassador (Sir F. Lascelles), in which I said: "Although there is no evidence of any cordial enthusiasm, there is an under-current of curiosity which I believe to be tinged with benevolence." This was surely an admirably cautious, diplomatic statement of the case, though I never heard what the Ambassador thought of it.

On the other hand, it was evidently agreed that I was the proper person, not only to make all sorts of extensive arrangements for the supply of coal, bread, meat, and vegetables, but to decide also what officials the British Admiral was to call upon, and in what order, with other

points of a similar kind. In the case of some of the supplies, I found it a troublesome task to translate the advertisements for tenders, the English phrases not always giving much opening for the use of any exact German equivalents. The beef had to be "neither 'Bull-beef' nor 'Cow-beef,'" and I felt a certain sympathy with a butcher who asked me, "Also what kind of beef, then, is it possible to provide?" I could only murmur something about "oxen, steers, and heifers," which I left the Vice-Consul, who was of the butcher's own nationality, to explain further. With regard to the bread, again, it had to be "baked without yeast"; and a baker having handed me a sample that tasted excellent, made *with* yeast, I still had to tell him that, as it did not fulfil the prescribed conditions, it could not possibly be chosen. As regards the more delicate yet perhaps slightly more congenial task of arranging the Admiral's visits, the carriages or cars that were to be employed, and all sorts of other details of various kinds, I had the advantage of personally knowing all the principal officials pretty well, and our Naval Attaché, Captain Allenby,[1] with whom I was on friendly terms, arrived from Berlin the day before the Fleet was expected, and set me right on one or two points as to which I had been in doubt. I had fortunately not omitted to get permission for armed pickets to be landed, though it was not conceded until I had fully explained how the pickets would be armed, and on what precise duties they would be employed.

At last the great day came. The Fleet suddenly emerged from a distant sea mist, and at exactly the appointed time, ten o'clock in the morning, anchored in the roadstead outside Neufahrwasser. It was undoubtedly a very fine spectacle. The Admiral's flagship, the *Exmouth*, then proceeded to salute the German flag with 21 guns, to which one of the land batteries

[1] Afterwards Admiral Allenby.

replied in the same way. Soon afterwards a picket-boat called for me, and flying my blue consular flag at the bow, I went off to board the flagship in most unwonted state. When I had been taken to the Admiral, Sir Arthur Wilson,[1] I made a point of first offering him a formal welcome, and then reported to him the various arrangements that had been made. We had rather a long interview, after which I left, being saluted for the first time in my life with 7 guns, and he preceding me in his barge, we went to the *Kaiserliche Werft*, where he was received by the chief German naval official, Kapitän zur see von Basse, who was a friend of mine, and this helped to make matters go smoothly. Captain von Basse had a motor-car ready, in which he took the Admiral, the Admiral's Flag-Lieutenant, and myself to make the round of official calls. I afterwards returned to the *Exmouth* and had luncheon with Sir Arthur Wilson. He impressed me as a very strong, resolute, perhaps somewhat blunt-mannered type of naval officer, though he talked very sound common sense and was civil and agreeable enough to me.

After these preliminaries we at once settled down to a series of dinners, luncheons, sports, and other festivities, all of which went off very happily, though a good part of my own time each day had to be given to business of various kinds as well. The principal banquet, or *Festmahl*, with which the City and Guild of Merchants entertained the Admiral and other officers, took place in the famous old Artushof, a really noble mediæval building, exactly adapted for the occasion, and was an extremely successful affair.

The only approach to any hitch during the visit of the Fleet was a slight *Misverständnis* in connection with the dress worn at a great dinner and ball given by the General-Kommandant. On the same day that it

[1] Afterwards Admiral of the Fleet Sir A. Wilson.

was to take place he mentioned to me that Prince Albrecht, a member of the Royal Family, would be present, and that as etiquette required that everyone he was to meet should first have been presented to him, he would hold an informal levee for that purpose before anything else was done. I at once foresaw a complication, and rushing off to the Admiral, asked him what dress the officers had been told to wear. He said that they had been told to come in "Ball rig" (which I knew meant without swords) and that he was afraid it was too late to alter the order. When the Levee took place, in a room specially set aside for the ceremony, the only naval officer who wore his sword was the Naval Attaché, who entirely took my view of the question. The great personage whom it after all primarily concerned gave no outward evidence of any displeasure, but adroitly narrated a pleasant little story relating to the custom of wearing swords. I nevertheless felt that the private verdict of nearly all the Germans as to this incident was probably summed up in the words, "They don't know any better!" In the course of the evening our hostess asked me to explain to her exactly who some of the principal British officers were, and especially why one of them was a Baronet and another, who was slightly his senior in naval rank, only a Knight. I told her that the title of the former had been inherited by birth, while that of the other had been conferred with an order given him as a reward for his services. Upon which she nodded her head most significantly, saying: "Mon Dieu! Je le crois bien! On peut très bien le voir!"

On the last day of the Fleet's visit to Dantzig the funeral took place on shore of Mr. James Glover, boatswain of H.M.S. *Russell*, who had been killed by an accident on board, and the occasion was made very interesting and impressive. Returning from the cemetery, it was a strange sensation to find myself marching

through the streets with the Captain of the *Russell*, while a British Band played alternately, " Old Kentucky Home," and the " Doppel Adler." That same evening the only ships of His Majesty King Edward that were to be seen were four destroyers moored in the Vistula ; and two days later, when they had picked up three or four stragglers and received some despatches I had for their Commander, they too took their departure, and the only very stirring incident in my stay at Dantzig was at an end.

CHAPTER XL

MY GERMAN EXPERIENCES ENDED

From the diary which I kept at that time I find that on the night when Dantzig resumed normal conditions I "slept particularly well," but that even the next day I "apparently suffered from what some advertisement used to call, 'that tired feeling,'" the truth being that during the visit of the Fleet I had been unceasingly busy, and with that constant sense of responsibility which is in its way as fatiguing as actual work. But I knew that the whole thing had gone off very well, and that, if the Admiral meant what he said when I took leave of him, I had done my share in bringing about that result. It was not unusual for a Consul under such circumstances to be given the Victorian Order, a fact of which I was reminded when the Fleet proceeded later to a less important place in France, and the Consul there was made an M.V.O. But I think that by this time I must have become something of a philosopher, for I have no recollection of having felt any keen disappointment; and when H.M.'s Government recognized the services of Oberbürgermeister Ehlers by presenting him with a silver loving-cup, engraved with the Royal Arms, I joined him very cordially in drinking from it to the health of "Seine Majestät der König Eduard! Er lebe Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!"

Turning for a moment to the subject of orders and decorations conferred on Germans by their own Government, the system afforded constant proof that an indiscriminate and almost mechanical bestowal of such honours has the natural effect of greatly

diminishing their value. Once, when the Kaiser came to Dantzig to see a new warship launched, the Captain of the Guard of Honour that was in attendance failed to do the one solitary thing required of him, which was that at the right moment he should give the word of command, "Present Arms!" and either losing his presence of mind or else simply going to sleep, he took no notice whatever of the Sovereign's passing in front of his guard, a few feet from him. Yet a day or two afterwards his services were rewarded with the Order of the Red Eagle.

The three Consuls *de carrière* were always invited to these launching functions, which were generally interesting. Admiral von Tirpitz came to one of them, and I had a pretty long conversation with him.[1] The launchings were incidentally of special interest to a German friend of mine who had married a very agreeable Englishwoman, and later became Vice-Consul; for he was a large wholesale soap-merchant, and each launching entailed his providing an enormous supply of his staple article. The Schichau Dockyards at Elbing and Dantzig were controlled by Herr Ziese, a very fine specimen of German whose daughter had married the Director of the dockyard at Dantzig, Herr Caarlson, and he and she were most cultivated and hospitable people.

I shall always remember a delightful masked ball they once gave, more especially on account of a very interesting experience I had on that occasion. Like most Englishmen, I had only the smallest knowledge of that form of entertainment, but I had often read—chiefly in stories and plays of the eighteenth century—what I considered the highly improbable way in which people at masked balls succeeded in hiding

[1] His remarks were for the most part upon technical matters relating to naval construction, and I unfortunately kept no record of their purport.

their identity, even from those who knew them best. After the adventure I am going to relate I was more disposed to believe that such stories might be perfectly true to life. I had at that time the pleasure of knowing a certain German General's wife whom I often met and sometimes took in to dinner. I had a standing joke with her on the resemblance she bore to her eldest daughter and that they in fact looked more like two sisters. This was not just a clumsy, early-Victorian compliment, for though this lady had grey hair and was of about my own time of life, she was without doubt remarkably and quite naturally young in face, figure, in all her movements, and perhaps most of all in her bright, lively style of thought and conversation. The daughter was certainly very like her in manner and appearance. She may herself have been six or seven and thirty, and in turn had a daughter of her own, of about seventeen, whom I had only very rarely met, as she was often away at school. When I arrived at the Caarlsons' masked ball I soon noticed a lady dressed as "Diana Vernon," and felt sure that it was either the General's wife or his daughter. She addressed me in a gruff contralto—which either of them might have assumed equally well—and wore a three-cornered hat, which they were both rather fond of doing on ordinary occasions. She talked in such a cool, woman-of-the-world way on one or two subjects that I thought that on the whole she must be the one who was my contemporary. But having taken her, still masked, in to supper, I furtively studied the lower part of her face, and then definitely decided that she was the daughter. I had just let her know as much when the formal signal was given for everyone to unmask, upon which, to my complete astonishment, "Diana Vernon" proved to be neither the mother nor the daughter, but the little granddaughter of seventeen! Her grandmamma had in fact not come to the ball at all, the

mamma was crying with laughter at another part of the table, and in her I recognized the mask who had some time before muttered as she passed me, "Old England for ever!" So much, then, for the most effective form of disguise that has ever yet been invented, and so much, too, for what I had once thought my remarkable powers of discernment in matters of that kind!

I used to think—for of course I am only speaking of what I thought between the years 1903–14—that regarded as mere social beings bent on pleasure, Germans in the best society bore a rather remarkable resemblance to the same kind of people in England, and that in our modes of really enjoying ourselves we even had something to learn from them. But I had a good deal of intercourse, both socially and in the way of business, with Germans of another class who very fairly answered to our usual conception of the "Stolid Teuton": narrow, pedantic, and bureaucratic to the last degree, and the annoyances I occasionally suffered from such people as Post-Office officials were often very trying. As regards the military officers I generally met, I was glad to cultivate an acquaintance, and even a friendship, with some of them, but the average Prussian Captain or Subaltern, though he might have been intended by nature for a pretty good fellow, seemed usually to speak, act, and almost to think, more like some kind of automaton than as an ordinary human being, and he was generally almost entirely uninformed about anything that concerned the world at large. I was one night trying to explain to two Artillery officers—they are, as a rule, a better educated class of men—that a good many of the horses in India were procured from Australia. "But Australia is an island, is it not?" said one of them. (Aber es ist eine Insel, nicht wahr?) I said that it was. "Where is Australia?" asked the other officer. I

told him, rather maliciously, that it was "near the Bismarck Islands"; upon which he assumed an air of enlightenment, exclaiming, "So-so! So-so-so-so-so!"

In the autumn of 1905, just after the visit of the Fleet, we moved from our quarters in the Milchkannengasse to a small, but rather pleasant, modern flat in Langfuhr, one of the suburbs some two miles or so out of Dantzig. We had occasionally been warned that it was imprudent to live in the heart of the old town and on the bank of the Mottlau—a stream which certainly bore no approximate resemblance to the "Blue Danube" of poets and string-bands. Yet the other members of my family seemed to suffer from nothing worse than rather frequent colds. As for myself, and for that matter the majority of the male inhabitants of Dantzig with whom I associated, I should say that most of the ailments with which we were commonly afflicted were to be traced to our mode of diet rather than to residence in any particular quarter. It would be easy for me to give the impression that at the many sumptuous feasts to which I was bidden I was present chiefly in the character of an amused, or perhaps distressed, spectator; but the truth is that the cold climate close to the Russian frontier, and my habit of taking a good deal of exercise, united to give me such an appetite that, although I never became a finished or incurable glutton, yet I certainly did fall into the habit of eating about twice as many good things as I had ever eaten before. As regards drinking, it was a less novel form of temptation, against which I was always on the alert, and, moreover, I never much cared for the more dangerous Rhine wines and rich burgundies that used to be specially handed round during the dinners. When I got the chance I stuck to the claret, which came straight from Bordeaux and was always excellent; and I may add to this defence that whenever I could

steal away from the more formidable entertainments at a reasonable hour, without giving offence, I always did so. Formidable many of them certainly were! For a long time after I had left Germany I preserved some of the menus, and then—perhaps in a fit of remorse—I one day destroyed them all. I find, however, in my diary some pretty full particulars of what is there described as "a really tremendous dinner," and they may be worth quoting as an example of the way in which a very hospitable *Rechtsanwalt* (or lawyer) regaled about twenty friends at his private house.

The repast began at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and the following is a list of the fare with which we were regaled, the wines that were handed round with each course being shown in brackets. First came Oysters (Deutz and Geldermann Sillery); then Turtle Soup (Madeira and Sherry, each of 1868 vintage); thirdly, Raw Smoked Beef (1896 Monplaisir); after that, Fresh Trout (1884 Marcobrunner); this was followed by Pâtées of Quail (1880 Château Latour); next came Ostend Lobsters (1890 Steffensberger); then Brussels Capon (1878 Château Lafitte); next Green Asparagus and Artichokes (Dry and Sweet Veuve Clicquot of 1884); after that Apple and Pineapple Charlotte (Dry Tokay 1862 and Sweet Tokay 1880); finally, Cheese and Dessert, Coffee and Liqueurs, etc., etc.

It was no doubt well for me that on this occasion I was, according to my diary, "prudent in my choice of beverages, favouring only a small Tisch-wein [or table-claret] and the dry Clicquot," and I appear to have escaped with Ostrowsky (the Russian Consul-General) at about ten, while the rest sat on till a great deal later, some remaining until three in the morning, or, in other words, after a total *séance* of nearly twelve hours!

For two or three very good reasons we did not attempt to rival any entertainments of this description. My

wife gave a good many tea-parties, to which the German ladies seemed pleased to come ; but all that we usually attempted in the way of dinners was to ask about eight people, when I know that my own private formula for entertaining them might have been described in the words : " Two good dishes of some kind, and plenty of champagne." The Fish-market was only a few yards from our house—I am speaking of the time when we were still in Dantzig—and the sterns of the fishing-boats, pressed close against the quay, were the actual " counters " of some of the fish-shops, from all of which the fish were generally sold alive. One night, when we were expecting some people to dine with us, the children discovered that our Polish cook, Franziska, had placed a large *Zander*—the nearest English equivalent is " Perch-pike "—to swim moodily up and down in the family bath, until she should want him, and when that moment came they were astonished and shocked to see her lift him out, take him in her arms like a baby, and then with apparent tenderness kiss him on the mouth!—an " uncanny " sort of proceeding, to my mind suggestive of the manners of some quite remote stage of civilization.

The new flat to which we removed in Langfuhr had the advantage of being on the verge of an immense and delightful forest, where we had already been in the habit of taking long walks and occasional rides, especially in the summer-time. We also found ourselves a good deal nearer to Zoppot, a rather pleasant little seaside resort, and close to Oliva, where there was an extremely fine church, with a picturesque old Schloss and garden. The Schloss may have rather specially interested me from the fact that one of my predecessors in office had been allowed to live there, and had practically been even given his first appointment as Consul, in recognition of some services he had been able to perform for Queen Louise—the " Königin

Luise " of a very favourite popular print or engraving—when the old Prussian monarchy had been in difficulties.

Langfuhr was garrisoned by the 1st and 2nd Leibhusaren regiments, of whom we knew nearly all the officers and the wives of those who were married, and made friends rather particularly with the Colonel of the 1st. His name was Kocq von Breughel, and he was half of Dutch extraction. Neither he nor most of the officers of these two regiments bore much resemblance to what we have learnt to regard as the typical German officer—that is to say, the ever stiffly buttoned-up automaton, perpetually bowing, clicking his heels, and appearing to feel that he is still on parade in his own little barrack-square. To begin with, the most pronounced of the automaton type were apt to come from West Prussia, and the Hussar officers included a good many East Prussians, a few Hanoverians—always a pleasant Teuton variety—while several belonged to good families in Silesia, the South, and elsewhere. At least one was an Austrian who had become naturalized ; two or three had married Russians ; and the general result, added to the fact that most of them had travelled in some other countries besides their own, was that they had much wider, more cosmopolitan ideas than any other officers that we used to meet, and were, in fact, the most agreeable set of Germans of any kind that I had anything to do with. My own personal experiences of former days no doubt helped me to find this the case. I sometimes rode out with the Colonel in the early morning, when he inspected the drills, the rides in the *manèges*, and other things of the kind that were going on. Horses were constantly being lent to one of my daughters, who was a good horsewoman, and she and I, with von Breughel and his wife, had many pleasant rides together in the forest. When they went away on leave the Colonel gave me the key of his stables, with a

request that I should use his horses as much and as often as I pleased, and I have often thought that this was, in its way, as graceful and generous an act of politeness as I ever met with.

The German Kaiser was no doubt partial to his two Leibhusaren regiments, and was fond of wearing their uniform, with the large death's-head and crossbones on the busby. The officers naturally treated him with great respect, but it seemed to me that they "took him" just a trifle less seriously than most other people did, and that he did not altogether dislike this. One night, after performing some ceremony in Dantzig, he came to Langfuhr to dine with Colonel von Breughel and the officers of the 1st before returning to Berlin by train. When the time approached for him to leave them he was asked at what hour the escort should parade, to which he replied that he meant to take the officers who were then sitting round him as his escort, and they soon afterwards mounted their horses and escorted him to the station. The carriage drove pretty fast, and it was picturesque to see the officers, in their slung-jackets and with drawn swords, galloping on either side, and the Kaiser making jokes, at which, of course, they duly laughed. On the particular occasion I am recalling he had evidently been in a good humour the whole evening, as a little story told me by von Breughel will show. An Army Order had been issued a few days before, calling the attention of all officers to the desirability of drinking German in preference to French champagne, on the two grounds of patriotism and economy, and when von Breughel received the Emperor, previous to the dinner at the Officers' Casino, he at once referred to the Order, and asked whether his Majesty wished to have German champagne that night. To which the Kaiser replied, with an expression of exaggerated horror, "Um Gottes Willen!" (Oh, or God's sake!)

The truth is, that when the Kaiser was off duty and diverting himself in a more or less natural, unrestrained way his whole bearing and all that he did and said suggested a fairly good-natured *grand seigneur* or Prince who had some sense of humour. Unfortunately, however, he had allowed his excessive personal vanity to persuade him that the pose in which he was seen to the most advantage was that of a monarch of some ancient melodramatic type, devoured by the fire of his genius and ambition, and constantly meditating gigantic projects. Three or four times I have sat only a few feet from him, when, significantly grasping the baton he usually carried, he addressed his subjects, and on such occasions he seemed to me to enjoy giving a haughty, *ex cathedra* air to his discourse. He used to be especially bombastic, and even bellicose, when he spoke of the German Navy or German colonies, and as the great majority of his hearers took all that he told them most seriously, it is probable that in a large measure he helped to deceive them as to Germany's true position, and the best policy for her to follow in connection with *Weltpolitik*. When I think over those Imperial functions at which my two colleagues and I now and then assisted at Dantzig it is more like recalling the incidents of some dream than of anything that really took place. At that time the usual attitude of the French towards the Germans was on the whole aggressive, and my friend Duplessis no doubt meant to represent his country faithfully when—while the Kaiser was declaiming in his grandest style—he feigned to be overcome with drowsiness. The Russian Consul-General whispered to me, " La France dort ! "

Duplessis, who was a playwright and poet, and a man of considerable talent, was the only one of the four French Consuls with whom I served at Dantzig who was a bachelor, each of the others having married an agreeable French wife. Our doyen in my time was

always Excellenz von Ostrowsky, and we received all sorts of kindness and hospitality from him and from Madame von Ostrowsky. My observation has been that there is something peculiarly original and attractive in Russians of the more refined and cultivated class, and it is most melancholy to think of the terrible injustice and suffering that such people have undergone of late, and are undergoing still, without any apparent prospect of relief.

It was under Ostrowsky's wing that in 1906 I paid a short but very interesting visit to Warsaw. My diary mentions that we arrived there "on April 23rd (April 10th, O.S.)," and it was just a little confusing to have to keep daily count of two dates instead of one. I remember that after we had driven at a great pace to the Hotel Bristol, the head waiter followed me to my bedroom to explain that he belonged to the secret police, and to ask me in a perfectly quiet, unobtrusive way what my reason was for coming to Warsaw. He also took charge of my passport for me, and as it bore the visa of my travelling companion in the next room, it was no doubt considered satisfactory. This police-inquisitor had soon afterwards resumed his other character and was respectfully taking our orders for dinner. I recollect that at my request we confined ourselves as much as possible to what was Russian, and that that included a rather good, crimson-coloured soup which Ostrowsky called "Barsch"—it was chiefly made of beetroot—and a pleasant sort of red wine from the Crimea, usually spoken of as "Crim," and evidently popular.

When I went into the streets the next morning I found a highly incongruous aspect of affairs, owing to the fact that Warsaw happened at that time to be in a state of siege, but was simultaneously having its first experience of a general election. In the principal street a policeman was posted every fifteen yards

or so, supported by an escort of two soldiers with their bayonets fixed, other less frequented parts of the town being at the same time patrolled by small parties of Cossacks; yet in the midst of this decidedly significant display of force, and driving up and down without the smallest molestation from anyone, were modern-looking wagonettes, filled chiefly, it seemed to me, with pale, long-haired young men of the unmistakable student type, who were excitedly distributing electioneering leaflets, or rather "posters." It was certainly a curious spectacle. I thought that the faces of the police wore a cynical, and those of the soldiers a puzzled and rather sulky expression, for both of which indications it was easy enough to account. As for the long-haired students, I am afraid that I took an instinctive dislike to them, and when one of their number alighted from his wagonette and in a decidedly aggressive way handed me some of his literature, I must own that I first rolled it up in a ball, and then threw it into the gutter. I was then standing with Murray, the British Consul-General, at a certain wide street-corner which seemed to be a kind of centre for all the political activity that was going on, and he observed: "I shouldn't have been much surprised if that chap had shot you!" Something that happened on the same spot, about forty minutes later, gave considerable point to this remark, for either the same long-haired student or one of his friends, incensed that another passer-by had behaved precisely as I had done, drew a pistol and fired at him, and although the aim was bad and the shot missed its intended mark, it took effect on an unfortunate tradesman who was simply hurrying along on the other side of the street, and he sank to the ground and died in a few minutes! We were then having luncheon, and I therefore missed seeing this tragic incident or how it was followed; but Murray assured me that no one whatever was

arrested, and he probably knew. For my own part I had thought, all along, that the novel duty of, as we might say, " keeping the ring " for an election contest seemed greatly to perplex the large armed force entrusted with it, and it appears to me just conceivable that they may have remained perplexed, even in the presence of such a crime as I have described. Just after the shooting incident I saw a Cossack laughing so heartily that he almost made me do the same, and if I had known a little Russian I should have gladly given him a rouble or two to tell me the thoughts that were at that moment passing through his odd, Eastern-looking, little bullet-head.

I wish that I had space to say something more about Warsaw: the curiously divided state of the society there; the rather wild and fanatical-looking " Popes " (with one of whom I had a most instructive talk), and the strange buildings, including the open-air theatre in one of the parks, with a stream running between the stage and the auditorium. In Mr. Morfill's interesting work on Poland, in the *Story of the Nations* series, what he says of the literature of that country makes one almost inclined to study a language still spoken, so he tells us, by more than ten million people. But meanwhile he or some other properly qualified person would oblige the world if they would translate a few of the more popular Polish works into English, and at the same time bring up to date the recent history of a country that has just entered on an entirely new era.

On the Christmas that preceded my having this little glimpse of Russian or Polish life, I had a curious duty to perform. The political situation in certain other parts of Russia was then already rather disturbed, and at Riga the British Consul, becoming alarmed for the safety of the British subjects there, had urged our Government to charter a vessel for him in which he

might send them all away. There had, in fact, been some rioting, and he had—I believe erroneously—connected with this an ordinary street-murder that happened to take place at the same time. All I had to do with the matter, however, was to act on a telegram from the Ambassador at Berlin, instructing me at once to hire a ship in which Captain the Hon. Victor Stanley, R.N.,[1] Naval Attaché at St. Petersburg, could take a passage and proceed to Riga for the purpose of bringing away the British subjects whose lives were in danger there. As there was no British vessel available, I engaged a German steamer of 1,250 tons called the *Frieda*, and then freighted her with what I decided was enough bread, preserved beef, margarine, beer, and straw to sleep upon, to make thirty people fairly comfortable for a few days. This was on December 23rd, and at that season I could only obtain a crew by paying them a pretty liberal bounty; one result of which was that when the last of them carried his kit on board, about half the seamen and nearly all the firemen were a good deal the worse for liquor. Meanwhile Captain Stanley had arrived and embarked, and at eleven o'clock on a bitterly cold night the *Frieda* managed somehow to stagger out of harbour. The whole affair from first to last was doomed to be a failure, and when the *Frieda* arrived at Riga the beleaguered British garrison there one and all declared that they were in perfect safety and refused to stir, so that on December 29th the vessel returned to Dantzig with Captain Stanley as her sole passenger. After selling my straw and other stores I still had to pay, on behalf of H.M.'s Government, £633 for this singularly abortive expedition.

It was a part of my duty to make occasional "tours of inspection," as they were called, in my district, and this meant visiting Königsberg, Breslau, and Memel, places which I thought exceedingly interesting. But

[1] Afterwards Vice-Admiral the Hon. Victor Stanley.

the objection to all this part of the world—for anyone but a Laplander or an Arctic explorer—was the severity of the climate in winter. At Zoppot, a bright little watering-place not far from where we lived, I have seen a considerable section of the Baltic Sea frozen so hard that it was used for a few days as a general promenade; and it was a curious feeling to walk about meeting friends and acquaintances, perambulators with babies, and if I recollect rightly one or two larger vehicles, and to realize that all this was taking place on the sea! In summer the climate of Dantzig was very agreeable, and being usually unable to treat myself to a holiday anywhere else, I learnt to adapt myself, not entirely unsuccessfully, to the conditions I found more immediately at hand. I found that the Germans particularly excelled in planning and carrying out pleasant summer excursions.

During our stay at Dantzig we did not often see anything of visitors from England, that part of Europe being usually regarded as rather too far out of the beaten track. Yet Dr. Ernest Skinner and his wife—two old friends from Rye to whom we were much attached—had the good taste to include Dantzig and a few similar places in their honeymoon tour; and later on our old Sussex friend Walter Alers-Hankey came in his yacht, with some of his family, on purpose to see us. We greatly enjoyed these agreeable reminders of a past life which already seemed infinitely distant.

It will probably have been seen that in my official capacity I had always been treated by the German local authorities with a great deal of politeness, and an instance of this was shown, early one morning in May 1910, when Herr Delbrück, then Oberpräsident of West Prussia, wearing a frock-coat and his decorations, drove to my house, and came in to express his distress at the death of our Sovereign, King Edward VII, of which he had just heard. The event was at

that time not unexpected, though to say the truth this was really the first definite news I had received of it. The regular communication from the Foreign Office reached me some hours afterwards.

A few months later, by an unexpected chance, I found myself able to take a holiday, upon which I applied for leave; and then, travelling by way of Munich and Innsbruck, with a halt of a few days at Bozen, I went on to Maderno, on the shore of Lake Garda, where I was joined by my eldest son, who had just suffered a very sad bereavement. But for ourselves and one old maiden lady our hotel was then empty, the regular season having just ended; yet for some weeks the climate remained everything that, for our own part, we could possibly have desired. The rest and peace of mind I enjoyed for some time at Maderno are amongst my very happiest recollections.

But my health was still suffering from the cold of several previous winters, and when I returned to Dantzig the doctor there told me I ought to seek a warmer climate. Upon this I applied to the Secretary of State with that object, at the same time observing that I had been at Dantzig for more than six years. He replied by suggesting that I should try Loanda—a Portuguese colony on the West Coast of Africa—which, he believed, was warmer; and he might have added that going there fresh from Dantzig would have probably settled all my affairs in a very effectual manner. But soon after that the Consul at Savannah, in the United States, died, and the post being offered to me, I accepted it.

CHAPTER XLI

LIFE IN A DIFFERENT WORLD

THERE were good reasons, with which, however, I need not trouble the reader, why it was advisable that I should reach my new post without unnecessary delay, and with that object in view we had divided our forces, I going on alone, in the first place, to London. There, a few days later, I was joined by the rest of my advance guard, which finally included one unmarried daughter, and another daughter, married, who was bringing with her two very small children! I had to cope with this situation as I best could, and in the end secured passages for myself and the whole party in a small Naylor-Leyland steamer called the *Asian*. She was, properly speaking and in the first place, a freight vessel, but at the same time carried some 30 passengers. Fortunately for me I had always disliked "floating palaces," or anything in the way of great luxury at sea, and I was perfectly content with the accommodation provided by the *Asian*. Her little saloon contained just three tables, at each of which nine persons used to sit down. I had a good cabin, and a bath next door reserved for my use. There were at least half a dozen pleasant people on board, including, by a curious chance, one of my Elton cousins, who owned a fruit-farm in California. Our route, taking us through the Gulf of Mexico to New Orleans, was more diversified, and to me more interesting, than the usual monotonous scramble "across" to New York; and though it is true that our voyage lasted seventeen days, I found such a complete change from nearly all ordinary conditions so extremely refresh-

ing that I can truly say that I wished the time had been longer.

The only unpleasant experience that I can recall was when we had almost reached port and had to spend one night in the Mississippi. For there, for some hours, we were assailed by the most numerous and at the same time most aggressive swarms of mosquitoes that I had ever encountered. It is the simple truth that while these vile insects were in possession of our ship, the white woodwork in the saloon and elsewhere appeared to be black! If there were any human beings on board who, in the ordinary course of things, would have suffered from this plague more violently than others, those persons would have been my two little grandchildren. But they were saved from all suffering by the good-natured unselfishness of two young ship's officers, who, after securely wrapping them up in some suitable covering, took them each in their arms, and proceeded to carry them about the deck, amusing, consoling, and soothing them for fully two hours, after which time the poor little creatures both fell asleep.

I thought New Orleans a decidedly attractive, interesting old place. What gave it a special *cachet* of its own was the old French quarter, and what in turn gave a matured, picturesque air to that part of the town was the number of comfortable-looking, old-world, French restaurants that it contained. They were mainly, but by no means exclusively, supported by the many people of French descent who resorted to them for their meals, and were able, when they did so, to mix a reasonable amount of Bordeaux with the water they drank, without being treated as vulgar criminals for doing so. For in 1910, when I spent a few days in New Orleans, Louisiana—the "Sovereign State" to which she belonged—had not been commanded to choose between the secret consumption of bad whisky and what the dwellers in towns disliked even more,

namely total abstinence; so that the inhabitants, including the French creoles, enjoyed just as much personal liberty as any ordinary civilized people in Europe.

It was a curious fact that the British Consul-General at New Orleans, Mr. Carew-Hunt, had been my immediate predecessor at Dantzig, where I had last seen him. It was a pure coincidence, for our posts were not assigned to us in any regular rotation, like the circuits of Wesleyan ministers, and the only principle which really seemed to be adhered to was that men with good constitutions and no troublesome friends should be kept in the less desirable places as long as possible and thus ensure a freer flow of change and promotion for those in whose welfare the authorities felt a more personal interest.

Mr. Carew-Hunt was able to prepare me for some of the difficulties I was about to encounter. "It isn't like Germany," he said, "where everybody knows who 'Herr Konsul' is. In this country no one knows who he is, or even what he is *for*." I had already been made acquainted with that attitude that same morning, when I first landed and had been obliged to have my luggage passed by the Custom House. "Mr. Brookfield," the chief official had said, as he gave me his hand, though there was no trace of any smile on his large, matter-of-fact, full-moon face, "I've had instructions to show you especial courtesy about your trunks." I replied that I was very much obliged to him, but soon found that I had spoken a great deal too soon, for from that time until the moment, long afterwards, when I was allowed to escape, he never uttered another word, and allowed my sixteen cabin-trunks and portmanteaux to be not only minutely examined, but really almost ransacked, so that not a corner of any single receptacle was left unexplored. In no way whatever was I shown any "courtesy" at all.

Speaking only from my subsequent experiences, which

for more than twelve years brought me into frequent touch with the United States Customs Service, I can only say that I formed a very unfavourable opinion of its efficiency. The prime defect was the system of appointing for each port an ornamental, political figure-head as Collector, and then leaving all the real work and practical responsibility to a "Special Deputy." The Collector was very often a gentleman, but rarely pretended to know anything about the business he was supposed to superintend; in addition to which he generally had some normal calling of his own to attend to at the same time. The "Special Deputy," on the other hand, was just an ordinary trained Custom House official, with plenty of technical knowledge, but nothing more. In his heart such a man was not likely to look on the Collector as his superior, or to interpret with much nicety any such instructions as to treat some casual traveller with politeness. Sometimes, in fact, the Collector only inspired him with contempt, and that had certainly been the case at one time in Savannah, when the Federal Government chose to appoint a negro to the higher office. I remember asking how that had answered, and was told: "Why, of course, it didn't answer at all; though he wasn't a bad sort of darky, and when we had to ask him out to anything he always had the decency to say he wasn't well."

While I proceeded to my new post by the route that I have mentioned, my wife, with two other daughters, came out by way of New York, and we finally all met at Savannah. After some delay we took a little house rather of the modern "bungalow" order, in a place called the Isle of Hope. It was about seven miles out of the town, with which it was connected by a tramway, and was very prettily situated on the bank of a river that flowed past on its way to the Atlantic Ocean, some eighteen miles away. A very characteristic feature in the Isle of Hope, and in all the surrounding country,

was the Spanish Moss which partially shrouded many of the large trees, and especially what is there called the oak, or what we should speak of as the ilex, or holmoak. I believe that the Spanish Moss—hanging in the trees like giant clusters of light grey hair—is a parasitic plant, but like our own mistletoe it has somehow built up an independent, sentimental importance of its own. In the cemeteries it had a mournful dignity that seemed particularly appropriate.

The neighbourhood of Savannah for several miles round was monotonously flat, but the very irregular and much-indented coast-line, with its many square miles of marsh turning to a countless variety of shades and tints, was decidedly picturesque and attractive. As for Savannah itself, it had a few handsome old houses of the colonial period still standing, but its chief claim to any distinction lay in the large number of good-sized open squares of grass which had been kept intact. Besides making the place more roomy and comfortable, they gave it a pleasant air of natural freshness, which more elaborate devices would very likely not have produced in at all the same degree.

To try and generalize about the people of such an immense country as the United States is generally misleading or futile, and when an Englishman who has lived there is expected to answer such a question as " What are the Americans really like ? " he should begin by saying whether his experience has been acquired in the North or in the South, in the East or in the West, and he will do well to explain, at the same time, what particular class of society he has studied, for classes he will most certainly have found, whatever the popular theory may be as to their non-existence.

I must myself avoid generalizing, on a smaller scale, about the inhabitants of Georgia. It would be impossible to pretend that they formed at all a homogeneous community, for while Savannah itself was no doubt a

civilized place, in which several very agreeable and refined families resided, the surrounding country was for the most part peopled by one of the roughest and most truculent of American types: men who, amongst other disagreeable characteristics, seemed to look on homicide as little more than a peccadillo. I think that the principal cause of their demoralization lay in the fact that having for some generations lived side by side with negroes, and grown accustomed to treating them with contempt, brutality, and a suspicion that was every now and then justified, their whole character had become imbued with a harshness and cynicism which in their own minds they confounded with manly independence and self-respect. With these " crackers," as such men were playfully called, I was happily not brought into any frequent contact. When they murdered a British subject I did my best to have the offender punished, though never, that I can recollect, with any success. On one occasion an unarmed Canadian lad having asked a farmer to pay him his wages, the latter shot him in the back, as the young man was leaving the room, and killed him. A " cracker " jury found that he had done this in self-defence, which was a very favourite verdict with such ruffians in cases of the kind.

People who have never lived with real Americans occasionally take their ideas of what they are like from what they see suggested on the stage. Stage Americans, however—like the Stage Irishmen of former times—are almost invariably made to appear both ludicrous and vulgar, and though there are a great number of real Americans of whom the stage travesty is no very extravagant caricature, there are at the same time a great many others upon whom it is only a malicious libel. The model whom the Stage American most nearly resembles as a rule hails from the West or Middle West, and it is only very rarely that anything of that kind is to be found in the Southern States.

If a refined or just a more or less serious American could be now and then represented on the stage, it might prove a very interesting and perhaps successful experiment. As it is, I am unable to recollect having ever seen an English play in which any one of the characters was a quiet, well-bred, well-read, dignified American. Yet most well-informed people know that there are many thousands of such men scattered about the United States, while in Boston they form such a numerous body that—like the aristocracy of Florence in the fourteenth century—they are sometimes strong enough to exercise quite a perceptible influence in their local affairs.

Besides Georgia my district included North and South Carolina, and in the latter of these two States was Charlestown, a most attractive place, with a settled air and old social traditions not exactly like anything to be found anywhere else. Yet Savannah, in a rather less conscious way, had its own quite interesting, though at the same time depressing, story to tell, and it was of the departed glory of a once very prosperous and influential class. There is no doubt that the most potent factor in depriving the typical Southerner of many of his old distinguishing traits, and recasting him more in the mould of those whom he still called "Yankees," was the abolition of slavery. When that institution had to disappear, it meant the disappearance at the same time of plantation life, plantation hospitality, and a plantation leisure that had not been devoted only to pleasure and sport, but in very many cases to intellectual culture as well. Whether the Southern gentleman who led the old plantation life had or had not received a classical education himself, he had been very apt to send one of his sons to Oxford or Cambridge, and if he could not afford or did not choose to do that, he still used to show, in other ways, that England was the country which, next to his own, he liked the best.

When I came to Savannah in the year 1910, the Old

Planters had many years before been wiped out of existence, and there was no longer any class of men with the same reasons for feeling a special friendliness for England. Yet in a few families the sentiment had in some measure lingered on in the form of a tradition, and I was every now and then pleased to find that people to whom I had from the first felt attracted, or from whom I had received some particular kindness, were the survivors of that old race which had once had so many tastes that were the same as our own. In cases where such people had contrived not to be ruined, they still enjoyed a good deal of social influence, though, curious to relate, it was a small knot of lawyers who seemed rather to arrogate the leadership of the fashionable world. I was at first puzzled by observing that I had incurred the displeasure of one of this fraternity, and I asked a friend of mine, who knew him, what the probable explanation was. "Oh, that's simple enough," was the reply. "He dislikes you because he knows that you've been through scenes and experiences which to him are just a sealed book!" This was very likely true; though the person referred to used to show the most visible irritation when, now and then, he had to listen while I was making a speech. It was my habit on such occasions to talk in just a playful, off-hand way; while the style that he usually employed himself was florid and declamatory, and in fact better adapted to a harangue on the Declaration of Independence than to proposing somebody's health after dinner. I nevertheless made more than one attempt to conciliate him in other ways. But one evening I happened to say in his presence that the people of Savannah had been so kind and civil to me that "it was a dreadful bore not to be able to return their hospitality properly," and this remark for some reason so shocked him that he avoided my society ever afterwards.

The treatment I received from nearly everyone else

was entirely different. For really nice people are a good deal the same in every part of the world, and the friends with whom we chiefly associated in Savannah most certainly answered that description. The typical Southerner of the best class had, moreover, nearly always inherited—or if he had lived in what was called the "reconstruction period" had learnt for himself—the lessons that adversity teaches—and amongst them certain generous views as to the reproach of being poor—which he not only professed, but constantly put into practice.

It is surely an international misfortune that the largest-minded, as well as the wisest and best-educated Americans have such a small share in the work of governing their country. In the local politics of Savannah it was only now and then that such men became "prominent citizens," prominence of any kind being just what they were generally most anxious to avoid. I remember once talking to two men of exactly the stamp I refer to, on the eve of an election for the office of Mayor, and it was almost pathetic to hear them discussing, not which candidate was the best man, but which of them was on the whole the least objectionable and dangerous. I asked, "But why don't one of you come forward yourselves?" They both laughed, as if such a thing was absolutely out of the question. "Well, in the first place," one of them replied, "because no one would listen to us if we tried to talk to them!" Yet I have no doubt that if the office of Mayor had not been a paid one, it would have been thought a very proper and creditable thing to have chosen either of these men for the vacant post. The fact that in England so many useful and sometimes important offices are entirely unpaid is probably all that protects us from a similar state of things in our own country.

In Savannah I was the only Consul *de carrière*, and I once imprudently mentioned that piece of intelligence

to a reporter. Upon this he printed an interview which had only taken place in his own imagination, in the course of which he explained that I enjoyed the "rare distinction of being a '*courier*-consul.'" Whatever I was supposed to be, one of my prescribed duties was to call upon the "chief local authorities," and accordingly, soon after my first arrival, I made an appointment by telephone with the Mayor, and proceeded to go and visit him in his "parlor" at the City Hall. He received me courteously, seating me in a chair by his side, and causing an enormous brass "cuspidor"—it must have been nearly three feet high—to be placed between us, no doubt so as to be available for our joint use. I began by categorically telling him who and what I was, and that I had come to pay him "my respects." He replied by talking politely enough on various topics such as the weather and the news of the day, but never from first to last said a word about the office I filled, or his appreciation of the civility I was trying to show him. I never saw him again till about three months afterwards, when I met him in a car coming from the Isle of Hope. He commented facetiously on my having caught him "riding on the street-car," when, so he informed me, his wife and he between them had three private cars of their own. Then, as I persisted in maintaining a gloomy air, he said: "I guess you don't remember me. I'm the Mayor, Mr. ——." I told him that I remembered him quite well, but that as he had allowed three months to pass without returning the visit I had paid him, I had supposed that he could not be in any hurry to make friends. "I was thinking of that only the other day," he replied. "See here! I'll just tell Mrs. —— to go and call on your wife right away!"

It was a curious fact that this Mayor, with all the characteristics of the American social type to which he belonged, had only become an American through his

German father's adoption of that nationality. His name was now the only thing that any longer suggested the land of his origin. But before long I was to see a great many instances of the same phenomenon, that is to say of quondam German families who, under the "melting-pot" process, had become completely American, and in some cases *Americanis ipsis Americaniores*, when the circumstances of the Great War made this all the more striking. It is noticeable, too, that the Germans who emigrate to the United States, and become politically and ethnologically absorbed there, only seem to implant in the country of their adoption such comparatively small traces of their original tastes and sentiments. The Germans are certainly the most musical people I ever lived with, but to what extent have they helped the Americans in their desperate attempts to instil a love of music into the souls of their own rigidly practical, business-like "citizens"? I must not forget, however, that in Savannah they had an edition of the local newspaper printed in German, a Club of their own, and a "Germania Bank." But I question whether the first two of those institutions would in any case have flourished for any great length of time, and as it was, the intervention of the United States in the war extinguished them both, and furthermore compelled the bank to change its title "Germania" to that of "Liberty."

Soon after my first arrival in Savannah I was invited to witness the unveiling of a statue to General Oglethorpe, the very distinguished Englishman to whom the place first owed its existence. The statue was a fine work of art, only spoilt by being erected on a mean, scrimpy base, on which a long, and what had become a nearly illegible, inscription had been placed, instead of the simple word "OGLETHORPE," in bold relief, which would certainly have been a great deal more suitable. Mr. Bryce, the British Ambassador, had been asked to

perform the unveiling ceremony, but as he was in England at that time, Mr. Mitchell-Innes, the Chargé d'Affaires, had promised to come in his place. He afterwards did so, and performed the task very well. At the last moment, however, it had seemed very uncertain whether he could attend, upon which the chairman of the committee that was arranging matters ran into my office in a state of much perturbation, and said: "If Mr. Mitchell-Innes doesn't come, I don't know what on earth we are to do! You see there will be no one to represent the British Government!"

I was every now and then annoyed by some piece of tactlessness of this kind, though my patience was more often tried by rudeness which took a less subtle form. I used to wish that I could make friends with some intelligent, fairly amusing American, familiar with the conditions and the modes of thought prevailing in the Old World, who would be willing to explain, when necessary, the difference between my own point of view and that of most of his fellow-countrymen, to act, in short, as a kind of interpreter.

I soon fell in with almost exactly the sort of person I was looking for. He was, in the first place, one of the leading business-men in Savannah, and with that one of the very few men of intelligence and culture who had successfully plunged into politics, and so acquired an influence in local affairs. I first saw him when he paid me a formal visit, in his capacity as the honorary Consul for Austro-Hungary, a position which in most other hands would have meant little or nothing, but which he had somehow invested with a certain importance. Many years before, he had himself come from "the other side," and he was fond of entertaining English or foreign visitors when any chance brought them to Savannah. His social success was largely due to his wife. She had been born and bred in the South, and her father, who was in the Confederate Army, having

died just at the close of the Civil War, she had in her infancy seen some of the horrors of the reconstruction period. Yet somehow her natural wit had thrived on these experiences, and having soon afterwards enjoyed what was at that time the rather rare advantage of a sound education, she had acquired an amount of general information and an acquaintance with all the best English literature which, with the addition of great conversational powers, made her at all times a highly interesting and agreeable companion.

The alliance between this lady's husband and myself had, however, only lasted a few weeks, when it came to a very unexpected and melancholy end; for, having gone to Liverpool on what he meant to be a short business trip, he there took cold and died of pneumonia. His widow, of whom I have just been speaking, became later on our kindest and most valued friend.

When I was a Consul in the United States I was every now and then struck by the inconvenience and possible dangers of a system by which the Federal Government at Washington, responsible to the rest of the world for the behaviour of the whole country, disclaims all interference with the individual "sovereignty" of the various States, and is apparently without any normal machinery for making them conform to its will in case of need. Some old-fashioned Southerners were fond of vaunting this immunity from Federal dictation, and I remember once asking a good-humoured but typically Southern Judge of that kind, whether the local Solicitor-General was not obliged to give me certain information that I required. His reply was: "He is certainly not 'obliged' to do so; and, if he chooses, he has only to remind you that you have never been officially accredited to the Sovereign State of Georgia."

The State Legislature meanwhile fulfilled its purpose of enabling local orators to air their fads and let off steam, and if that body passed some measure that was

generally disapproved, the usual course was to ignore it. "Prohibition," for example, was the supposed law of Georgia in 1910, but wine, beer, and spirits were nevertheless openly sold and consumed everywhere, no more notice being taken of the statute than of another, which prohibited all kinds of "tipping."

CHAPTER XLII

A FEW CONCLUDING NOTES

Towards the end of 1913, having been left rather weak after an attack of yellow jaundice, and requiring a change of air, I went on a tour of inspection to each of my four Vice-Consulates, and then presented myself to my old friend Sir Cecil Spring Rice, who had become the British Ambassador at Washington. His health had then already begun to give way, and when I went to dine with him on the evening of Christmas Day, he was not well enough to appear at dinner, and only came in afterwards for about an hour. He received me with a particular sort of cordiality, the very appearance of which I had almost forgotten ; and when I called him " Sir," he patted me on the shoulder and said that it did " sound so funny ! " Perhaps I thought so too, as my mind recalled a certain gathering that had taken place more than thirty years before, when I had been a sort of " Lord of Misrule," and my future master nothing more than one of the quietest and best-behaved of the spectators !

He had many friendly and pleasant things to say ; and remarked that someone who had recently been to luncheon at the Embassy had spoken of me then in a very kind manner. " He told me," said Sir Cecil, " that if it had not been for you he wouldn't have been alive at that moment. Can you guess who it was ? "

He then explained that he was referring to Sir George Bullock, the Governor of Bermuda, that is to say the brave officer whom I had been able to assist thirteen

years before, at Honigspruit, in the South African War ; and he added, that he was " going to write to Grey [the Secretary of State], and tell him all about it."

Two days later, when I was taking my leave, the Ambassador asked me how I liked my Consular duties, upon which I told him that I found some of them " pretty inane." To which he replied that they were very likely not much more inane than some of his ; and he mentioned how annoyed he had sometimes been by certain cable conversations that had been carried on between H.M.'s Government and that of the United States, in the course of which his own existence had been ignored. As regards myself, I believe that after receiving me with so much generous kindness, Sir Cecil meditated giving me a still more practical proof of his friendliness and goodwill ; but the Great War was soon to loom into view, and with it a pressure of work, which, having first overtaxed his strength, finally claimed his life.

When war with Germany was declared I keenly felt my isolation from both the military and political centre of affairs, and did everything in my power to be allowed to resume service of some kind with the Army. I was then only just over sixty, and for some little time it seemed not improbable that I should be given the command of a certain reserve force, to which my appointment had been asked for by the Colonel of my old Cinque Ports Battalion, who was engaged in raising it. In the end, however, I was not allowed to have my wish, the Secretary of State saying that, while he appreciated my desire to serve in the field, he considered that I could best serve my country by remaining at my post, to which, for certain reasons, the naval authorities attached more importance than usual.

I may here say something of the " staff of His Britannic Majesty's Consul " at Savannah. The phrase had hitherto been merely a grandiloquent mode of

describing the British Vice-Consul. This gentleman, by actual birth an American, was by race and in many points of character and temperament a typical Scot. Like so many other unsalaried Vice-Consuls, he was comfortably off, but like very few of them he had been engaged in the same way for more than forty years. It was not surprising, therefore, that although he still did his work very efficiently, he had at last decided to retire. He was, in fact, on the point of doing so when the war commenced, and I was impressed by the cool, matter-of-course way in which he then announced that he felt it his duty to serve on until the war was over. He and I proceeded for some time to grapple with all our usual work, with the constantly increasing special war-work superadded to it, and in that way soon found that the " staff " must be increased. The first addition I made to it was an ex-Bombardier of the Royal Field Artillery who had also been Mate on board a Scandinavian sailing-vessel. I called him the " Consular Inspector," and from first to last he proved to be exactly the right man in the right place. He accompanied me on personal visits of inspection which I paid to over a hundred and fifty merchant-ships, flying various flags, which had applied to me for certificates that they were not carrying anything that was contraband of war ; and some of our experiences were interesting and by no means wanting in excitement. We also furnished such vessels with proper watchmen, and I used to visit them on board, sometimes alone, at most unearthly and unexpected hours of the night. Between us we certainly prevented a good deal of contraband from being taken to the enemy, and I always felt morally certain that we checkmated one steamer that was trying to ship dynamite, or some other high-explosive, for the use of a German bombing-craft that was at sea not far off. In that case the Scandinavian vessel on which we were keeping watch had excited our

suspicions by having a most abnormal quantity of ice on board, and a perfectly empty space where we believed the explosive was to be stored, should an opportunity be found for doing so.

It may perhaps be worth while to relate just one incident out of many, in connection with these strange duties which had thus suddenly devolved upon me. A well-known German cruiser was at sea a few miles from Savannah, and I knew that she was short of coal and doing all she could to obtain a fresh supply. While this was the case our Inspector one day reported that three barges, laden with the sort of coal the cruiser wanted, were lying in an out-of-the-way creek in one of the marshes not far off, and that an American vessel owned by a German sympathizer had her steam up, and was probably waiting to go out to sea when it was dark, meet the barges which would be brought to her by a small, harmless-looking coasting-tug, and then herself take them off to the cruiser. To frustrate this plan I meant to appeal just at the right moment to a United States Government vessel which also had her steam up, and would, I knew, enjoy intervening in the right way; and as for when that moment should be, it was to be whenever the conspirators were most likely to be caught *flagrante delicto*. They were, however, very wary, and during the two or three days and nights in which the same state of things continued, we found it hard to keep an effective look-out in the three different directions as to which we were concerned. It was then that there came to our aid a very courteous Frenchman who had always frequented the marsh where the coal-barges lay. His ordinary occupation there was to hunt alligators, the skins of which were ultimately to be converted into dressing-bags; but he had also in his time been Sergeant-Major in a French colonial battalion, and was in close touch with the ex-Bombardier and myself. We three between us had

established a mode of communication by a few simple signals, and the result was that one evening, soon after dusk, we knew that the three coal-barges were being towed towards the sea. The whole incident soon afterwards ended in a most unexpected, extraordinary, yet highly satisfactory manner. I need not here try to explain how it is, that when one small tug tries to tow three heavy barges, it is necessary to attach them in a proper seamanlike way, and not as a landsman would do, by just "tying them on behind." The latter, however, was for some reason the method adopted on this occasion, and the consequence was that just as the procession reached the open sea—which happened to be a little "choppy"—first one barge sank, then the two others, the tug alone remaining afloat and being occupied in picking up the men from the barges, who were struggling about in the water. I believe that in certain quarters I got credit for having somehow contrived this remarkable collapse of the project for coaling an enemy's cruiser, but the facts were only as I have stated.

The duty that most worried me during the war was having to give minute, technical, and highly confidential instructions to the Masters of British, and sometimes also of allied vessels. I was fortunately not expected to have any opinion of my own on such points, but I often had to unravel messages which, even when they were unravelled, remained incomprehensible to me, and as a "routing officer" I occasionally had to send ships to what privately seemed to me their certain destruction. All the same, only one of them was lost owing to the route that she had taken, and when that happened I recollect feeling a pardonable grain of satisfaction when I found that her Master had not followed the instructions he had received from me. A little later naval officers were detailed for the routing duties. One of them came to Savannah as "Naval

Vice-Consul," while another was sent to Charleston, and I was then relieved of what I had sometimes found a really distressing responsibility.

During the first few years of the war the general sentiment of the educated classes in Savannah was on our side. There were, however, some conspicuous exceptions. A few "prominent citizens" who were courting the political support of the German and Irish Americans, showed the usual unfairness and want of principle for which such men are noted, and the Roman Catholic hierarchy set an example in that respect which I should have been interested to have heard anyone attempt to defend. Most of the men on the Cotton Exchange, which was the chief business centre, were decidedly friendly, though a few showed occasional bitterness over the fact that the Royal Navy took a much more inquisitive interest than they did themselves in the ultimate destination of some of their shipments. One very strong and consistent supporter of the allied cause was an old gentleman who had begun life as a German subject, and had, in fact, come from Dantzig. He was a very intelligent and particularly well-read man, and his judgement, especially as to the fluctuations of the cotton market, was much respected. He ranged himself, as I say, on our side, and he did so in such an open and vigorous way that I doubt whether most people ever thought what a painful struggle it must have been to him to come to a right decision. He died, I think, while the war was still going on, and a few days before told me of various causes that had helped to break up his health. "But what has really hit me the hardest of all," he said, "has been——. Well, I expect I needn't explain all that to you!"

As for me, in my pretty strenuous work, it was a distinct incentive to feel that the enemy deserved all the harm we could possibly do them, and any pleasant

recollections I might have had of former Dantzig hospitality, and agreeable *Leibhusaren* who lent me their horses, were soon quite effaced by the spirit in which the whole German nation was conducting its present campaign ; substituting on every hand pedantic brutality or "frightfulness," and the cruellest forms of cunning, for the old, chivalrous methods which we can in future only associate with the warfare of less enlightened times. I was further encouraged to do my best by every now and then receiving a letter from the Ambassador—sometimes addressed to me officially but on more than one occasion written to me as to a personal friend—in which he either expressed satisfaction in a general way with what I was doing, or commended some detail of my work to which he specially referred. He was at that time intent on a very sound piece of policy, which was, that the services of various people in the United States who had assisted Great Britain during the war should be officially recognized and rewarded, and even before the Order of the British Empire had been established, the Consuls were given full particulars about it, and we were directed to send in the names of any persons whom we recommended for that decoration, with a statement of what they had done to deserve it. I only sent in three names ; the first that of a leading British subject in the capital of Georgia, who, and his wife also, had earned something of the kind a score of times over ; secondly, I mentioned the old Vice-Consul who had been forty years in the "unsalaried branch" of the consular service—though he died of heart-failure while I was still trying to explain the sacrifices he had made—and thirdly, I put in a good word for our Inspector, the ex-Bombardier, who if he had still been in the British Army might very well have been offered a commission for the zeal and pluck he had shown and the valuable work he had accomplished. For all practical purposes, however,

this instruction to the Consuls to recommend rewards for services done out of sight of the English public and English press might just as well have never been issued at all. Nothing whatever came of it, though when Sir Cecil Spring Rice issued his farewell circular to those who had served under him, reading between the lines, it became plain that he had desired to do what would have been judicious as well as kind, but that he had been overruled from some higher quarter.

Apart from my official work and position, and just as an Englishman living abroad who had once taken part in public life at home, I watched the progress of the war, and the political events in England that accompanied it, from a standpoint of my own, and in that way found myself for a long time in pretty close agreement with the party I had formerly supported, and never did I think them more wise than when, as the powerful wing of a thoroughly patriotic coalition, they submitted to being led by the one man then to be found who possessed the right faults as well as the right talents for dealing with the situation that had to be faced. They must no doubt have occasionally had to swallow some highly indigestible morsels of policy, but to win the war was the supreme consideration. I should nevertheless much like to have known who was really responsible, when that great end had been achieved, for not proving the fact in the one way which everyone, and especially the Germans, would have understood. I could only make guesses of my own as to why the allied armies were apparently forbidden to occupy Berlin ; but in the United States a very ill-natured and offensive explanation was circulated on that point, and I know that it was believed even in circles supposed to be particularly friendly to us. When I reported this rumour officially, I was told that it was " of course absurd " ; though why, or in what exact way, I was never permitted to learn.

In the early stages of the war I had to endure many annoyances from mischievous and lying stories that appeared in the press, and especially that section of the press controlled by the person whom our Prime Minister received with such fulsome cordiality when he had the assurance to visit England. In Savannah itself one newspaper was owned by a gentleman who held pro-British views, partly no doubt as the result of being exceptionally well-informed about European politics; but the only other local organ of any importance was of the usual provincial type, bestowing pains on the construction of sensational headlines but only expressing such "views" as were most likely to soothe the vanity of its least educated readers. My personal friends were friendly enough to the allied cause, some of them enthusiastically so; but they had every now and then read of some dreadful "British Repulse" which had never really taken place, and on such occasions their "*con*dolences" (Southerners are apt to lay the stress on the first syllable of this word) had not exactly the effect that had been kindly intended. Perhaps, however, in the case of the Battle of Jutland some misapprehension of the circumstances was not altogether inexcusable.

When the Americans had themselves come into the struggle my situation became a good deal pleasanter, and with the Armistice—everywhere hailed as having the same meaning as a definite declaration of Peace—we all settled down to rejoicings and congratulations, and I even received official instructions to spend a fairly liberal sum on illuminations. In the inter-allied demonstrations that took place from time to time I could not help noticing that, while a fairly cordial reception was generally given to the Union Jack, or anything that for the moment meant Great Britain, the chief enthusiasm—next to that which they naturally reserved for their own national symbols—was nearly

always displayed in favour of the flag, or whatever it might be, that represented France. This I could only regret and did not pretend to censure. But I often did resent, as I resent still, the want of consideration for our feelings which has allowed the people of the United States, with a very fine National Air of their own, to appropriate the tune of our National Anthem, and use it as a sort of subsidiary melody with which to stimulate their patriotic feelings. And I would put the case to any reasonable American in this way: How would he like frequently to hear great public assemblages of Englishmen enthusiastically singing a hymn in praise of England and the British Empire, to the particular tune that he has learnt to love as "The Star-spangled Banner"? On one occasion, at the Auditorium at Savannah, the only allied National Air that was *not* played was "God Save the King!" "Rule Britannia!" being substituted, "in order," it was explained, "to avoid confusion!"

One of the most important of the Savannah celebrations was a banquet given to General Pershing. He impressed me as a decidedly strong, self-reliant man; and though the burden of his speech was, that "the Americans had won the war, and that he could prove it," he said this in such a frank, soldierlike way, that it sounded like some perfectly modest assertion of a simple fact.[1] I think it was before he spoke that a local Senator addressed the company without the least

[1] From another distinguished American officer of a different type, General Leonard Wood, I once heard a speech on "Preparedness" that was entirely free from any bragging. Amongst other points he warned his fellow-countrymen against believing all they were taught in their school-book histories; and gave some facts about former contests with Great Britain—especially in the war of 1812—which seemed to cause considerable surprise. I, however, noticed that his audience apparently gave him credit for "knowing what he was talking about," and showed no resentment or disposition to challenge several assertions which most of them heard for the first time and may perhaps have found unpalatable.

apparent knowledge that we were waiting to listen to anyone else. Most of his oration was of the dreariest, most turgid kind, but he contrived to lighten it up with just one little piece of humour for which I thought he deserved credit. He said that he had heard a new definition of an "optimist." An optimist was a man "who still carried a corkscrew in his pocket." The enthusiasm with which this allusion to Prohibition was received by two or three hundred ladies and gentlemen—sitting there under orders to make merry over grape-juice, "Coca-cola," and lemonade, like so many school-children—was well worth witnessing.

I think that after Prohibition became a federal law I only knew of one public man who did not, to the best of my knowledge, either frequently or habitually break it, and in addition to the creation of a new set of crimes of violence, the adoption of whisky instead of wine or beer as the ordinary drink of all sorts of people who had never drunk whisky before, and the intolerably unsociable turn given to all public entertainments, it is reasonable to include universal hypocrisy among the results of this highly tyrannical piece of puritanical legislation. From these remarks it may be gathered that I did not personally approve of it, which is perfectly true, though the only change it made in my own habits was that I found it almost impossible to obtain the only stimulant to which I had grown accustomed—namely, some claret with my dinner, and as I did not choose to go without anything, I used generally to end the day by extracting a bottle from some hat-box or similar hiding-place, and giving myself a dose of whisky; though it was not a spirit I had ever liked, and under the conditions I am describing had probably been obtained at the risk of some human lives. Rich men, of course, could break the law by more comfortable and dignified methods. I asked one very wealthy New Yorker who was visiting the South, how he proposed to replenish

the stocks of champagne and burgundy he had been telling me about, when they began to run low, upon which he thanked God that he had in his cellars enough to last him for about four years, and that when he required more he knew quite well how to get it. At that time large fortunes were already being made by " boot-legging." It was an industry which did not concern itself with questions of sentiment or other people's morals, but attended closely to the laws of supply and demand. The logical position of those engaged in it was a good deal the same as that of mercenary troops in the olden time. They had each their private views about Prohibition, but the point on which all of them were agreed was, that it gave them much profit, or else highly paid employment, and they therefore had a strong vested interest in supporting it, or at least in desiring that the warfare that it involved should not come to an end. The principal boot-legger in the neighbourhood I knew most about happened to be a teetotaller, and any cynicism of character which this may suggest must have been strengthened by his peculiar and most unedifying experiences, in at one time escaping, at another time failing to escape, the attentions that his activities invited.

Whatever people may think of Prohibition, it was very regrettable that a law inevitably leading to great numbers of killing and wounding affrays should have had to be imposed upon a State in which crimes of violence and, above all, shooting outrages, were already terribly frequent. It used sincerely to distress me to read of some fresh murder or homicide committed every day, if not oftener, with disgracefully few convictions. At a fairly large place called Macon, a judge in his charge pointed out, that " in seven days seven deaths had been caused by bullets," and I could quote from the reports of similar cases *ad nauseam*. In most instances one white man had killed another ; but in the worst case of all—

(and I may say incidentally that it was as bad a case as I ever heard of in my life)—it was an inhuman white monster who had first enslaved, and afterwards deliberately murdered, at least eleven unarmed negroes. It is true that when he was tried for the first of this series of butcheries, he was convicted, but through the operation of a truly democratic law, which allows juries in Georgia not only to try prisoners but to meet out the sentence as well, a recommendation to mercy was attached to the verdict, and that had exactly the same legal effect as only giving him imprisonment for life. A less merciful jury, when I first came to the South, convicted, without any such recommendation, a negro-boy of thirteen, charged with the capital offence of rape, and he was in due course executed. In each of these two very different cases the judge was no more than a useless dummy, for he could do nothing else than repeat like a parrot the formula : " And the verdict of the jury is the sentence of the court."

Possessing such formidable legal powers it is the more remarkable that the mainly dominant class in Georgia, generally known as " crackers," so often have recourse to the illegal and barbarous method of lynching. There is a definite explanation of this in cases where what is called " the usual crime " has been actually committed, and I believe it to be the natural dread felt by the family, and especially the poor victim herself, at the idea of having to give evidence in court, and so announce to the world the indelible disgrace they have suffered. Apart from such considerations, ought we not, when we feel indignant about some lynching inflicted for " the usual crime," just to consider candidly how we should act ourselves, if we stood in the relationship of father, husband, or brother to someone who had been overpowered by brute force at the hands of a being all the more horrible through his belonging to a distinctly lower plane of humanity than our own ? While I was

at Savannah the most ferocious case of lynching I ever heard of took place in the immediate neighbourhood, but the proved offence that led to it was so peculiarly atrocious that I doubt whether a community of ordinarily law-abiding Britons would not under the same circumstances have tried to take the law into their own hands. If they had done so, it is true that there would most likely have been a force of police at hand who would at least have done their best to protect the prisoner, and even if the mob had been strong enough to have its way, the leading spirits would have seen that the wretched creature was only punished by the method they had prescribed. Perhaps this would not have meant *death by burning*, and the mob would have also seen that their victim was neither indiscriminately assaulted on the way to his doom nor horribly mutilated when he got there, still alive. The truth about lynching in the Southern States is that when it occurs in connection with what is called "the usual crime," there do exist grounds that may be urged in its excuse, as distinguished from its justification; but having said so much it is necessary to add that that particular offence is really only one of many—some of them hardly offences at all—the alleged perpetration of which meets with the same penalty, and I say "alleged," because it is further notorious that in a considerable number of cases the person put to death has afterwards turned out to have been innocent.

Thousands of novels and stories have been written by Americans to enforce the doctrine that a rough, or "rugged," exterior is a pretty sure indication of manly integrity and high moral worth; and supposing that theory to be sound, it is no doubt possible that the gross manners of the typical Georgia "cracker," and even his lynching proclivities, may have concealed some sterling virtues, though I cannot say that any convincing instance of the kind ever came under my own notice.

One day a man who was smoking a cigar came into the Consulate, and without any other preface asked: "You running this place?" "I am the British Consul." "Well, Gordon and Co. want to have you O.K. this deed." When the British Vice-Consul had just died, a young man calling at my office with documents from a firm of ship-brokers thus referred to the incident: "He's dead, ain't 'e, that ole feller used to be 'ere?" The insolence was often much more direct. Travelling in a tram-car one day I became separated from my grandson, and he had paid my fare for me. The conductor, wishing to be certain for whom this had been done, pointed a dirty finger almost into my face, at the same time bawling out to the little boy: "D'ye mean this ole feller 'ere?" I suppose that I ought to have been, in the local phrase, "tickled to death." But it was not only the lowest kind of "cracker" who could be offensive. In a few of the best stores the manners to be met with were more or less modelled on those of such places as Wanamaker's in New York, but in many inferior establishments where "cracker" salesmen and "sales-ladies" were employed, their rudeness, ignorance, and impatience were often extremely unpleasant. So also was much of the patriotic oratory that followed the conclusion of the Armistice. A comparatively educated man who had come back to Savannah with the rank of Brigadier-General made a speech in which he said that "the United States won this war"; that they had "saved Paris"; that they had "fought under the French and English" till they (the French and English) "threw up their hands and cried for help"; that he had then been compelled to say to them, "To hell with trench warfare! We're going to do it!" (i.e. fight only in the open); and in conclusion he declared that "the American soldier was the greatest thing God had ever created!" A less aggressive patriot, interviewed on his return from a sort of grand tour that he had made on

his own account, summed up his experience by saying : " I've seen Paris, London, and Rome, and I tell you, boys, right now, New York skins them a block ! " No matter what his position in life, or what his actual knowledge of the world might be, common modesty was never one of the marks of the genuine " cracker," nor did he ever seem to be restrained by anything resembling consideration for the feelings or opinions of others. Yet there were still many who regarded the average " cracker " with indulgence, deeming him some local variety of the great class known as " rough diamonds."

Fortunately, I was not obliged to have much personal intercourse with men of that stamp, and on the other hand I had from the first a few really delightful friends. They bore no labels or badges to show that they had any voice in the management of public affairs, yet they were to me " prominent citizens " by virtue of the never-failing kindness and true hospitality with which they always treated me, and I learnt to look on their pleasant homes as so many harbours of refuge to which to retreat after the usual buffetings of a day at the Consulate. Some of the work there—apart from what I had to do in connection with the war—was sometimes of a strange enough description. One day I was informed that the Chinamen of Georgia had just exhumed the bodies of all their compatriots who had died during a certain number of years, and I was called upon to arrange for the shipment to Hong Kong, via Canada, of forty Celestial skeletons, " in separate boxes." In the end this delicate matter gave me very little trouble, and I have often had more disagreeable duties to perform.

I have all this time refrained as far as possible from troubling the reader with any description of the various troubles, perhaps one or two disappointments, and not a few cares of the " sordid " kind, which had from time to time disturbed my peace of mind during my Consular career; and if I allude to them for a moment

now, it is only for the purpose of mentioning that I somehow contrived to deal with most of them. My old friend the Vice-Consul died soon after the war, when from some caprice of temper, as much as for economy's sake, I chose for nearly a whole year to manage all the work of the Consulate, including the accounts, without any assistance; and it was this, I believe, which helped me, more than anything else, to lay aside useless regrets and lamentations and to make the best of a situation which I gradually saw had its advantages.

When my work for the day was over, I took more pains to cultivate the society of my many agreeable and congenial friends. There was one house in particular where I had been from the first treated more like a member of the family than as an ordinary visitor. It was there that I could always count on finding, not only plenty of books to read, but also a friend whose wit and excellent judgement would often shed new light both on their beauties and their defects.

During the latter part of my stay at Savannah I formed a new friendship with a very clever, interesting, and hospitable Southerner, by name Mr. Oxnard. He and his charming wife had originally come from New Orleans, but had also lived for some years in Europe and the larger intellectual world. He had unfortunately become an invalid, though whenever his health allowed him to join in social intercourse he was a truly delightful companion. Mr. Oxnard was in many respects a typical Southerner. A picturesque attraction I found in all the older-fashioned school of Southern gentlemen was that, while their general outlook was often quite cosmopolitan, they usually showed just some little "touch" of that old plantation spirit, which they had somehow managed to preserve. I noticed this particularly in the comfortable style of the hospitality they practised, and in the success with which they got their negroes to serve them well and at the same time

to be evidently happy and contented. When this older-fashioned school discussed slavery they emphatically claimed that the slaves of the gentry had always been treated well, and in support of this were fond of adducing what I think was at least one strong point, namely, that when the white masters took the field in the Civil War, they left their wives and daughters under the care of the slaves, by whom, in return, that confidence had never in any instance been abused.

Two or three years before my Consular experiences came to an end, circumstances led us into an intimacy with a little coterie of some eight or ten agreeable, amusing, and at the same time very kind-hearted young married people, and it used to please me when in these members of a younger generation I now and then noted signs of that old " plantation touch " to which I alluded a moment or two ago. One particularly pleasant and interesting couple possessed it in such a marked degree, that they had, in fact, bought themselves a sort of miniature plantation near Savannah, where—amidst fine holm-oaks shrouded in Spanish moss, with a river to bathe in running close to their house, surrounded by affectionate and attractive children, and attended by a few thoroughly devoted negroes—they led a slightly modernized version of the life for which they had both inherited a strong inclination. In this ideal retreat we spent many most agreeable hours, and I will ask leave briefly to recall the last occasion when we did so, with something which followed. My wife and I had been entertained at the plantation in the usual charming way, which included dinner in the open air, under an oak-tree, when in a friendly way and evidently with some special object, we were pressed to remain two or three hours longer than we had intended doing. When we were allowed to go it was only in order that we should be driven to the Consulate, which we found crowded with people, the usually dingy rooms lighted up

with flaming wax candles, and smiling ladies presiding at tables from which they were preparing to dispense ice-cream and punch. It was, in short, what was called a "Surprise Party," arranged with the privity of the new Vice-Consul, Mr. Joseph Roche, who was himself one of our personal friends. Our astonishment was greeted with peals of laughter, and then, after two or three short, cheerful speeches had been made, I was presented with a gold watch and chain, while my wife was given a large silver tea-kettle and stand.

And as this little ceremony, just before we left for England, was certainly a very happy incident in my life, I will choose it to serve as my final tableau.

"The rest is silence."

APPENDIX A

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH IN "VANITY FAIR," ACCOMPANYING THE CARTOON OF COLONEL BROOKFIELD BY "SPY" (LESLIE WARD)

Statesmen, No. 700.

COLONEL BROOKFIELD, M.P.

ARTHUR MONTAGU BROOKFIELD, son of a Chaplain to Her Majesty and brother to a clever actor, was born two years before the Crimean War. In due time be became a Rugby boy and a Cambridge man; after which he became a husband and a Lieutenant in the 13th Hussars. Then he plunged into politics, studied Hops, and helped to discover Rye; and being a good Conservative, he has consistently and wholesomely sat for thirteen years for the East (or Rye) Division of Sussex, with the Honorary Freedom of the ancient town that he represents. He is also a Justice of the Peace for Sussex and Colonel Commanding the 1st Cinque Ports Rifle Volunteers.

He works hard, he is said to have serious leanings, he once wrote a book about Purgatory, and he scorns the degeneracy of the Drama except on the Surrey side of the water. Nevertheless, he plays secular music on the piano, smokes clay pipes, and likes a good story. He is the excellent Honorary Secretary of the Service Members' Committee.

He is the only man living who ever played a practical joke on the late Speaker, Lord Peel.

APPENDIX B

ADDRESS FROM THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ENGLISH HOP-GROWERS

To Lieut.-Col. Brookfield, M.P., commanding 14th Battalion, Imperial Yeomanry.

DEAR SIR:

I am desired by the Council of the National Association of English Hop-growers to offer you their congratulations on your appointment, and to express to you their profound admiration of your loyalty to your Queen and country, and your self-sacrificing patriotism manifest in your acceptance of this important responsibility. Your past devotion to public service affords ample proof of your readiness to forego the happy surroundings and comforts of your home, and to incur the risks of a campaign by taking an active part in the war now being waged in vindication of British Imperial rights in South Africa. We shall look for reports of the doings of yourself and your command with the deepest interest, and feeling assured that they will be marked by gallantry and honour, trust they will always be crowned by success. The Council therefore wish you, with all possible heartiness and sincerity, GOD SPEED on your perilous enterprise, and an early and safe return to your Native Land.

I am also directed on behalf of the Council to acknowledge with gratitude the valuable services to the hop-growing industry which you have rendered in your position as President of our Association for the past six years. Your wise counsels and genial presence will be sorely missed by all, but we trust you may soon be with us again, when your return will be most cordially welcomed.

Yours faithfully and sincerely,

(Signed) THOMAS IRONMONGER,

Secretary, N.A.E.H.G.

March, 1900.

APPENDIX C

OFFICIAL DESPATCH ON THE HONIGSPRUIT AND KATBOSH AFFAIRS

From Major-General Knox, commanding at Kroonstad, to Lieut.-General Kelly-Kenny, C.B., commanding 6th Division, &c., &c.

KROONSTAD, *June 24th*, 1900.

SIR:

1. I have the honour to report that on the 22nd instant, at 8 a.m., I received the following telegram from Captain Radcliffe, commanding a detachment of 256 men Shropshire Light Infantry and Canadian Mounted Rifles, at *Katbosh*, 2 miles South of *Honigspruit*: "Am surrounded. Enemy very strong." Later a second telegram: "Boers advancing on camp, 1,500 yards off now. Line blown up 2 miles from here."—Also received from Col. Bullock, commanding post at *Honigspruit*: "A considerable Commando surrounding. Cannot yet tell strength. They have one gun and have cut wires to north and blown up culverts."

2. I immediately ordered the four guns of 17th Battery R.F.A., and 300 Yeomanry, the whole under command of Col. Brookfield, M.P., 14th Battn. I.Y., to proceed as fast as possible to a farm *Doornlands*, about 6 miles S.E. of *Honigspruit* and to endeavour to operate on the Enemy's left flank. At the same time I despatched the 4th Battalion A. & S. Highlanders by rail, two guns C.I.V. Battery, and 50 mounted men, the whole under command of Col. Hickson, the Buffs, to operate directly along the line of railway to *Katbosh*. This latter move was much delayed owing to the C.I.V. guns, which had only arrived that morning, having to be detrained.

3. Col. Brookfield came into action at 2 p.m., and taking the Enemy by surprise, shelled them from their positions, and relieved the camps at *Katbosh* and *Honigspruit*.

4. Col. Hickson arriving with his column at 3.15 p.m., found the situation cleared, but bivouacked on the ground that night.

(*Paragraphs* 5 *to* 10 *deal with matters which had preceded or which followed the engagement, with a list of the casualties in killed or wounded in the two camps that were relieved.*)

11. I would ask you to bring to the notice of the Commander-in-Chief the excellent service rendered by Col. Brookfield, M.P., 14th Battn., I.Y., Major Johnson, commanding 17th Battery, R.F.A., and Col. Hickson, commanding the Buffs. All these officers carried out my orders with exactitude and despatch.

12. The distance to *Honigspruit* is 20 miles, and the horses were much exhausted.

I have, &c., &c.,

(Signed) CHARLES E. KNOX, Maj.-Genl.,
Commanding Kroonstad.

APPENDIX D

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS'S DESPATCH ON THE CONVOY ACTIONS

From the Military Secretary, Army Head-Quarters, Pretoria, to the General Officer Commanding, Bloemfontein.

July 31*st*, 1900.

SIR:

1. I am directed by the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief to acknowledge the receipt of your memo. No. $\frac{6D}{1234}$ dated 15th July, 1900, forwarding a report, with annexures, from Lt.-Col. Brookfield, 14th Battalion Imperial Yeomanry, describing operations between Kroonstad and Lindley on the 25th, 26th, and 27th June.

2. The force under Lt.-Col. Brookfield's command met with considerable opposition, but succeeded in bringing in the large convoy, which it escorted safely to Lindley. Lord Roberts agrees with you in thinking that the march was conducted by the Commanding Officer with skill and foresight, that no precautions were neglected, and that the behaviour of the troops was creditable to all ranks. His Lordship is glad to observe that, besides the regular troops employed, a Militia Battalion (the 3rd Buffs), the Corps of Imperial Bushmen, the Imperial Yeomanry, and the City Imperial Volunteer Artillery, distinguished themselves on this occasion.

3. I am to request that you will convey to Lt.-Col. Brookfield an expression of Lord Roberts's high appreciation of his services and those of the officers and men employed on the duty in question.

I have, &c., &c.

(Signed) H. V. COWAN, Lt.-Col.,
Military Secretary.

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